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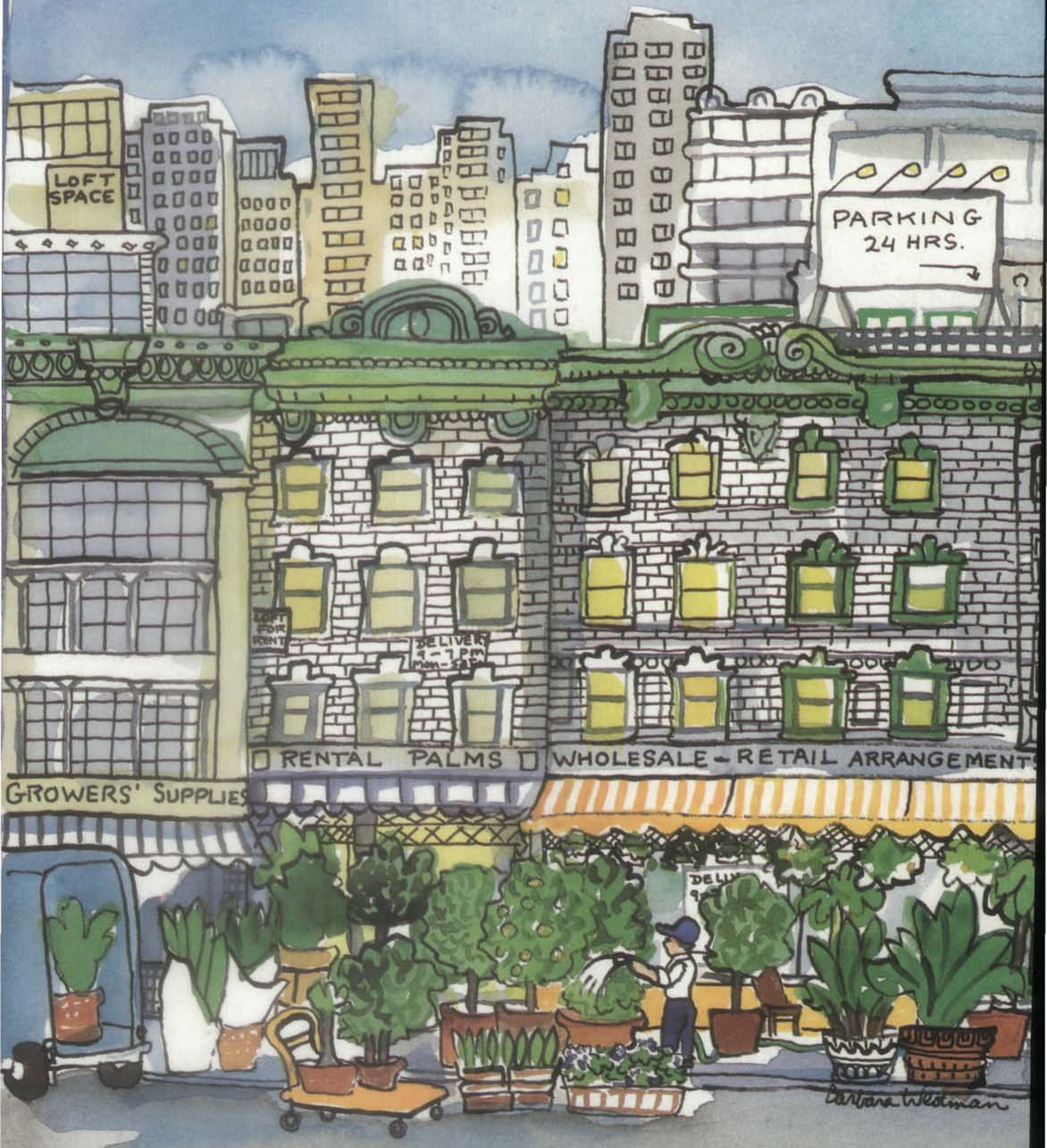
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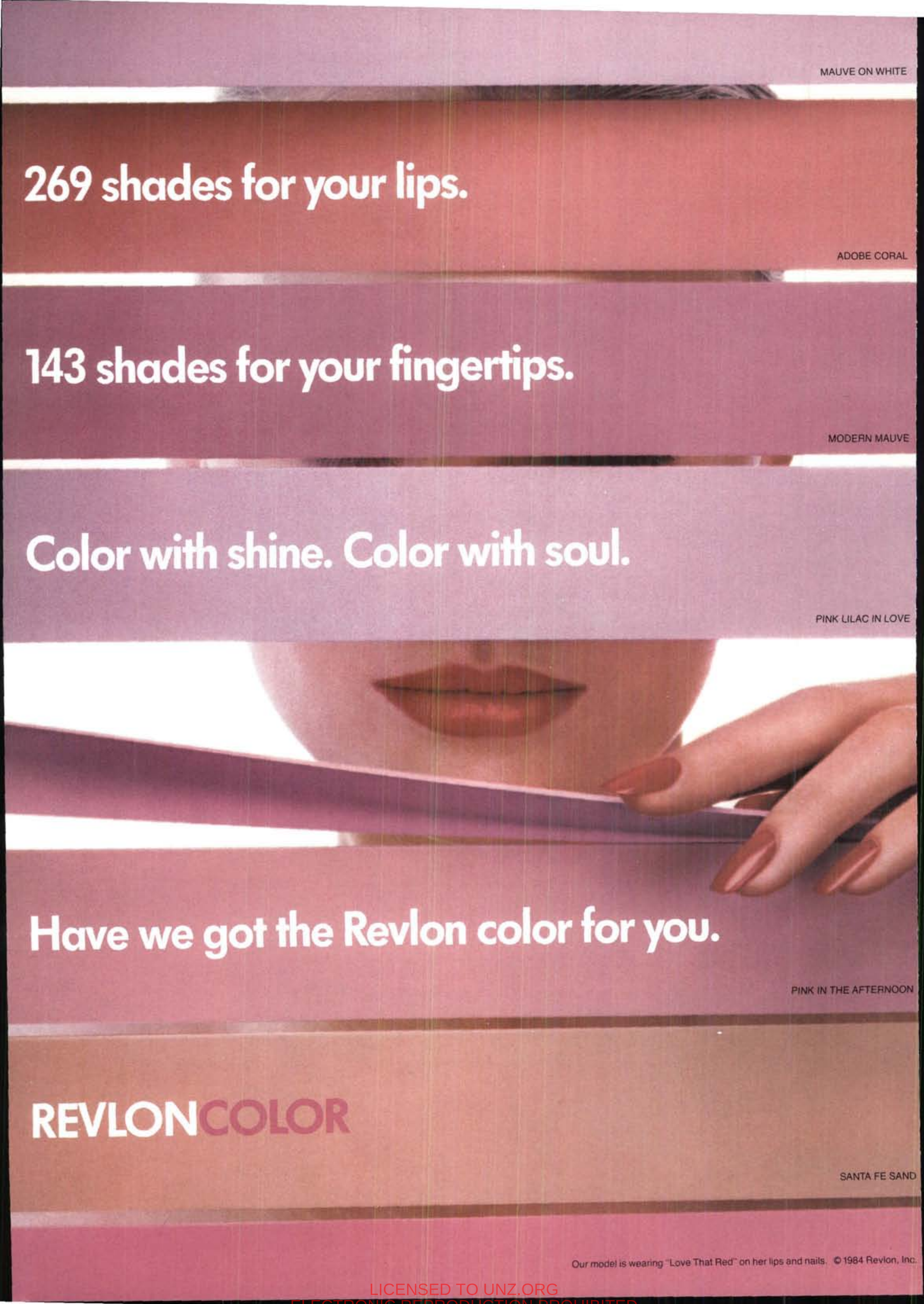

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Baby—An unpleasantly clinical musical about having babies. One might as well be in the hospital. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is dynamic, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blue Window—A comedy by Craig Lucas. (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

Brownstone—A modest and agreeable, if nebulous, musical about the tenants of an apartment building in this city. The mild, tuneful score is by Peter Larson and Josh Rubins, the clever lyrics by Mr. Rubins. The show is very well performed, under Andrew Cadiff's direction. Loni Ackerman, Ralph Bruneau, Kimberly Farr, Maureen McGovern, and Lenny Wolpe are the fine singers. (6/18/84) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 24.)

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea—John Turturro is the rough truck driver and June Stein the tough young woman who meet in a bar in the Bronx and proceed from there in John Patrick Shanley's melodrama. The strong direction was by Barnet Kellman. (6/18/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—A sentimental and yet oddly moving account of Willy Loman, a man who thinks success consists of being well liked and who is dismayed to discover that this goal is, as a goal, unachievable. Dustin Hoffman is a superlative Willy. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 1.)

Design for Living—A revival of Noël Coward's play, with Jill Clayburgh, Raul Julia, and Frank Langella. George C. Scott is the director. Opens Wednesday, June 20. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Found a Peanut—Among the adult actors who portray small children at play, behind a Brooklyn apartment house, are Peter MacNicol, Robert Joy, Kevin Geer, and Evan Handler. Donald Margulies' script is clever enough for all practical purposes. Incidental music by Allen Shawn; scenery and lighting by Thomas Lynch and Beverly Emmons. Claudia Weill directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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Glengarry Glen Ross—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—A play by David Rabe, with William Hurt, Judith Ivey, Harvey Keitel, Cynthia Nixon, Jerry Stiller, Christopher Walken, and Sigourney Weaver. Mike Nichols is the director. Previews Wednesday, June 20. Opens officially on Thursday, June 21, at 6. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ice Bridge—A play by John Forster. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. With Barbara Barrie, Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Alan Rosenberg, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Kennedy at Colonus—A play by Laurence Carr about the last eight years of Robert F. Kennedy's life. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 265-0794. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 1: Gilbert and Sullivan's **ruddigore.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Linda Her and **The Fairy Garden**—Two one-act plays by Harry Kondoleon. (McGinn/Cazale Theatre, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8.)

Mirror Theatre Company—John Patrick's **the hasty heart** is the current production in a season of revivals. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 223-6440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's

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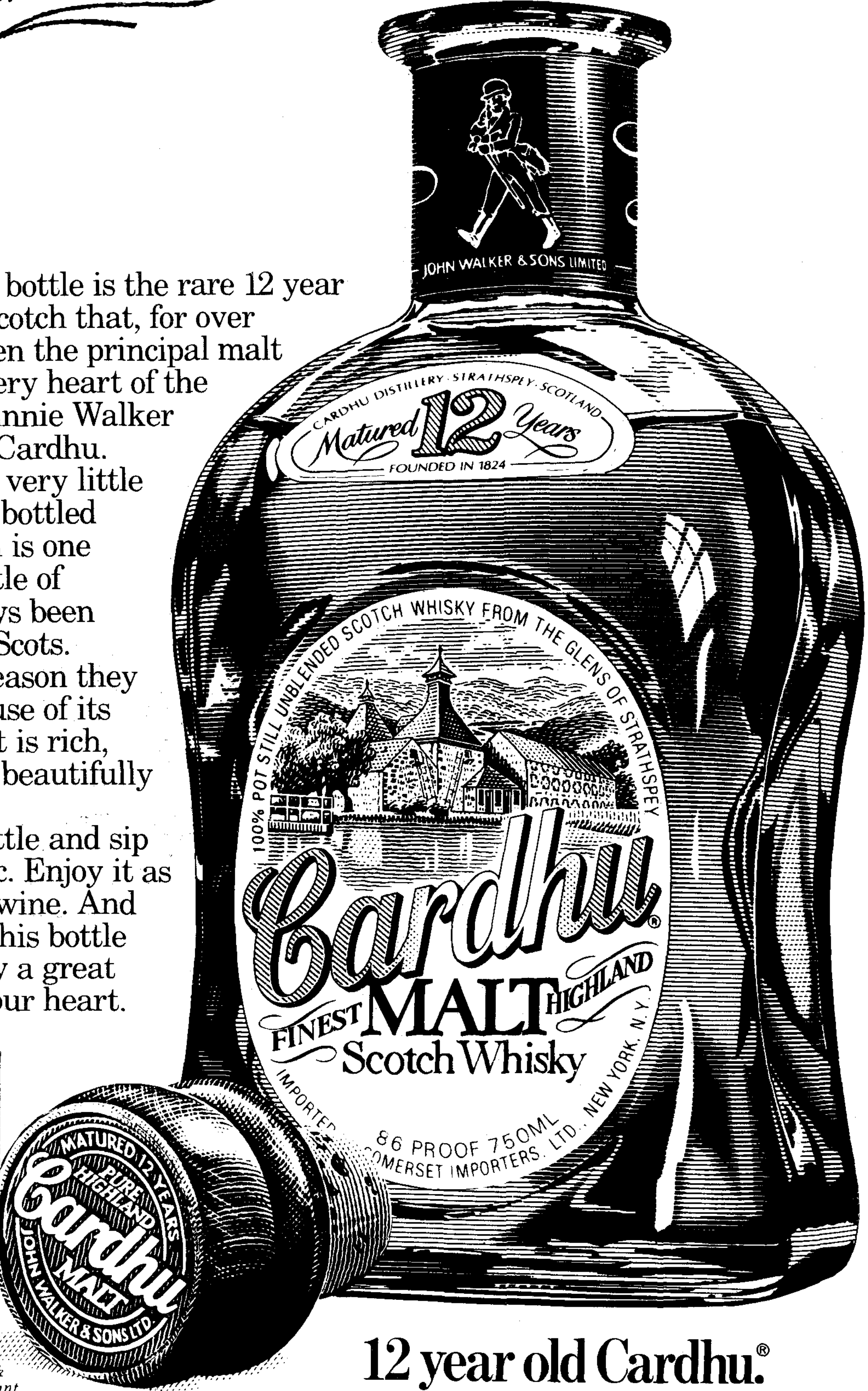
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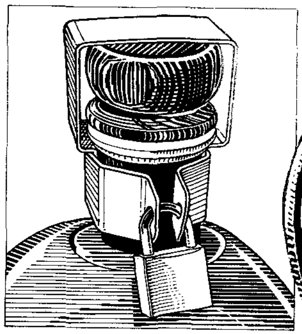

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Cardhu Fine Highland Malt Scotch Whisky 12 years old 86 proof Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., NY © 1984 play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Friday, June 20-22, at 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, June 23-24, at 3 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, June 28-29, at 8; and Saturday, June 30, at 2:30 and 8.)

The Nest of the Wood Grouse—Eli Wallach plays a fraudulent Soviet bureaucrat in Victor Rozov's domestic comedy, which aims at satire but settles for entertainment. Mary Beth Hurt, Rosemary De Angelis, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Anne Jackson are among the supporting actors. The play is a long-running hit in Russia. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Noises Off—As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Oh! Obesity—A musical by Gerald W. Deas. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 24.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

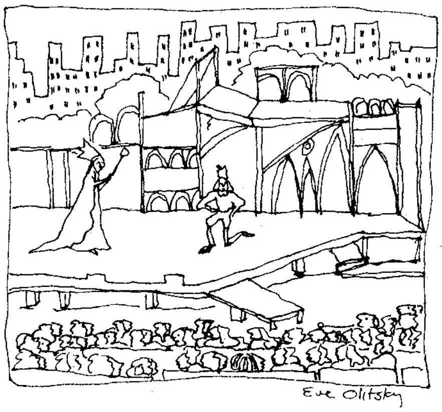
The Real Thing—The hero of Tom Stoppard's new comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. Jeremy Irons is charming in this essentially charmless role. Glenn Close is the playwright's mistress and eventual wife, who proves to be even more selfish than he is. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **the mystery of irma vep.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, June 24.)

The Rink—A conscientiously depressing musical about how painful life can be. A few sunny glimpses are provided by Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli, as well as by Peter Larkin's marvellous setting. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb and are up to their high standard. The book is by Terrence McNally. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Robert Frost: Fire and Ice—A one-man play, written by Arthur Peterson and June August, in which Mr. Peterson portrays the poet. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Shadow of a Gunman—A revival of Sean O'Casey's play. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)



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Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, June 24, at 7.)

The Tap Dance Kid—Nothing is less needed in the world than a didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very lively revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fire; almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**brighton beach memoirs:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dreamgirls:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,048 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fool for love:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **my one and only:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **torch song trilogy:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **true west:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, June 20, at 8; thereafter, daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, June 20: "Mozartiana," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 21: "Episodes," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique

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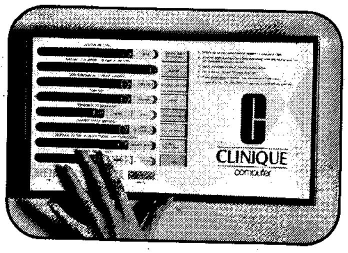

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Epigraphs," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 22: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Antique Epigraphs," "Allegro Brillante," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 23: "Mozartiana," "Episodes," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 23: "Raymonda Variations," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 24: "Raymonda Variations," "Concertino," "Ballade," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 24: "Mozartiana," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Ballade," and "Brahms/Handel." *(New York State Theatre. 870-5579. Wednesday* through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 1.)

PINA BAUSCH WUPPERTALER TANZTHEATER—Final performances—Wednesday through Friday, June 20-22, at 8: "1980." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 8, and Sunday, June 24, at 2: "Café Müller" and "The Rite of Spring." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

DIANNE McINTYRE'S SOUNDS IN MOTION—"Take-Off from a Forced Landing," a new full-evening work, with jazz accompaniment by the Butch Morris Ensemble. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, June 20-23, at 8, and Sunday, June 24, at 3 and 8.)

U.S. TERPSICHORE—Programs of contemporary ballet. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, June 20-22, at 8, and Saturday, June 23, at 2 and 8.)

NANETTE BEARDEN CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE—A program of new and repertory works. (Pope Auditorium, Fordham University, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Thursday, June 21, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 382-1198.)

RACHEL LAMPERT AND DANCERS—"Just Missed Trains" and "Kreutzersonatenarbeitkrankheit." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. Thursday through Tuesday, June 21-26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face *type is used to pick out a few of the more notable* performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano, singing vintage American popular tunes in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant—it feels sort of like the We're Here with jazz. Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, the **ANDY LAVERNE** trio will be aboard, and on Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, singer **DAKOTA STATON,** who sounds just fine on bluesy, uptempo numbers, *will be here with her trio.* Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BITTER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A rock, folk, folk-rock, and comedy club. The schedule: Wednesday, June 20, Dessert, Bob Miles, Broken Promises, and the Toasters; Thursday, June 21, the Dads, R. Stevie Moore, and Starchild; Friday, June 22, the Tapes, Kevin Sullivan, and Hard Facts; Saturday, *June 23, Sweetwater, Movemint Cream,* and the Shane Gang; Sunday, June 24, Cakewalk; Monday, June 25, the Kite, Life in a Blender, and Voicez; Wednesday, June 27, Two Way Street, Keith Gable, and Streetbeat; Thursday, June 28, Street the Beat, the Jones Sisters, Cindy, and Two One Two; Friday, June 29, Dressed to Kill, Blackout, and the Tomboys; and Saturday, June 30, Native Blend, G-Jam, and Class Action. *Tuesdays are comedy nights. Shows start at* ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Singer **CARMEN MC RAE** is holding forth opposite singers **JACKIE & ROY** through Sunday, June 24, and opposite pianist **JOHN LEWIS** and his trio starting Tuesday, June 26. Monday, June 25, will be claimed by Brenda Bufalino and the Amy Duncan trio. Music from ten. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after *two in the morning) jam sessions every night* but Monday.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Wednesday, June 20, **STEPS AHEAD,** with **MICHAEL BRECKER, WARREN BERNHARDT, PETER ERSKINE,** and **MIKE MAINIERI;** Thursday and Friday, June 21-22, blues and folk singer **TAJ MAHAL;** Saturday, June 23, comic Soupy Sales; Sunday, June 24, **BUDDY RICH** and his big band; Thursday, June 28, rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY;** and Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, John Cafferty and the Beaver Brown band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **JOHN O'NEAL** works with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, June 23; Sunday, June 24, will belong to pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY;** and on Monday, June 25, **JOHN HICKS** *and **RAY DRUMMOND** will begin their piano-bass* duets. Music from nine-forty-five.

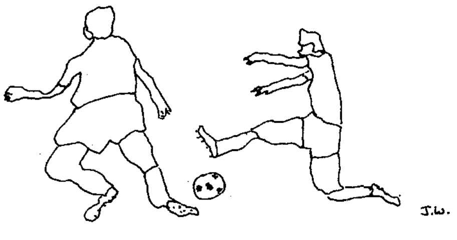
BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back, holding court in the Café Carlyle. In attendance are his bass*ist, **BEVERLY PEER,** his drummer, **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and* his admirers, too numerous to mention here. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar through Saturday, June 23.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Just around the block from Carnegie Hall you can hear pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** who was inspired by Chopin (Fred) and Tatum (Art). He plays from nine until midnight every night but Sunday. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, June 20, Steve Speck & the Spots, Chris Mack Mathematics, the Faces of Eve, and Holy War; Thursday, June 21, Crossfire Choir, Broken Arrow, and the Modern Pioneers; Friday, June 22, Shox Lumania, Cool It Reba, Syntax Error, and Crazy Sunday; Saturday, June 23, the Lenny Kaye Connection, the Young Fossils, the Mood Elevators, and Rash of Stabbings; Sunday, June 24, Rhythm & Romance and Lonesome Val & the Cheating Hearts; and Tuesday, June 26, the Sleepwalkers, Behind the Lines, the Lonesome Debonairs, and the Tone Deafs. Music from long after nine-thirty.

***EAGLE TAVERN,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave.* (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, June 20, Liz Carroll; Saturday, June 23, fiddlers **MATT GLASER** and **KENNY KOSEK;** and Saturday, June 30, the Spatz Family. Mondays and Fridays are Irish-music nights. Music from eight on Wednesdays—except June 27—and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.



EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek hangout for traditional jazz. The house sextet plays Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, June 24, the Mike LeDonne quartet will occupy the stand. Mondays and Tuesdays, Ed Polcer's quintet performs. Music from eight-thirty to two. Wednesdays, the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays during the same hours Danny D'Imperio's trio is present. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Arranger **DON SEBESKY** has assembled a fourteen-piece big band and is here with it until Sunday, June 24; Monday through Wednesday, June 25-27, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will work with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and drummer **ART TAYLOR;** and on Thursday, June 28, vibraharpist **TERRY GIBBS** and clarinettist **BUDDY DE FRANCO** will move in with their group. Sets begin at eight-thirty. Dining.

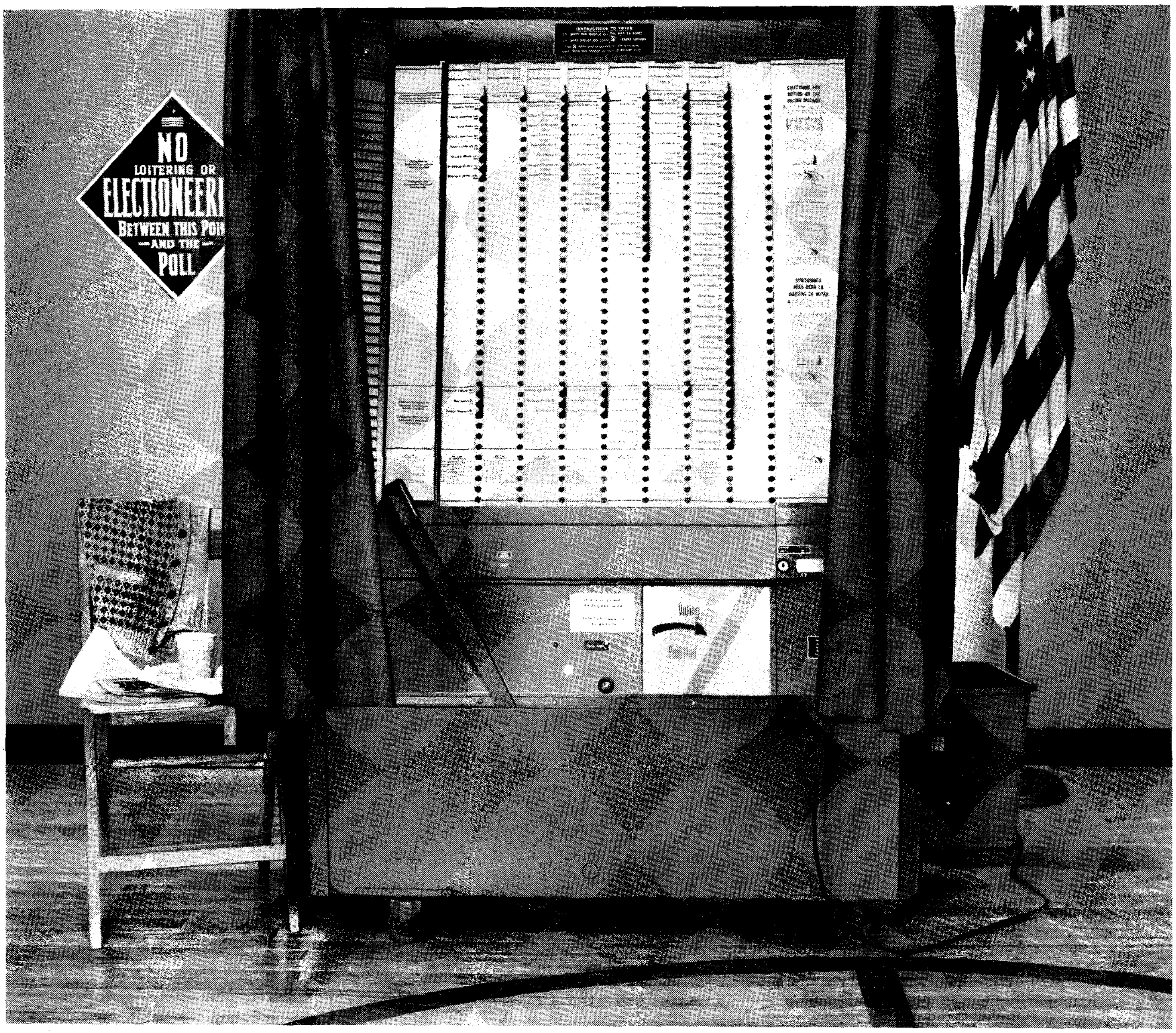
FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, June 20, at nine and eleven, Mark Johnson and Tish & Snooky; Friday, June 22, at eight and eleven, Irish music by **TOUCHSTONE,** with Triona Ni Dhomhnaill; Saturday, June 23, at eight and eleven, more Irish music with **MICK MOLONEY, ROBBIE O'CONNELL, JIMMY KEANE,** and **DONNY GOLDEN;** Wednesday, June 27, at nine and eleven, Rain Parade and Mark Rebo & David Conrad; Thursday, June 28, at nine and eleven, the Robin Flower band, and bluegrass with banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA** and his band, **SKYLINE;** Friday, June 29, at eight and eleven, *Frank Christian; and Saturday, June 30, at* eight and eleven, **ERIC ANDERSEN.** Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: pianist **HILTON RUIZ** through Thursday, June 21; singers Marion Cowings and Kim Shaw Friday and Saturday, June 22-23; pianist **MIKE NOCK** Sunday and Monday, June 24-25; pianist **RAHN BURTON** Tuesday and Wednesday, June 26-27; and pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** Thursday through Saturday, June 28-30. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Singer-pianist Joe Derise and bassist Frank Tate work together through Sunday, June 24; Wednesday through Sunday, June 27-July 1, **DAVID ALLYN** will sing with the Scott Hardy trio; Mondays singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** teams up with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson has the floor. Sundays, Mr. Kerr plays mostly in a stride style and sings mostly in his own style from five to ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. **DAVE MC KENNA,** pumping, swirling, and *energetic, lovingly manhandles the piano* through Saturday, June 23; on Tuesday, June 26, **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a wisp of a girl but a fireball of a stride pianist, will move in. The magically swinging **JIMMY LYON** is in charge on Sundays and Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th



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St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes clipped and percussive, sometimes undulating and romantic, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, and super bassist **RON CARTER.** They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The performers: Wednesday, June 20, **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL,** a local a-cappella quintet; Sunday, June 24, Max Creek; Monday, June 25, singer **MARIA MULDAUR;** Tuesday and Wednesday, June 26-27, blues singer **JOHN LEE HOOKER;** and Thursday, June 28, Pure Prairie League. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Pianist **DENNY ZEITLIN,** bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** and guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** perform together through Sunday, June 24, and starting Tuesday, June 26, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** and **DAMERONIA,** a wonderful nonet that plays wonderful compositions by Tadd Dameron, will be here. On Mondays, the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** band takes over. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, an original-song revue is presented and stars singers Claudine Cassan, Leilani Mickey, Anthony Mucci, and Richard Roemer. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, June 20, saxophonist **BILL SAXTON'S** quartet; Thursday, June 21, saxophonist **LOU MARINI** and trumpeter **LEW SOLOFF;** and Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, singer **CISSY HOUSTON,** whose sets tend to be a joyful celebration of sixties soul music. Music from about ten until two. *Dining.*

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, June 22, the White Animals; Saturday, June 23, the Neats; Friday, June 29, Love Tractor; and Saturday, June 30, Rain Parade. Live music from about eleven-thirty. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** guides his orchestra through a salute to Chick Webb, and behind the vocals of **MAXINE SULLIVAN,** who sings here through Sunday, June 24. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, June 20, Rick Derringer; Thursday, June 21, **JOHN CALE;** Saturday, June 23, **MODERN ENGLISH;** and Tuesday, June 26, Marillion. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: electric violinist Noel Pointer through Saturday, June 23; Sunday, June 24, pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN'S** quintet; Monday, June 25, Tropical Dream; Tuesday, June 26, Earth Rise; and Wednesday through Saturday, June 27-30, drummer **STIX HOOPER'S** band, which will feature violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK.** Music from nine-thirty.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, June 20, **LLOYD MC NEILL & THE AFRO-BRAZILIAN SEXTET;** Thursday, June 21, Talking Drums; Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, **PÉ-DE-BOI** and **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, June 26, alto saxophonist-singer **OLIVER LAKE** and his infectiously rhythmic, melodically offbeat, and socially conscious reggae-jazz septet, **JUMP UP;** Wednesday and Thursday, June 27-28, **DJAVAN;** Friday, June 29, **LOREMIL MACHADO;** and Saturday, June 30, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

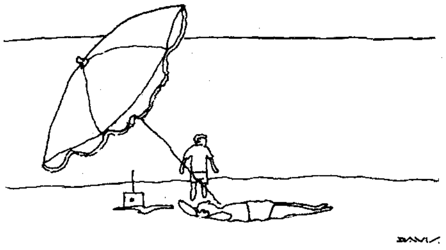
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**ARTHUR BLYTHE,** the shimmering alto saxophonist, heads a quartet through Sunday, June 24; Monday, June 25, tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** leads his rousing big band; and starting Tuesday, June 26, South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM'S EKAYA—CARLOS WARD, RICKY FORD, CHARLES DAVIS, DICK GRIFFIN, CECIL MC BEE,** and **BEN RILEY**—will be on the stand. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A friendly, unassuming music hangout. Wednesdays, rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** Sundays, the Delancey Street Hawaiians. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On June 25, **RAY BARRETTO** and his orchestra, **JOSÉ ALBERTO,** and guest jazz soloist **JUNIOR COOK** will all be present. The weekend lineup: Friday and Saturday, June 22-23, the **CEDAR WALTON–CURTIS FULLER–GEORGE COLEMAN ALL-STARS** and **FRANK FOSTER & THE LOUD MINORITY,** and Friday and Saturday, June 29-30, **TERUMASA HINO, JOHN BLAKE, JAY HOGGARD,** and **GRADY TATE.** . . . ¶ And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** perform nightly, except Mondays. And jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops by on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Pianist **MICHEL PETRUCCIANI** leads a trio through Sunday, June 24; on Tuesday, June 26, **ELVIN JONES,** who looks like a gold medallist in trap-drum playing, will descend the stairs with saxophonists **PAT LA BARBERA** *and* **FRANK FOSTER,** bassist **CHIP JACKSON,** and pianist **FUMIO KARASHIMA.** The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is Monday's tradition. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The performers: Wednesday, June 20, Samir Safwat; Thursday through Sunday, June 21-24, Ted Chavis; Monday through Thursday, June 25-28, **CHARLES EUBANKS;** and Friday through Sunday, June 29-July 1, pianist Charles Blenzig and bassist Jim Brogan. Music from eight-thirty until two.



West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The schedule: Wednesday, June 20, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** on the upper West Side; Thursday through Friday, June 21-29, the **COUNTSMEN,** the Basie-alumni band, headed up by saxophonist-vocalist **EARLE WARREN;** and Saturday, June 30, big-band-reed-section veteran **BENNY WATERS.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** have been playing their own brand of chamber music—a lively mixture of jazz, classical, and tinges of rock—together for several years. Bertoncini's classical playing is moving, and he makes it look effortless; Moore's solos and super-delicate backup work are as astounding as ever. Through Saturday, June 23. Tuesday through Saturday, June 26-30, singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** will perform with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA.** Monday's music is provided by pianist Jim Roberts. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Kool Jazz Festival—Opening performances in a ten-day series that will be taking place in various halls around the city; on a Staten Island Ferry; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For Saratoga performers, see page 16, under Music in the Country. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 22, at 5: Kenny Barron, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 7 and 11: The Miles Davis band and the Gil Evans orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: A Salute to Django Reinhardt, with Stéphane Grappelli, Bireli Lagrene, Charlie Byrd, Herb Ellis, Barney Kessel, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 8: The Anthony Braxton quartet and John Zorn's Pentathlon. (Irving Plaza, Irving Pl. at 15th St.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, from 4 to 10: Piano Spectacular, with Dick Hyman, Dick Wellstood, Judy Carmichael, Roger Kellaway, and others. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 5:30: Walter Davis, Jr., solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 7 and 11: Spyro Gyra and Bob James. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 8: Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams, and Michel Petrucciani. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 8: The Marilyn Crispell quartet and Michel Camilo's Undercover. (Irving Plaza.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 24, from 1 to 9: Bucky and John Pizzarelli, the Al Grey–Buddy Tate Jazz Band, the Les Paul trio, and others. (Waterloo Village.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 5:30: Johnny O'Neal, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 8: Solo piano performances by Oscar Peterson and Cecil Taylor. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 8: A Salute to Brazil, with the Stan Getz Quartet, DJAVAN, and Tania Maria. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 8: Menage de Collage, Barbara Donald & Unity, and others. (Irving Plaza.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 25, at 5: Denny Zeitlin, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 25, at 8: Mel Tormé, Marian McPartland, Warren Vaché, Milt Hinton, Honi Coles, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 25, at 8: The Tim Berne quintet and William Parker's Centering Big Band. (Irving Plaza.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 25, at 8: David Chertok's jazz films. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 26, at 5: Terry Waldo, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 26, at 7: The Benny Carter All-Star Big Band, the Illinois Jacquet Jazz Legends Big Band, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 26, at 7 and 11: The Crusaders and David Sanborn. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 26, at 8: Brian

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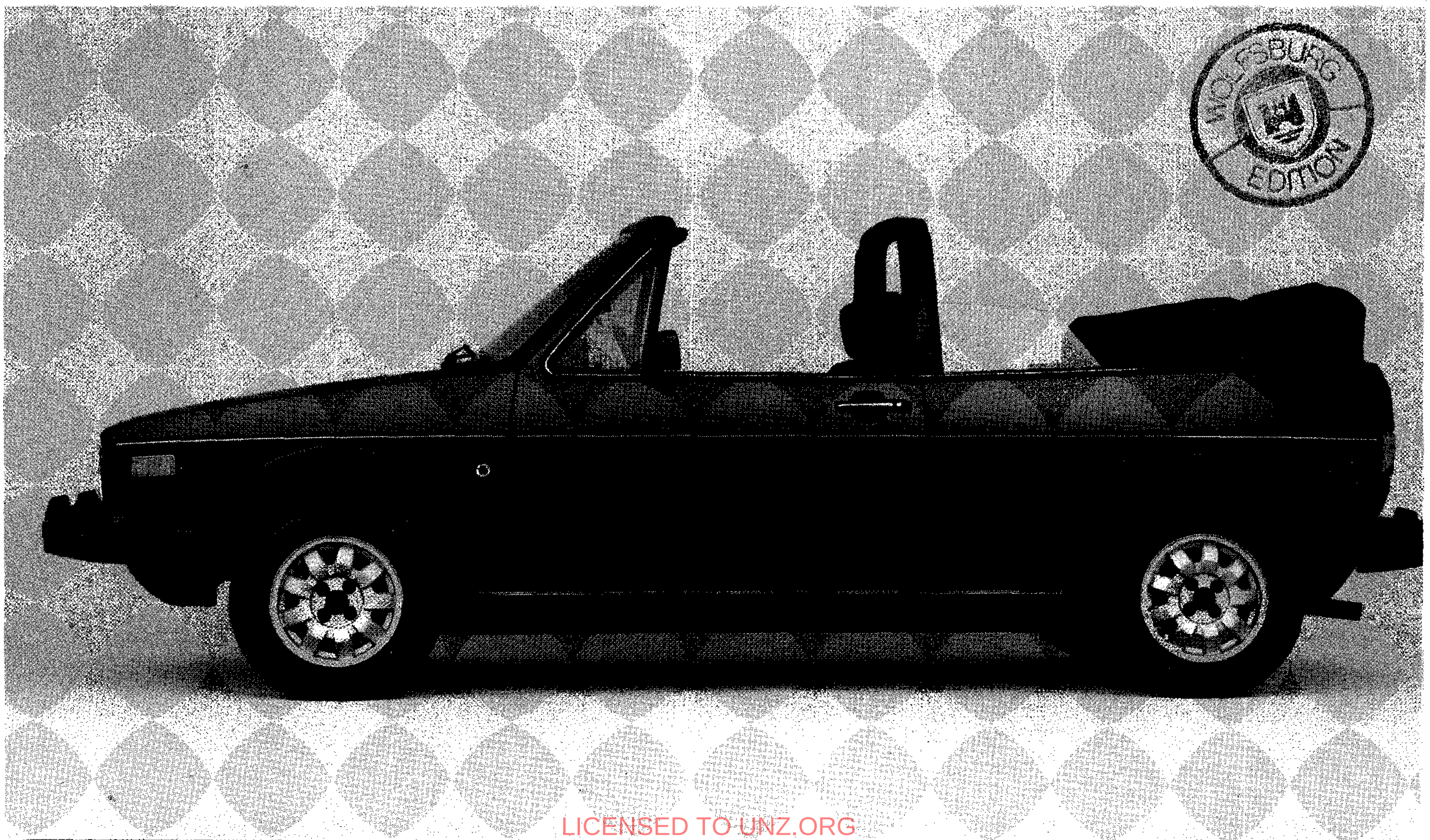

Smith-Touching Base, and Michele Rosewoman & Univision. (Irving Plaza.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of the above, call 787-2020.

NEW YORK WOMEN'S JAZZ FESTIVAL—Wednesday, June 20, at 9 and 10:30: The Carol Chaikin–Laura Dreyer quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 21, at 9 and 10:30: The Haruko Yoshizawa quintet, with Clifford Jordan. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 9 and 10:30: Laura Theodore. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, at 9: Sharon Freeman & Company in a tribute to Mary Lou Williams. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 24, at 9: Dakota Staton and the Bross Townsend trio. . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 9: A tribute to Red Garland. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 9 and 10:30: Saxophone Shoot-out, featuring George Coleman. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. For information about tickets, call 924-5026.)

JOE JACKSON—With Ruben Blades. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday, June 21, at 8.)

BILLY JOEL—Madison Square Garden. Saturday and Sunday, June 23-24; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 26-27; Friday, June 29; Sunday, July 1; and Thursday, July 5, all at 8.

GO-GO'S—With Inxs. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, June 28, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

MARK ADAMS—Watercolors and one large tapestry. Through July 6. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—New paintings, charcoal drawings, and enlargements of his bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, June 23. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

SHIRL GOEDIKE—Fresh-looking oils and watercolors, mostly of inviting spots in France and Spain. Through Friday, June 29. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

KAZUKO INOUE—Recent abstract paintings. Through Friday, June 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

WALT KUHN (1877-1949) / **BILL NOLAND**—Still-lifes, landscapes, and even a couple of abstract paintings, but most of all his cool-eyed circus women in their showy uniforms. Through Friday, June 29. / Abstract welded-aluminum wall sculptures. Through July 13. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GERRY NICHOLS—Relief constructions made of wood and plastics and based on other art work—Winslow Homer's painting of a fox hunt, for instance. Through July 7. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

JOHN WESLEY—Recent gouaches and acrylics. Through Saturday, June 23. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

TOD WIZON—Surrealist landscapes. Through Wednesday, June 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

JEAN XCERON (1890-1967)—A retrospective of paintings in oil and watercolor. Through July 14. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CDS GALLERY**, 13 E. 75th St.: An artists-choose-artists exercise involving fourteen painters and sculptors, two works by each. Susan Rothenberg chose Albert York, for instance, and Jedd Garet chose Lucas Samaras. Through Saturday, June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 417 E. 75th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and collages by gallery artists Howard Newman, Robert Ohnigian, Romare Bearden, and others. Through July 13. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by the artists who make up the gallery's stable. Through Friday, June 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **MATHES**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Mother Nature was the common denominator in this selection of paintings by a half-dozen artists, among them Michael Mazur and Ree Morton, whose treatments range from the representational to the abstract. Through July 25. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A tender Modigliani portrait of a young woman, several pen-and-ink sketches by Matisse, and a vintage Utrillo are included in an all-star show. Through Friday, June 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Early twentieth-century works, including oils by Georges Braque and György Kepes and drawings by Picasso. Through July 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Peter Heineman, Bruce Kurland, and Paul Resika are among the eight artists whose paintings are on view. Through Saturday, June 23. . . . **SPANIERMAN**, 50 E. 78th St.: The painting of Posilipo harbor which was Childe Hassam's entry in the 1913 Armory Show, a glowing still-life by Thomas Hart Benton, and New York City scenes of the twenties by Guy Wiggins are in the current exhibition. Through Friday, June 29. (Open Mondays; closes at 3 on Fridays; closed Saturdays.)

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SCULPTURE—Works in stone by Max Bill, Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen, and Masayuki Nagare. Through July 13. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

RUTH BAUER—Bouffant trees dot these paintings of landscapes in New England and on the Gulf Coast of Texas. Through Saturday, June 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

ALICE DALTON BROWN—Realist paintings of country porches, a couple of them with the flag hung out between the pillars ready for the Fourth of July. Through Wednesday, June 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

ANTHONY CARO—The artist's sixtieth birthday is the occasion for a two-gallery exhibit of his recent output. Massive steel sculptures and small, painted lead-and-wood table pieces. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Large-scale free-standing bronzes, plus smaller works in steel. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) Both shows through Friday, June 29.

FRANCO CIARLO—Figurative works in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, June 30. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

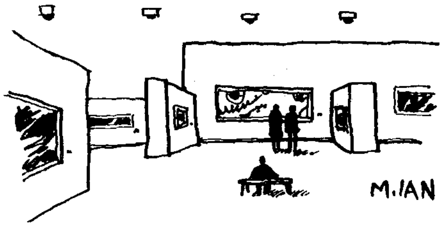
WAYNE ENSTICE / **CLAYTON PATTERSON**—Semi-abstract compositions made by working over newspaper pages (with colored pencils and paste) and pieces of carpet (with clippers, wax, and dyes). / Small, jittery watercolors. Through Friday, June 22. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

RAINER FETTING / **JAMES ROSATI**—Seventeen recent oils by a German Neo-Expressionist, done on canvases to which an occasional narrow slat of wood was applied first. / Recent sculptures, monumental in size and abstract in design. Through July 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

DAVID FINN—Three dozen paintings based on two Yeats poems ("Sailing to Byzantium" and "Byzantium") by an artist known primarily as a photographer. Through July 13. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

CECILY BARTH FIRESTEIN—Large-scale abstract monotypes. Through Saturday, June 30. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

TRUDI FRANK—Watercolors of flowers, with attractive oddments in the background. Through Saturday, June 30. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)



ALEXANDER HOLLWEG AND HITCH LYMAN—Watercolors by both artists—the English countryside, mostly, by the former, and gardens in Spain by the latter. Through July 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

OLIVER JOHNSON—Accomplished oils and pastels of jazz people, notably Louis Armstrong in his shirtsleeves, and a concert at Preservation Hall. Through July 14. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JOAN MIRÓ (1893-1983)—Sculptures (ceramic and cast bronze) executed between 1949 and 1981. Through Friday, June 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JOHN SLOAN (1871-1951)—Landscapes, street scenes, and portraits (paintings, chiefly) done in Santa Fe during the summers the artist spent there from 1919 until a few years before he died. Through Friday, June 22. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

VIERI VAGNETTI—Shimmery paintings with Cubist overtones, among them a large triptych of the Arno riverside, by an artist who lives in his native Florence. Through July 13. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JAKOB WEIDEMANN—Large canvases by a senior Norwegian abstractionist. Through Saturday, June 30. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

THORNTON WILLIS—A dozen watercolors in a group succinctly entitled the Zigzag series. Through Saturday, June 23. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **PAM ADLER**, 37 W. 57th St.: Representative works by gallery artists Sarah Canright, Jonathan Santlofer, Jeff Way, and others. Through July 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by David Salle, pastels by Francesco Clemente, and sculptures by Bryan Hunt. Through July 27. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: An invitational exhibit of works by seven artists, including a diving figure by Scott Richter, made largely of beeswax, wire, and foam; and abstractions in raw sanded wood by John Monti. Through Friday, June 22. . . . **DEUTSCH**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by American abstractionists, primarily from the first half of the twentieth century, among them O'Keeffe, Bolotowsky, Diller, and Gorky. Through July 18. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Doug Anderson and Joel Handorff are among the half-dozen artists showing paintings and sculpture in this gallery—all but one of them for the first time. Through July 6. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **FRENCH**, 41 W. 57th St.: A changing exhibit of representational landscape, figure, and still-life paintings by Robert Birmelin, William L. Haney, Ida Kohlmeyer, and others. There are also a couple of abstract wall pieces thrown in for contrast. Through Aug. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Frederic Amat, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley are among the artists represented in a rotating show offering paintings and works on paper that deal with the theme of the artist's studio. Through July 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Ammi Phillips, John Kane, Grandma Moses, and others, gathered for a show entitled "American Folk Art: People, Places & Things." Through Sept. 14. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **HABER THEODORE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Harry Koursaros, Richard McKown, Andrew Tavarelli, and Joyce Weinstein. Through July 7. . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Another changing exhibit, this one of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans and Europeans—Vuillard, Pissarro, Botero, Moore, Meadmore, Nevelson, and so on. Through Aug. 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **HERSTAND**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Surrealist and Surrealist-influenced artists, including Ernst, Magritte, Man Ray, and Motherwell. Through Saturday, June 30. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century landscape paintings of the American West, by Albert Bierstadt, Samuel Colman, Sanford R. Gifford, and others. Through July 6. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Isabel Bishop, William Palmer, Emlen Etting, and many others, plus

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sculptures by Fred Meyer. Through Sept. 7. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, dated 1945 to 1984, by American artists whose compositional themes centered on color and geometry. Ad Reinhardt, Joseph Albers, Sol LeWitt, Charmion von Wiegand, and others. Through July 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **ROSS,** 162 W. 56th St.: Drawings and works on paper by nineteen artists, among them Sandy Gellis, whose entry can be seen on a rooftop out the gallery window, where metal shavings combine with the elements to produce oxidized configurations on sixteen paper panels. Through Friday, June 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Unconventional landscapes by sixty artists, among them Claes Oldenburg, Judy Pfaff, Saul Steinberg, and David Hockney. Through Saturday, June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **TILTON,** 24 W. 57th St.: Four new painters—Stano Filko from Czechoslovakia, Guy Goodwin from Alabama, Stefan Triffa from Romania, and Margrit Lewczuk, a local. Through Saturday, June 30. . . . **WUNDERLICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: Another exhibit dealing with the American West, this one with paintings and bronzes by Thomas Moran, Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, and others. Through Aug. 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Edgar Buonagurio, Harry Bartnick, and Mark Hadjipateras. Through July 14.

SCULPTURE—Peter Agostini, Lee Bontecou, Raoul Hague, Reuben Nakian, Richard Stankiewicz, and George Sugarman in a show of works and related drawings, all executed in the nineteen-sixties. Through July 20. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

J. J. C. ANDREWS / ALLAN ADAMS—Photographs of eccentric roadside enterprises shaped like, say, an elephant or a whale or a hot dog or an artichoke. / Exact reproductions in carved-and-painted wood of shovels, a marble nude, an anvil, among other things. Through Saturday, June 23. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

MARCEL BROODTHAERS (1924-76)—This conceptual artist's installation "La Salle Blanche" is set up at the Boone gallery precisely as it was when it was first shown in Paris in 1975. Through Saturday, June 30. (417 West Broadway.)

JOSEPH CALS—Abstractions of the color-field variety, these based on doors, windows, corridors. Through Saturday, June 23. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

JACQUELINE GOUREVITCH—Pencil drawings of nature sketched out-of-doors. Through Saturday, June 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

RICHARD MCDERMOTT MILLER—Nudes in cast bronze, plus maquettes. Through July 1. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

YHUDA PORBOCHRAI—Paintings of New Image figures seen in environments where conventional fish and flowers abound. Through July 13. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

DARIO VILLALBA / PETER ALEXANDER—Large paintings made up of disparate elements—painted abstractions, for instance, juxtaposed with vastly enlarged photographs of a couple of fingers or a bundle of clothes. / Fiery sunsets in acrylics and oils on canvas. Through Saturday, June 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

JOAN WITEK—Elegant, formal repeat patterns applied to raw canvas with black oil stick and rubbed-in graphite; the works seem to take Minimalism into new territory. Through Saturday, June 23. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BONNIER,** 420 West Broadway: James Rosenquist, Jim Dine, Christo, and Julian Schnabel are among the thirteen artists represented by paintings. Through July 28. . . . **BRYERS,** 111 Greene St.: Paintings by Arnold Fern, Jon Genkin, Julian Jackson, and Ada Whitney. Through Tuesday, June 26. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: A hundred and twenty-one drawings from the Victoria and Albert Museum in a selection that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through July 28. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ENO,** 164 Mercer St.: Recent paintings, sculptures, collages, photographs, you-name-it, by gallery members Constance Dodge, Joyce Sills, Gary Rauchbach, and others. Through July 5. (Opens at noon; open Sundays.) . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St.: The one permanent fixture in an otherwise revolving summer show of gallery regulars is a wall covered with seventy-two paintings on seventy-two different subjects by the painter and sculptor Martin Johnson. Through July 27. . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: A sort of yearbook show, featuring painters who are alumni of this gallery's past season—David Bowes, K. H. Hödicke, and Sabina Mirri among them. Through July 31. . . . **PINDAR,** 127 Greene St.: A smorgasbord of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by Philip Corey, Mimi Korach Lesser, Carol Unger, and numerous others, inspired by the artists' feelings about their kitchens. Through July 28. . . . **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS,** 114 Prince St.: Paintings by Mark Kostabi, Bruce Wall, Joel Handorff, and Rick Prol. Through July 21. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SONNABEND,** 420 West Broadway: One new work each by such artists as Robert Rauschenberg, Mel Bochner, Robert Morris, and Barry Le Va. Through Saturday, June 30. . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER,** 142 Greene St.: A summer offering of paintings and drawings by gallery artists, including Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Mimmo Paladino, and others. Through Friday, June 29.

SCULPTURE—At the **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St.: Three artists: Donald Judd has a row of stainless-steel boxes lined with amber Plexiglas; Carl Andre a row of copper plates about twenty-eight feet long laid out on the floor; and Tony Smith a grouping of nineteen black rectangular wood forms which looks like a city skyline. Through Friday, June 22. . . . **MANHATTAN ART,** 81 Greene St.: Another triad of sculptors: Jeffrey Plate's wall pieces done in various carved woods and in slate, Arden Scott's trim marble posts standing in a bed of glass shards, and Jim Raglione's skeletal chairs and chaises made of pipe and meant to be hooked up to the hot or cold water supply. Through July 13.

OTHER GALLERIES

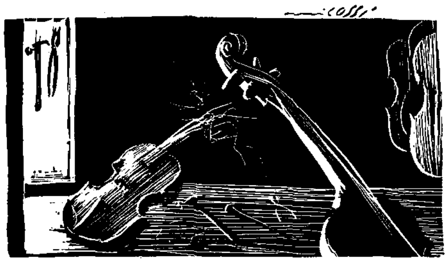
GREGORY BOTTS / TED ROSENTHAL—Large, bold compositions painted in black-and-white, mostly. / Painted-steel sculpture, hand forged, much of it depicting flames and demonic creatures. Through Friday, June 29. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

CLYDE CONNELL—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings. Through Saturday, June 23. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

GUNTHER GERZSO—Layered-looking compositions by a Mexico-based artist who often grates pastel crayons onto wet oils to produce special textures. Through Wednesday, June 27. (Martin, 213 E. 49th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GUY GOODWIN—Drawings and paintings in which cityscapes are compacted into abstractions. Through July 6. (Area X, 200 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Mondays through Fridays.)

ROBERT LOUGHLIN AND AUSTÉ—Portraits of tough-looking guys by the former and paintings and drawings of fanciful, frilly dolls by the latter. Through Saturday, June 23. (Garet, 204 E. 10th St.)



URSULA VON RYDINGSVÄRD / GEORGIA MARSH—Recent large-scale architectural sculptures in cedar. / Bannerlike abstract gouaches. Through Saturday, June 30. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARTISTS SPACE,** 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St., and a new, additional location, at 223 West Broadway: This enterprise is giving itself a pat on the back on its tenth anniversary with a show of sixty-five artists who got a start here. Each painter and sculptor is represented by an early piece and a recent one. Troy Brauntuch, Stephen Frailey, Rebecca Howland, Tom Otterness, Christy Rupp, and others. Through Saturday, June 30. . . . **BROMM,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: A new-talent show of works by eighteen artists, among them twin Cuban-born sisters, Sahara and Haydee Scull, who now live in Miami and together have created a painted bas-relief of Hemingway's favorite Havana haunt, the Floridita, showing him and a lot of other revellers on hand, including Ronald Reagan and Carmen Miranda. Through Friday, June 29.

PHOTOGRAPHY

WILLIAM CLIFT—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a photographer from Santa Fe; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, June 30. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

EILEEN COWIN—The photographer and her family pose in various attitudes in a large black-and-white mural and other prints. Through Saturday, June 30. (Manès, 177 Prince St.)

WALKER EVANS (1903-75)—Photographs that appeared in *Fortune* or in the Museum of Modern Art publication "American Photographs," including many of the original exhibition prints made by Evans. Through July 4. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

LOTTE JACOBI / TOM BARIL—Photographs of Germany between the wars. / Prints of local diners. Through Saturday, June 23. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

GYÖRGY KEPES / LEWIS W. HINE (1874-1940)—A full-scale retrospective by a photographer-painter usually identified with experimental work in light and abstraction; large-scale Polaroids made this spring are his latest contribution. / Photographs from a 1936-37 W.P.A. project, which studied working conditions in factories and mines. Through July 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

SHEILA METZNER—Color portraits and still-lifes that have been seen on the pages of, for instance, *Vogue* and *House & Garden*. Through Friday, June 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JUDY SEIGEL—Tourist-type photographs (views from the World Trade Center, or in Monet's garden at Giverny) developed in such a way that some sections have an iridescent, metallic quality. Through Friday, June 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

TED VICTORIA—Eye-level frames enclosing various objects that are reflected by a lens, light, and mirror system; also, a darkened-room installation on the same principle, only here viewers can walk around the objects. Through July 7. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

BRUCE WEBER—Recent photographs of athletes at Olympic training camps in Texas and Los Angeles. Through Saturday, June 30. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MARION POST WOLCOTT / SONIA GECHTOFF—A selection of F.S.A. prints (some vintage, some recently reproduced by the photographer). / This artist professes an affinity for the old buildings near her lower Manhattan studio, and that interest is evident in most of these new colored drawings, done from her photographs. Through Saturday, June 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Jack and Belle Linsky galleries, the new

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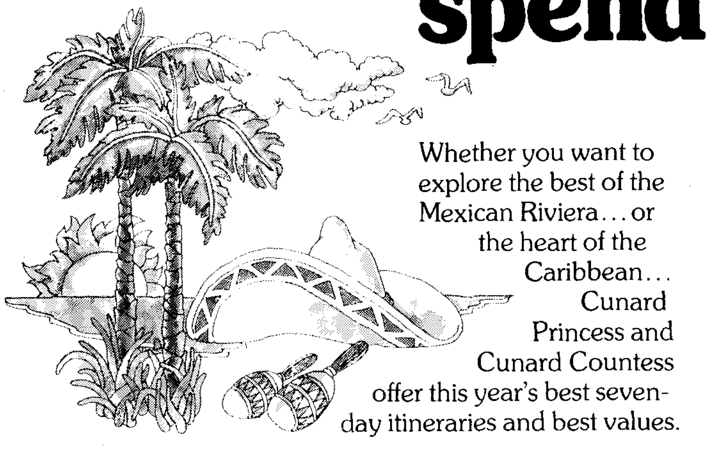

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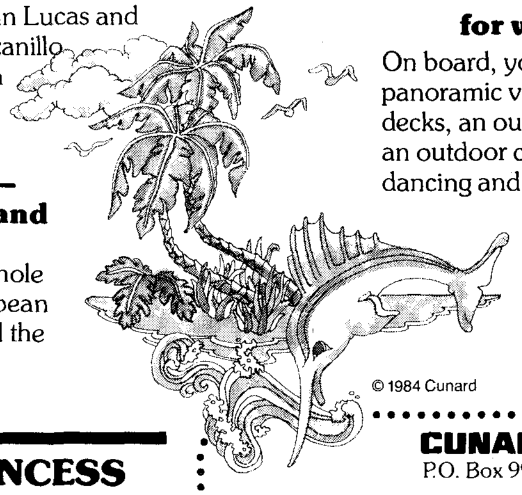

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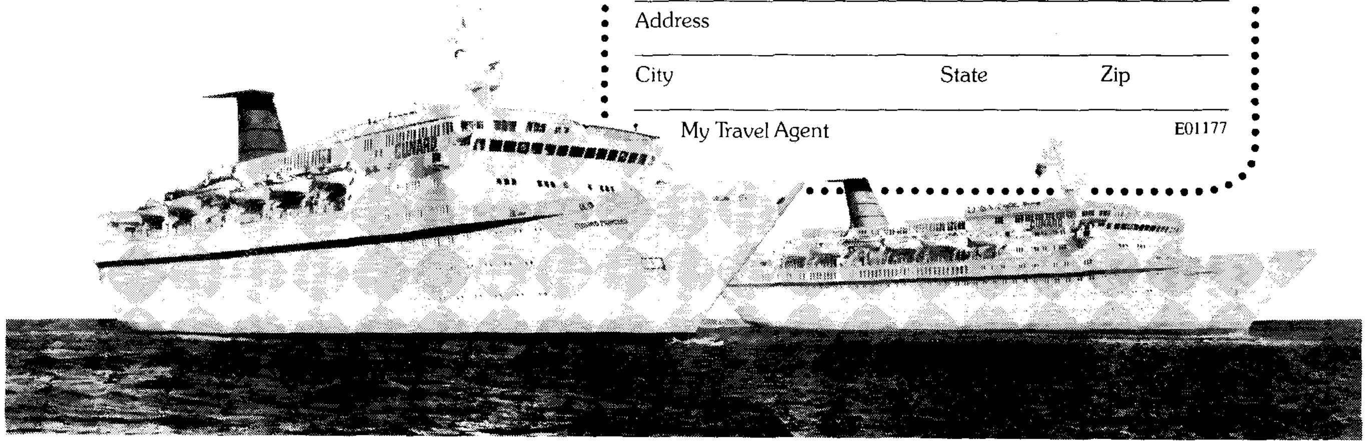

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and permanent home for the Linskys' vast collection of European art and decorative objects (among them Old Master paintings, French eighteenth-century furniture, Russian porcelains, Baroque bronzes, and Renaissance jewelry), are now open to the public. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through July 15. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The inaugural exhibition in the expanded galleries is entitled "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." Recent with a capital "R": the nearly two hundred works are by artists who were selected because they have become prominent only in the past decade. Through Aug. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Works of a social and political nature by Robert Adams, Jim Goldberg, and Joel Sternfeld. Through July 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Spanish Cubist Juan Gris has more than eighty paintings, drawings, and collages from throughout the artist's brief career. Through July 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Fairfield Porter. Through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ Fifteen illuminated sculptures by R. M. Fischer, constructed from found objects and industrial materials, are aglow in the lobby gallery and lower gallery. Through July 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through July 15. . . . ¶ American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through July 29. . . . ¶ A show of Jim Dine's intaglio print series "Nancy Outside in July." Through July 1. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. Through Sept. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Two shows reflecting contemporary life in the People's Republic of China. Brush-and-ink paintings (primarily hanging scrolls) and some sketches by thirty-six artists ranging in age from twenty-nine to ninety-one. . . . ¶ Photographs of the people there by Tom Zetterstrom. Both shows start Thursday, June 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An architectural exhibit that reviews the changes in skyscraper design in Manhattan between the world wars, and specifically the impact of the 1916 "setback" zoning law on the city's skyline. The Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, and the Waldorf-Astoria are a few of the projects considered in original drawings, models, and photographs. Through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ A show, organized by the Denver Art Museum, that examines the predominance of the circle as a motif in the designs of the Plains Indians for their tepees, toys, beaded saddle blankets, and other social and domestic necessities. Through July 15. . . . ¶ Silver jewelry (primarily Navajo) from the Southwest, 1860 to the present. Through July 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of neoclassical terra-cotta sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

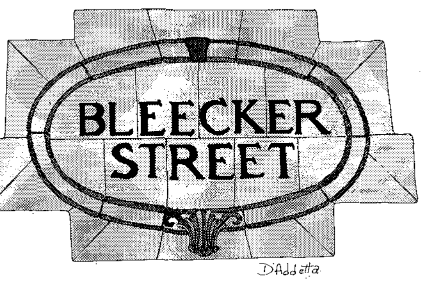
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Two anniversary exhibits (it's the library's sixtieth) from the collections: French drawings, 1550 to 1825, by Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Ingres, Delacroix, and others; and illuminated manuscripts and autograph manuscripts ranging from a Dutch "Hours of Catherine of Cleves" to Steinbeck's yellow-pad manuscript of "Travels with Charley." Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of eighty original *New Yorker* covers that were inspired by—or at least reflect—the seasons of the year. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—In this show the emphasis is on contemporary artists from all over the country who have had little exposure in New York until now. Each of the painters and sculptors (there is also one photographer) is represented by a number of works, and there are fourteen artists all told. Through July 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The Statue of Liberty, whose facelift is scheduled for completion in 1986, the centennial of her arrival in New York Harbor, is the basis of a loan show of seventy-five photographs, many of which have not been seen in public before. A third of them document various stages of the statue's construction; another twenty show immigrants at Ellis Island, photographed between 1892-1925 by an employee there; and the rest present more recent so-called portrait views of the statue, by Berenice Abbott, Kenneth Snelson, and others. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Gottesman Exhibition Hall has opened with "Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an inquiry whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)



Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. Through Sept. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

English National Opera—A two-week engagement. Wednesday, June 20, at 7:30, and Friday, June 22; Tuesday, June 26; and Saturday, June 30, all at 8: Verdi's "Rigoletto" (in English), with Valerie Masterson, Jean Rigby, Dennis O'Neill, and John Rawnsley; conducted by Mark Elder. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 21, at 8; Saturday, June 23, at 2; and Thursday, June 28, at 8: Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," with Patricia O'Neill, Anne Collins, and Derek Hammond-Stroud; Victor Morris. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23, and Monday, June 25, at 8, and Saturday, June 30, at 2: Britten's "Gloriana," with Sarah Walker, Elizabeth Vaughan, Arthur Davies, and Richard Van Allan; Mark Elder. On June 30, Noel Davies will conduct in place of Mr. Elder. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27, and Friday, June 29, at 7: Prokofieff's "War and Peace" (in English), with Eilene Hannan, Ann Howard, Kenneth Woollam, and Neil Howlett; James Lockhart. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Festival of the American New Music Consortium—Wednesday, June 20: János Négyesi, violin, and the One Plus One Quartet at 6, and the North Carolina Consortium for New Music and Meyer Kupferman, clarinet, at 7. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 21: the North/South Consonance at 6, and the Pierrot Players and the One Plus One Quartet at 7. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22: Katherine Hay, flute, and Neva Pilgram, soprano, at 6, and the One Plus One Quartet and others, at 7. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 23: A program of music from Canada at 3. . . . ¶ Monday, June 25: Dolly Kessner, piano; the Omni Ensemble; and others, at 6, and the New York University Contemporary Players and the Omni Ensemble at 7. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 26: René Eckhardt, piano, at 6, and the Washington Square Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Octav Calleya, and the North/South Consonance at 7. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27: Dinos Constantinides, violin, and the New York University Forum for New Music Players at 6, and the New York Harp Ensemble at 7. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28: Gary Dranch, clarinet, and Catherine Rowe, soprano, at 6, and Composers in Red Sneakers, and the New York University Contemporary Players, with Patricia Brown Avantario, soprano, at 7. . . . ¶ Friday, June 29: Yoko Ceskina, harp; the New York University Ccontemporary Players; and the Guild of Composers at 6. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Wiener Gitarrenduo—Heinz Wallisch and Jurg Kammermann, classical guitarists, in their first appearance here. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, June 20, at 8. For tickets, call 757-3255.)

Mary Findley—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, June 21, at 8.)

Western Wind—An a-cappella vocal sextet. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 21, at 8.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing two performances of the same program, with the Gay Men's Chorus of Washington, D.C. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, June 21, and Saturday, June 23, at 8.)

George Mgrdichian—Oud, with Jerry Willard, classical guitarist. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, June 22, at 8.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert direct-

OUT OF A JADED NEW YORKER POPULATION ESTIMATED AT 2,300,000* PATTI BREITMAN IDENTIFIED THE MOST FLAGRANT ONE OF ALL: BILL MASLAND.

Mr. Alan Lewis, Director
Most Jaded New Yorker In The World Contest
Windows on the World
One World Trade Center, New York, N.Y. 10048

Dear Mr. Lewis:

You haven't seen a *really* Jaded New Yorker until you've seen my friend Bill Masland. Why, just the other day he/~~she~~ slept through the approach and landing at JFK at sunset. I've also seen him/~~her~~ walk into his apt. bldg. oblivious to the film crew, super-stars and flood lights aimed at the entrance. on occasion. And it's not at all unusual for him/~~her~~ to leave the same message on his answering machine for years at a time. As of March 6, 1984, his answering machine still says: "Because of this damn transit strike, I don't know when I'll get home, so wait for the beep and leave a message." without giving it a second thought. And to top it all off, I even once saw him/~~her~~ mimicked by a sidewalk mime in front of an audience of hundreds in front of the 42nd Street Library, without even knowing it. He just kept walking. And, finally, when I told him I was entering him in a contest for the most Jaded New Yorker, he said, "Why bother? Chances are less than one in 8-million, and that's not even counting the suburbs.".

I thought you should know these things. I'm sure that no one person can stamp out the condition of Jadedness singlehandedly, but I want to do my part. I'm ready to bring my friend to Windows on the World any time. It's the least I can do.

I understand the conditions and I authorize use of this entry in any way you deem suitable. Anything for the cause.

(Signed) Patti Breitman

Bill Masland's answering machine still says, "Because of this damn transit strike I don't know when I'll get home, so wait for the beep and leave a message." This and other listed examples of Bill's behavior made us agree with Patti Breitman that he is, indeed, the most Jaded New Yorker in the world. And the two of them will be our guests at Windows on the World to see if something can be done about Bill Masland's extreme condition.

Don't think it was easy picking a winner. Our panel of passionate judges headed by Clay Felker** pored over some 1,200 entries (remarkable in itself since one sure sign of jadedness is never entering a contest of any sort). And most of the examples submitted were outrageous: from the man who asked Henry Kissinger during a tennis match at the River Club, "Did you come here to play or to make small talk?" to the woman who doesn't know what Paley Park is even though she works less than a block away.

But what was most impressive about the entries was the underlying feeling that, in spite of the horrible obstacles the city makes us all overcome, most of the people who entered are still having a love affair of sorts with New York. They are resigned to the inconveniences, even though they become occasionally furious. And they cope – like Bill Masland, who walks all summer long with his umbrella open so air-conditioners don't drop water on him – because all it usually takes to remind them how they really feel is a picnic in an uncrowded Central Park on an April Tuesday, tickets to a Frank Sinatra Concert at Carnegie Hall. Or dinner at Windows on the World.

Windows on the World.
A great place to fall in love with New York.
Again.

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*Projection based on a random eye-sampling of the block between 52nd and 53rd Streets on Fifth Avenue, Tuesday, March 7, 1984.

**Chief judge Clay Felker might very well win a contest for the most Ardent New Yorker in the World. In addition to positions as Editor of the afternoon edition of the *Daily News* and Consultant to *Adweek*, he was Editor of *Esquire Magazine* and the founder and original Editor of *New York Magazine*.

WINDOWS ON THE WORLD

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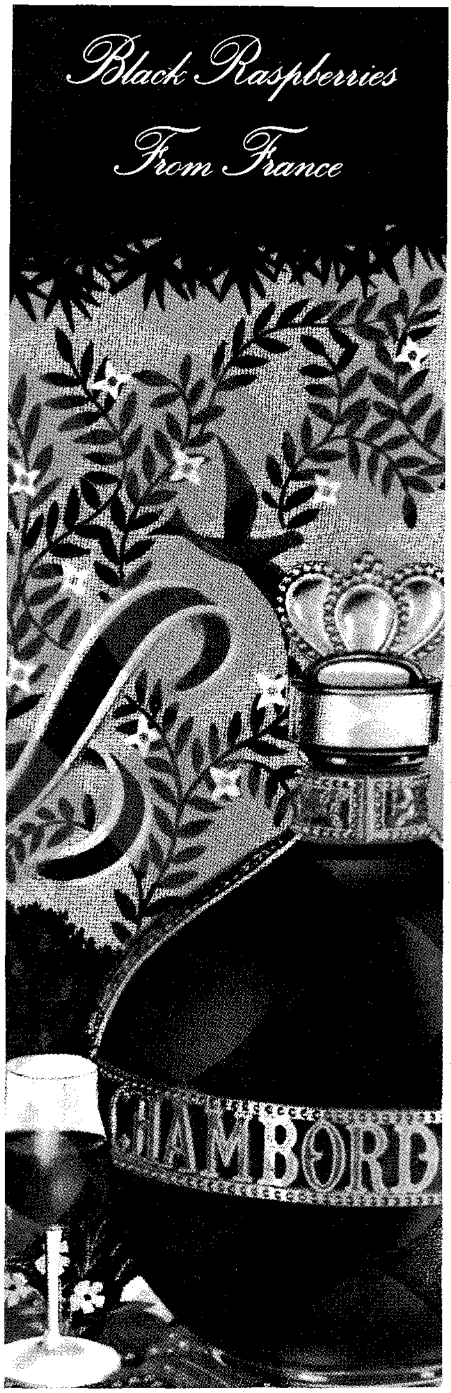

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ing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, June 24, at 2. For information about tickets, call 864-6765.)

Marc Adamczewski—Organ. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, June 24, at 4:45. No tickets necessary.)

James Richman—Harpsichord, with assisting artists. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, June 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the recital.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 26—Thursday and Friday, June 28-29, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30, at 8:30: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Serkin, piano, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 26—Saturday, June 30, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 1, at 5:30: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses will leave at 6 from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Sunday, June 24, at 8:15: The Grateful Dead. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 8:15: Aerosmith and Orion the Hunter. . . . ¶ Friday, June 29, at 8:15: Jimmy Buffett. . . . ¶ Two twelve-hour offerings of the KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL—Saturday, June 30, at noon: Gladys Knight & the Pips; Mel Tormé & the Mike Renzi trio; Dizzy Gillespie; Betty Carter and her trio; the Stan Getz quartet; and others. . . . Sunday, July 1, at noon: Al Jarreau; Spyro Gyra; the Toshiko Akiyoshi–New York Jazz Orchestra, with Lew Tabackin; and others. (Saratoga Springs. Through Friday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets through June 29, call 977-9020, in New York. For information about tickets to the Kool Jazz Festival, call 787-2020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, June 23: The Martha Graham Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, June 26-30: Gregory Osborne, Gizella Witkowsky, Patrick Bissell, and others. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; the evening performance on June 23 will be a benefit. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, June 20, at 7:35, and Thursday, June 21, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Montreal, Friday, June 22, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, June 23-24, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Thursday, June 28, at 7:35; Friday, June 29, at 8:05; and Saturday, June 30, at 7:35. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Monday through Wednesday, June 25-27, at 8.

Racing—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Juvenile, Wednesday, June 20; the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 23; the True North Handicap, Sunday, June 24; and the Dwyer, Saturday, June 30. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, July 24.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Tulsa. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, June 24, at 3. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 22.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, June 20, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, June 21, at 10:15: Russian works of art, *objets de vertu*, and Russian and Greek icons. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 21, at 2: English and Continental silver. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22, at 10:15 and 2: American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27, at 10:15 and 2: Individual hand-colored aquatints from John James Audubon's "The Birds of America." Exhibition starts Saturday, June 23. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, June 29, at 10:15: Japanese works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 23. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 2, and Saturday, June 30, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorative arts. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 23. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, June 27, at 10: English and Continental furniture and objects of art. Exhibition starts Friday, June 22. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27, at 10: Japanese prints and illustrated books, from the Robert Vergez collection. Exhibition by appointment only. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 27, at about 11:30 and at 2: Japanese prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28, at 10 and 2, and Friday, June 29, at 10: Chinese ceramics, jades, and other works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 23.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of HENRY V, with Kevin Kline and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, will start on Friday, June 22, and will run through Sunday, July 22. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Tuesday, June 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: Wednesday, June 20, at 8:30 (rain date, June 21), "Ernani," with Aprile Millo, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens: Friday, June 22, at 8:30 (rain date, June 24), "Rinaldo," with Ewa Podles, Eleanor Bergquist, Gail Robinson, John Alexander, and Terry Cook; Mario Bernardi. . . . BOTANICAL GARDEN, the Bronx: Saturday, June 23, at 8:30 (rain date, June 24), "Ernani," with the same cast as June 20, except Pablo Elvira will replace Mr. Quilico. . . . CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN: Tuesday, June 26, at 8:30 (rain date, June 28), "Ernani," with the same cast as June 20, except Pablo Elvira will replace Mr. Quilico. . . . MARINE PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, June 29, at 8:30 (rain date, July 1), "Ernani," with Guillermina Higareda, Vladimir Popov, Louis Quilico, and John Macurdy; Thomas Fulton.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 12. (First concert on Wednesday, June 20—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

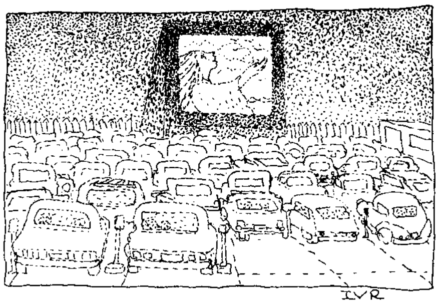
South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Thursday, June 21: The James Moody quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 22: The NatWest Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 28: Cedar Walton and Co. . . . ¶ Friday, June 29: The Barry Harris–Clifford Jordan quartet. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8.)

Music Festival on the Pier—Opening concerts in the Miller beer people's summer series, which will run through Friday, Sept. 14. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 26-27: King Crimson. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 30: Ted Nugent and Alcatrazz. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Walking Tours—Conducted tours from City Hall to the South Street Seaport, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, June 23-24, starting in front of City Hall, at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ A conducted tour of Greenwich Village, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 24, starting at the corner of Gay and Christopher Sts., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through June 21: "Ruy Blas" (1948; directed by Jean Cocteau; in French), with Danielle Darrieux, Jean Marais, and Josette Day.
June 22-24: "The Phantom Baron" (†) and "The Eternal Return" (†).
From June 26: "The Eagle with Two Heads" (†) and "Les Parents Terribles" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 28: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
From June 29: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 21: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall; and "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
From June 22: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 21: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
June 22-28: To be announced.
From June 29: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Gremlins" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.
Theatre 3: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 28: "The Natural" (†).
From June 29: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 27: "Splash" (†).
From June 28: "Brady's Escape" (Pal Gabor), with John Savage and Kelly Reno.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through June 21: "The Natural" (†).
From June 22: To be announced.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 28: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
From June 29: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through June 21: "Diva" (†). From June 22: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: Through June 21: Theatre closed. From June 22: "Rhinestone" (Bob Clark), with Sylvester Stallone and Dolly Parton.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Under the Volcano" (John Huston), with Albert Finney and Jacqueline Bisset.
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley. From June 29: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 21: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest. June 22-28: "Class of 84;" and "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin. From June 29: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.
Theatre 2: Through June 28: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan). From June 29: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 21: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.
From June 22: To be announced.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through June 21: "Ghostbusters" (†). From June 22: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 21: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
From June 22: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 21: "Sixteen Candles" (†).
From June 22: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 28: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
From June 29: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 21: "Girls Night Out."
June 22-28: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns; and "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin.
From June 29: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 21: "Gremlins" (†). From June 22: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Marigolds in August" (1979; directed by Ross Devenish), with Winston Ntshona, John Kani, and Athol Fugard.
Theatre 2: "My Night at Maud's" (†).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Tibet: A Buddhist Trilogy" (1980; Graham Coleman), a four-hour film.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through June 21: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†). From June 22: "Le Dernier Combat" (Luc Besson; a French film, without dialogue).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through June 21: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†). From June 22: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.
Theatre 2: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.
Theatre 2: Through June 21: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day. From June 22: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.
Theatre 3: "Splash" (†).
Theatre 4: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
A program of Donald Duck cartoons.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 21: Theatre closed.
From June 22: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Edith and Marcel" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Evelyne Bouix and Marcel Cerdan, Jr.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 21: "Heat of Desire" (Luc Béraud; in French), with Patrick Dewaere.
From June 22: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 21: "The Bounty" (†).
From June 22: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: June 20: "Eréndira" (†). From June 21: "After the Rehearsal" (Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Ingrid Thulin.
Theatre 2: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 3: June 20: "Irezumi" (Yoichi Takabayaski; in Japanese). From June 21: "Eréndira" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "El Norte" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).
Theatre 3: Through June 21: "The Natural" (†). From June 22: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.
Theatre 4: "Ghostbusters" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Romancing the Stone" (†). From June 29: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 21: "Racing with

the Moon" (†); and "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano. From June 22: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns; and "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin.
Theatre 2: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).
Theatre 3: Through June 28: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall; and "Risky Business" (†). From June 29 (tentative): "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.
Theatre 4: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†) and "Against All Odds" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 2: "Once Upon a Time in America" (directed by Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.
Theatre 3: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 21: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†). From June 22: "Rhinestone" (Bob Clark), with Sylvester Stallone and Dolly Parton.
Theatre 5: Through June 28: "Sixteen Candles" (†). From June 29: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 6: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through June 21: "Splash" (†).
From June 22: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 21: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From June 22: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 3: Through June 27: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†). From June 28: "Brady's Escape" (Pal Gabor), with John Savage and Kelly Reno.
Theatre 4: Through June 21: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams. June 22-27: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From June 28: "Brady's Escape" (Pal Gabor), with John Savage and Kelly Reno.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 28: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
From June 29: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through June 21: "Footloose" (†).
From June 22: "Splash" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan). From June 29: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: Through June 21: "Girls Night Out." June 22-28: "Class of 84;" and "Sleepaway Camp" (Robert Hiltzik), with Mike Kellin. From June 29: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

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R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through June 28: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane. From June 29: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
Theatre 2: "The Natural" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

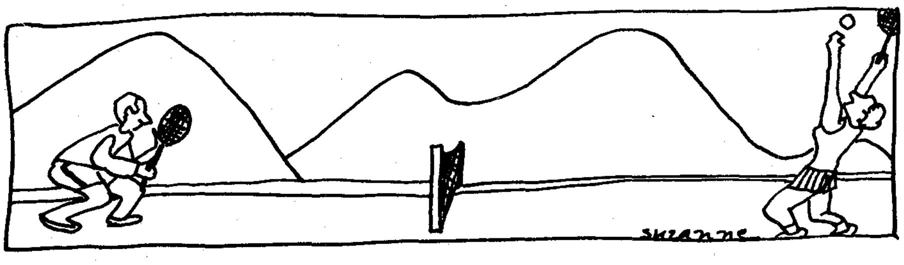
Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"King Blank."

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Beyond Good and Evil" (1984; directed by Liliana Cavani; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 21: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle.
June 22-23: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond; and "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine.
June 24-26: "The Compleat Beatles" (1984; Patrick Montgomery), a documentary; and "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles.
June 27-28: "Betrayal" (1983; David Jones), with Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley, and Patricia Hodge; and "The Servant" (1963; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox.
June 29-30: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 21: "The Samurai Trilogy" (1954-56; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
June 22-23: "Harakiri" (1962; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Rebellion" (1967; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
June 24-25: "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese) and "Sanjuro" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), both films with Toshiro Mifune.
June 26-28: "The Samurai Trilogy."
June 29-30: "Kwaidan" (1965; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).



Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
June 20: "Octopussy" (1983; John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond; and "Casino Royale" (1967), with Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress, David Niven, and Woody Allen.
June 21-23: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.
June 24-25: "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer; and "Bad Boys" (1983; Rick Rosenthal), with Sean Penn, Reni Santoni, and Jim Moody.
June 26-27: "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel; and "Room at the Top" (†).
June 28-30: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 21: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
June 22-23: "Tootsie" (1982; Sydney Pollack), with Dustin Hoffman, Jessica Lange, and Teri Garr; and "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston, Lesley Ann Warren, and Alex Karras.
June 24: "The Right Stuff" (1983; Philip Kaufman), with Sam Shepard, Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, and Fred Ward.
June 25-26: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who.
June 27-28: "High Road to China" (1983; Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong; and "Lassiter" (Roger Young), with Tom Selleck and Jane Seymour.
June 29-30: "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "The World According to Garp" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through June 21: "Susana" (1951; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.
June 22: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian) and "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), both films with Giancarlo Giannini.
June 23: "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
June 24: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
June 25: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High (†); and "Valley Girl" (1983; Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage.
June 26: "The Conversation" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Gene Hackman; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.
June 27-28: "Wuthering Heights" (1954; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Nazarin" (†).
June 29: "Risky Business" (†) and "Trading Places" (†).
June 30: "Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu; and "La Nuit de Varennes" (1981; Ettore Scola; in French), with Harvey Keitel, Marcello Mastroianni, Laura Betti, and Andrea Ferreol.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
June 20: "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, and Paul McCrane; and "Diner" (1982;

Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, Mickey Rourke, and Ellen Barkin.

June 21-23: "Easter Parade" (1948; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Peter Lawford; and "That's Entertainment!" (1974; Jack Haley, Jr.).

June 24-25: "The Divorcée" (†): and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" (1931; Edgar Selwyn), with Helen Hayes, Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton, and Robert Young.

June 26-27: "Two Girls and a Sailor" (1944; Richard Thorpe), with Gloria De Haven, Van Johnson, and Jimmy Durante; and "Girl Crazy" (1943; Norman Taurog), with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, June Allyson, and Nancy Walker.

June 28-30: "Ivanhoe" (1952; Richard Thorpe), with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, and George Sanders; and "Scaramouche" (1952; George Sidney), with Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh, and Mel Ferrer.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 20: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; "Bluebeard" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with John Carradine and Jean Parker; and "The Black Cat" (1934; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi.

June 21: "La Marseillaise" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet; "Le Tournoi dans la Cité" (1928; Jean Renoir; a French silent film); and "The Little Match Girl" (1928; Jean Renoir; a French silent film).

June 22: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, and Edgar Kennedy; and "Remember the Night" (1940; Mitchell Leisen), with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray.

June 23: "Dreams That Money Can Buy" (1948), a Hans Richter Surrealist film; "8 × 8" (1957), a Hans Richter Surrealist film; and "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French).

June 24: "The Lodger" (1926; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Ivor Novello; "Easy Virtue" (1927; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Isabel Jean and Franklin Dyall; and "Number Seventeen" (1932; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leon M. Lion and Anne Grey.

June 25: Two different programs of cartoons.

June 26: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.

June 27: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Murder, My Sweet" (1945; Edward Dmytryk), with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley.

June 28: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet.

June 29-30: "It's Never Too Late" (1977; Jaime de Arminan; in Spanish), with Angela Molina and José Luis Gómez; and "Cría!" (1977; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 20: "Dirigible" (1931; Frank Capra), with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, and Fay Wray; and "Flight" (1929; Frank Capra), with Jack Holt.

June 21: "No Way to Treat a Lady" (1968; Jack Smight), with Rod Steiger, Lee Remick, and George Segal; and "The Sergeant" (1968; John Flynn), with Rod Steiger and John Phillip Law.

June 22-23: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

June 24: "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965; Otto Preminger), with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, and Noël Coward; and "Anatomy of a Murder" (†).

June 25: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

June 26: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Dark Victory" (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald.

June 27: "Nightmare Alley" (†); and "Hangover Square" (1945; John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell.

June 28: "Dance Fools Dance" (†) and "Chained" (†).

June 29-30: "The Uninvited" (†) and "The Innocents" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—June 21 at 2:30 and 6: "Nightshift" (1981; directed by Robina Rose), with Jordan, Anne Rees-Mogg, Mitch Davies, and Heathcote Williams. . . . ¶ June 22 at 2:30: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924; Raoul Walsh; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ June 22 at 6: "L'Avventura" (1960; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Lea Massari. . . . ¶ June 23 at 2:30: "Citizens Band" ("Handle with Care;" 1977; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Candy Clark, Ann Wedgeworth, and Marcia Rodd. . . . ¶ June 23 at 5: "The Conversation" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Gene Hackman. . . . ¶ June 24 at 2:30: "I Married a Witch" (1942; René Clair), with Fredric March, Veronica Lake, Robert Benchley, and Susan Hayward. . . . ¶ June 24 at 5: "Secret Cinema" (1966; Paul Bartel); and "Dementia 13" (1963; Francis Ford Coppola), with William Campbell and Luana Anders. . . . ¶ June 25 at 2:30: "Citizens Band." . . . ¶ June 25 at 6: "The Troublemaker" (1964; Theodore J. Flicker), with Tom Aldredge, Joan Darling, and James Frawley. . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30: "The Conversation." . . . ¶ June 26 at 6: "Caught" (1949; Max Ophuls), with Barbara Bel Geddes, James Mason, and Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ June 28 at 2:30 and 6: "The Camera: Je" (1977; Babette Mangolte; in English and French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 29 at 2:30: "I Married a Witch." . . . ¶ June 29 at 6 and June 30 at 2:30: "The Ghost Goes West" (1935; René Clair), with Robert Donat, Jean Parker, and Eugene Pallette. . . . ¶ June 30 at 5: "The River" (1951; Jean Renoir), with Nora Swinburne, Esmond Knight, and Arthur Shields. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—American video, 1967-80; showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (and Tuesday evenings at 6:30). Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Against All Odds—Suggested by the 1947 Jacques Tourneur suspense film "Out of the Past," this revved-up picture is of the "everybody uses everybody" genre, set in swank surroundings and outfitted with electronic music to make you twitch. With a plot that borrows from "Chinatown" and "North Dallas Forty," it has so many convoluted double crosses that each time you're told what was "really" going on behind the scene you just witnessed you care less. Rachel Ward is the woman who steals and kills, lies all the time, and makes love alternately to Jeff Bridges, a pro football player, and to James (The Snake) Woods, a gamblin' man. It turns out that she's just confused, from having grown up in a nest of vipers, with a real-estate-tycoon mother (played with considerable cool by Jane Greer) and a smoothly villainous stepfather (a hambone special by Richard Widmark). The scenes aren't shaped to get anywhere, so even though the movie hops about L.A. and Mexico, the effect is static, and some sequences—such as the lovemaking set in the ancient Mayan steam house at Chichén Itzá—should earn their place in the annals of camp. With Dorian Harewood, Saul Rubinek, Alex Karras, and Swoosie Kurtz, who has only two or three minutes onscreen (as a lawyer's secretary) but gets a relationship going with the audience; she's the only member of the cast who doesn't seem to have been pulped. Directed by Taylor Hackford, from a script by Eric Hughes. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/19/84.) (Olympia Quad.)

Anatomy of a Murder (1959)—Otto Preminger wheels slowly around a courtroom story of a rape-and-murder case. James Stewart, Lee Remick, George C. Scott, and Arthur O'Connell as a lawyer on the bottle. Duke Ellington's score. Plodding stuff, but the cast is good, and courtroom drama always works. The judge is played by, of all people, Joseph N. Welch, celebrated opponent of Senator Joe McCarthy; it is almost as if he wrote his own sage and pungent lines. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 24.)

The Bounty—Based on a script condensed from Robert Bolt's scripts for two projected films about the 1789 mutiny, this misshapen movie doesn't work as an epic—it doesn't have the scope or the emotional surge of epic storytelling. It's certainly not boring, though. The director, Roger Donaldson, shoots very close in for dynamic power—you're thrust right in among the men on the crowded British naval vessel—and Anthony Hopkins, who plays Captain Bligh, gives his vocal cords a workout, ordering Fletcher Christian (Mel Gibson) to stop "mixing with the damned degenerate natives" and shouting that "the ship is filthy." In this version, Bligh is no worse than ambitious, repressed, and somewhat harsh, and Christian is an open-shirted man of impulse—a moody flower child who's drugged on love. Whether because of the condensing or cuts in the editing room or just plain miscalculation, Gibson's romanticism seems faintly absurd, and in his big scene—his emotional outburst during the mutiny—he seems to be having a nervous breakdown. With Wi Kuki Kaa as King Tynah, Tevaite Vernette as Princess Mauatua, skinny-faced Daniel Day-Lewis as Fryer, and, among the effete aristocrats who sit on the court-martial, Laurence Olivier and Edward Fox (who has this performance down pat by now—he lets his crooked front tooth do his acting for him). Adapted from Richard Hough's 1972 book "Captain Bligh and Mr. Christian;" the music is by Vangelis, who goes in for effects such as ominous boom-booms when Christian first touches Mauatua's hair. (6/11/84) (Loews Paramount; through June 21.)

Chained (1934)—Joan Crawford and Clark Gable and a superabundance of M-G-M's big, turgid, melodramatic emotions. It's all somewhere between camp and plod, but with a strong enough sexual current between Crawford and Gable to make it a hit. She plays a woman who's going with a married man (Otto Kruger) when she meets Gable. Clarence Brown directed; the cast includes Stuart Erwin, Akim Tamiroff, Una O'Connor, Marjorie Gateson, and Mickey Rooney. The script, by John Lee Mahin, was based on an Edgar Selwyn story. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 28.)

Dance Fools Dance (1931)—Rich playgirl Joan Crawford goes to work as a reporter after her father is wiped out in the stock-market crash; her weak brother (William Bakewell) gets involved with gangsters. Forgettable melodrama, with heavy-breathing Crawford proving what a great girl she is and winning a millionaire (Lester Vail). Redeeming features: Clark Gable, before his starring days, as a wicked gangland boss, and Cliff Edwards as a reporter. Harry Beaumont directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 28.)

Diva (1981)—A glittering toy of a movie, a romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously—the whole high-tech incandescence of the film is played for humor. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. He's pursued by two baroque thugs: one is tall and Latin and chews gum with the jaws of a hippopotamus; the other is small, with spiky blond hair and sunglasses, and an earplug so he can listen to a transistor radio while he's on his murderous errands—he's so dissociated he's practically a mutant. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. A Mr. Cool in a white suit and a white Citroën comes to the aid of the besieged messenger. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (Baronet; through June 21.)

The Divorcée (1930)—Norma Shearer and the double standard. Her husband (Chester Morris) is unfaithful, but she isn't allowed to be; they split. This being intended as a sizzling, daring movie, she turns to Robert Montgomery and Conrad Nagel before reconciling (on New Year's Eve, of course) with her ex-husband. Shearer's specialty was sexy suffering in satin gowns by Adrian; here, she always seems to want to abandon herself to naughtiness, but one damned thing after another stops her. With Florence Eldridge. Robert Z. Leonard directed, from an adaptation of Ursula Parrott's novel "Ex-Wife." (Regency; June 24-25.)

The Eagle with Two Heads (1948)—The structure is similar to that of "Beauty and the Beast" but with inversions—this time it is the Queen (Edwige Feuillère) who is awakened from her trance by the revolutionary poet (Jean Marais), who has come to assassinate her. And, while the Beast addressed Beauty with only a few simple words, here the Queen dunks her Angel of Death in a torrent of elegant language. This is a sweepingly romantic picture—a beautiful trifle. Feuillère has a sense of gesture that almost any actress might envy, and Marais demonstrates once again that despite his almost comical square-headed handsomeness he can act. Jean Cocteau adapted his own play, and directed. It's the least known of the few films that he actually did direct; a dozen or so are falsely advertised as his. (Antonioni made a video color version of the play in 1979, under the title "The Oberwald Mystery.") In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 26.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-film-maker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

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Eréndira—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra seems too earnest for the task at hand; he puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle—the only resonance they have is that they remind us of García Márquez's other writing. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. Dressed in the ensembles of a regal ragpicker, the witch is carried in a sedan chair as she and Eréndira travel through the desert (the film was made in Mexico), setting up shop wherever they go. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and the scene of Eréndira's sexual initiation—by rape—is affecting in a semi-prurient way; the actress isn't particularly distinctive, but she's very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. The old bawd blows out the candles on her birthday cake in one quick, impatient gust, sinks her hand into the cake (which is full of rat poison), eats it gluttonously, and burps with pleasure. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. (This is not a suggestion.) With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Eternal Return (1948)—Jean Delannoy directed Jean Cocteau's modern-dress adaptation of the Tristan and Isolde story. Jean Marais, in a celebrated medieval-looking sweater, and the straight-silk-haired, snow-blond Madeleine Sologne are absurdly glamorous lovers; though the film has the decorative look of ballet and is heavy and stilted, they became the rage of Paris. With Yvonne de Bray and the dwarf Piéral. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 22-24.)

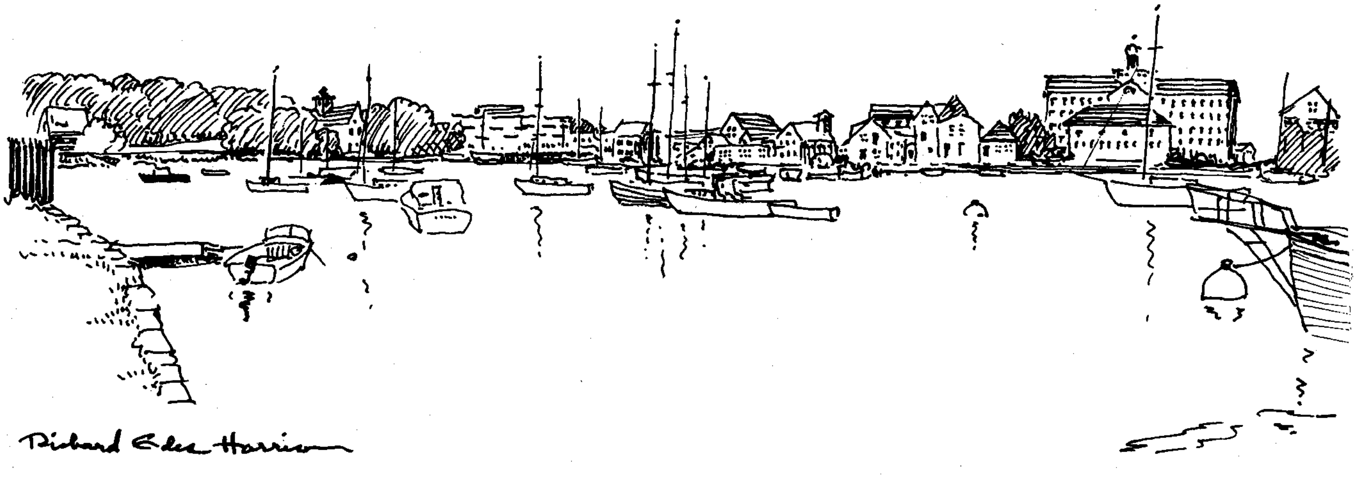
Fast Times at Ridgemont High (1982)—Not bad. It may fall into the general category of youth-exploitation movies, but it isn't assaultive. The young director, Amy Heckerling, making her feature-film début, has a light hand. If the film has a theme it's sexual embarrassment, but there are no big crises; the story follows the course of several kids' lives by means of vignettes and gags, and when the scenes miss they don't thud. In this movie, a gag's working or not working hardly matters—everything has a quick, makeshift feeling. If you're eating a bowl of Rice Krispies and some of them don't pop, that's O.K., because the bowlful has a nice, poppy feeling. The friendship of the two girls—Jennifer Jason Leigh as the fifteen-year-old Stacy who is eager to learn about sex and Phoebe Cates as the jaded Valley Girl Linda who shares what she knows—has a lovely matter-of-factness. With Sean Penn as the surfer-doper Spicoli—the most amiable stoned kid imaginable. Penn inhabits the role totally; the part isn't big but he comes across as a star. Also with Robert Romanus, Judge Reinhold, Brian Backer, and Ray Walston. The script, by Cameron Crowe, was adapted from his book about the year he spent at a California high school, impersonating an adolescent. The music—a collection of some nineteen pop songs—doesn't underline things; it's just always there when it's needed. (11/1/82) (Metro Cinema; June 25.)

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (New Embassy 49th Street; through June 21.)

Ghostbusters—With Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Sigourney Weaver, and Harold Ramis; directed by Ivan Reitman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

Gremlins—With Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates, and Hoyt Axton; directed by Joe Dante. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation that young



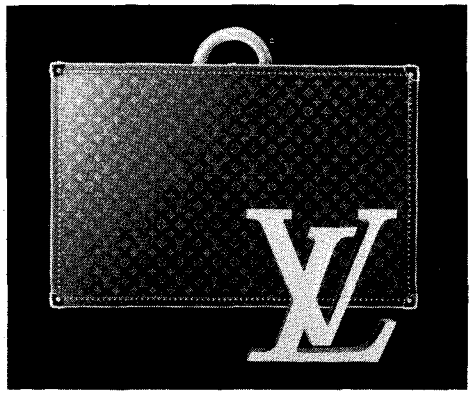
kids are likely to be horrified. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique, but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (Waverly, and Criterion Theatres; through June 21.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. The subject of a movie can be momentum. It has often been the true—even if not fully acknowledged—subject of movies. Here it's not merely acknowledged, it's gloried in. The picture has an exuberant, hurtling-along spirit. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. The whole movie is designed as a shoot-the-chutes, yet Spielberg seems relaxed, and he doesn't push things to frighten us. The movie relates to Americans' love of getting in the car and just taking off—it's a breeze. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." The film also has parody links to "The Wizard of Oz" and to Saturday-afternoon serials and the Hope-Crosby "Road" movies and more recent screen adventurers such as the cliff-hanger stunt in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Innocents (1961)—Jack Clayton's most shapely and elegant film, from Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." Deborah Kerr is wonderful as the governess; the hysteria is movingly suppressed. The two children are played with chilling English social precocity. Screenplay by William Archibald, John Mortimer, and Truman Capote. The beautifully judged black-and-white camerawork is by Freddie Francis. Everything is in proportion, delicate, correctly ambiguous. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29-30.)

Moscow on the Hudson—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and it doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey, Cleavant Derricks, Elya Baskin, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Festival, and Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East, and Greenwich Playhouse; through June 21. . . . ¶ Embassy; through June 27.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking



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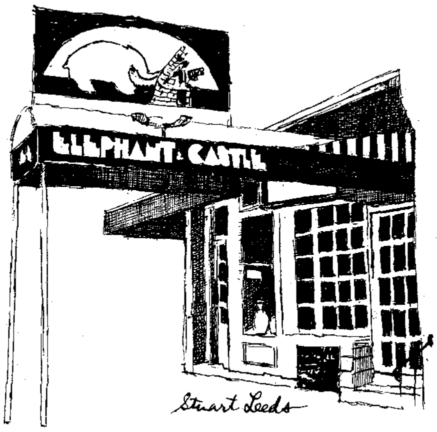
about—for once, in films—things that grown-ups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Film Forum.)

The Natural—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? Directed by Barry Levinson, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the batboy. The cinematography is by Caleb Deschanel; the music is by Randy Newman; the script is by Roger Towne, with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version. (5/28/84) (R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Loews 83rd Quad; through June 21. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through June 28.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero, Nazarin, is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel, which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. A woman offers Nazarin a pineapple and her blessing. Nazarin is so stubbornly proud that it's a struggle for him to accept, and Buñuel himself is so proud that he will hardly allow the scene to have any weight. Humility is very difficult for him; he just tosses in the pineapple. He's determined not to give in to the folly of tenderness, but it's there. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Metro Cinema; June 27-28.)

Nightmare Alley (1947)—A tough-minded treatment of telepathy. It opens in the carnival world, where the ultimate in how low a man can sink is represented by the Geek, who bites the heads off live chickens; shuddering dipsomaniacs take the job, for a bottle a day. We know that this is what is in store for the smart, smiling young climber Stan (Tyrone Power); this shrewd, absorbing movie is about how he gets to that point. Stan eagerly and ruthlessly learns everything he can from the plump mind reader Zeena (Joan Blondell, in a rich, intensely likable performance), after getting rid of her burned-out partner (Ian Keith, who brings unexpected depth to his small role). Using Zeena's tricks, Stan becomes a headliner in a Chicago night club and begins to sample the possibilities of spiritualist rackets. The film loses its imaginative energy once it moves out of the ripe, sleazy carny milieu, and from the start the technique of the director, Edmund Goulding, is conventional, even a little stodgy. Still, the material, adapted from William Gresham's novel by Jules Furthman, is unusual and the cast first-rate. Power, who persuaded Twentieth Century-Fox to let him play the double-crossing heel-charlatan, puts his black-Irish good looks to ambivalent effect. With Coleen Gray giving one of her freshly thought-out performances as Stan's girl; Helen Walker as Lilith, the blackmailing psychologist who outsmarts *him*; Taylor Holmes as the aged industrialist who is conned into believing that Stan can help him communicate with his dead sweetheart; and Mike Mazurki as the carny strong man. Cinematography by Lee Garmes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 27.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (Embassy 72nd St.)



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Les Parents Terribles (1949; also known as "The Storm Within")—One of Cocteau's two or three greatest films, and one of the finest examples of group acting ever photographed. He took his play about the disorderly, unpredictable parents (Marcel André and Yvonne de Bray) who cannot accept the fact that their son (Jean Marais) is growing up and re-created it for the screen with such skill that a true claustrophobic family atmosphere is achieved. In structure, this is a coincidence-ridden boulevard comedy, but Cocteau has lifted it to the realm of tragicomic Oedipal fable. The mother screams for the police when she learns that her son has a girl; Yvonne de Bray's performance is so magically convincing that Marais's actual mother is said to have developed a jealous hatred of her. Gabrielle Dorziat plays the boy's aunt, and Josette Day his girl. Designed by Christian Bérard; the score is by Georges Auric. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 26.)

The Phantom Baron (1943)—Somehow or other, Cocteau got involved in writing the script for this silly romantic adventure, which was directed by Serge de Poligny and has little connection to Cocteau's own screen work. Set in the early nineteenth century, it's about a hidden treasure. Cocteau played the title role; possibly he inveigled Gabrielle Dorziat into appearing in it, also; in any case, she looks as if she's not sure what she's doing here. With Alain Cuny and Jany Holt. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 22-24.)

Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), is a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. (4/2/84) (Olympia Quad; through June 21.)

Risky Business—At seventeen, the high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materialistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Olympia Quad; through June 28. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; June 29.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art, Gotham Cinema, U. A. 85th St. East, and New Yorker; through June 28.)

Room at the Top (1958)—It's the good, familiar story of the bright, ambitious boy from the provinces who wants to make good in the big city. Stendhal set it in the post-Napoleonic period in "The Red and the Black;" Theodore Dreiser set it in the beginnings of industrialization in "An American Tragedy." Here, the boy comes from the modern industrial slums of Yorkshire; he has acquired a cynical education in a Second World War German prison camp; and he has become a civil servant. Like Julien Sorel and Clyde Griffiths, Joe Lampton is on the make; unlike them he doesn't get killed for his sexual transgressions, though he does get beaten up in a manner that suggests a ritual punishment. Like its predecessors, the novel is about class, money, and power—and about how sex, which is used to get them, traps the user. Joe (Laurence Harvey) is an aggressive young parvenu, a slum-bred man who wants to break through the class structure and get into the establishment. The movie helped bring American adults back into the theatres—partly, no doubt, because of the unusually intelligent treatment of Joe's drives and the unusually blunt dialogue, but mostly because of the superb love scenes between Harvey and Simone Signoret. She's magnificent as the older woman whom he loves yet sacrifices to his ambition. Her sensuality is contrasted with the virginal shallowness of Heather Sears, as the rich girl he marries. With Donald Wolfit, Hermione Baddeley, Raymond Huntley, Donald Houston, and Ambrosine Philpotts. Directed capably, and with great emotional tact, by Jack Clayton, from Neil Paterson's adaptation of the John Braine novel; cinematography by Freddie Francis. Signoret won the Academy Award for Best Actress. (A sequel, "Life at the Top," also with Harvey, was made in 1965; it was directed by Ted Kotcheff, from a script by Mordecai Richler.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 26-27.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

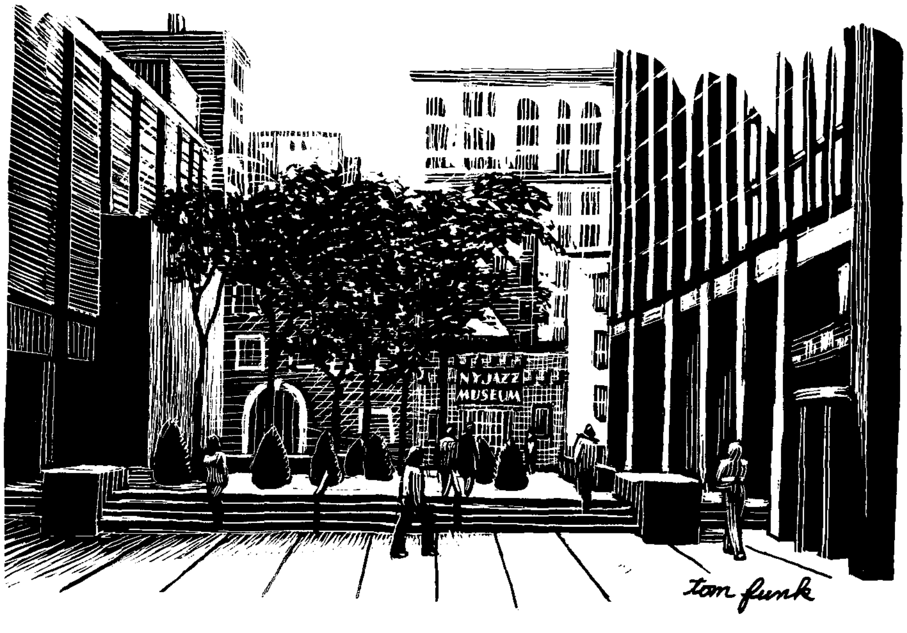
Sixteen Candles—Samantha (Molly Ringwald), a high-school sophomore, is having her sixteenth birthday, and, in the midst of preparations for her older sister's wedding, the whole family has forgotten about it. When she goes to a school dance and longs to be noticed by the handsome senior (Michael Schoeffling) who's the man of her dreams, she's subjected to the humiliating attentions of a scrawny freshman (Anthony Michael Hall), who's known as Geek. Less raucous than the usual eighties pictures about teen-agers, this comedy by the young writer-director John Hughes is closer in tone to the gentle English comedies of the forties and fifties. Molly Ringwald has a lovely, offbeat candor, and Hall's Geek, with his pitchman's hard sell, is a truly weird creation. With Paul Dooley, Carlin Glynn, Blanche Baker, Justin Henry, Gedde Watanabe, and Haviland Morris. (5/28/84) (72nd Street East; through June 21. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through June 28.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through June 21. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through June 27. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; starting June 22.)

Trading Places (1983)—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood who runs a Philadelphia brokerage house, and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar who disguises himself as a blind, legless Vietnam veteran. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish, with the younger guys rich and the old skinflints punished. And the audience appears to enjoy the premeditated obviousness. With Denholm Elliott, who deserves better than his role as a butler; Jamie Lee Curtis, who deserves better than her role as a prostitute named Ophelia; and Paul Gleason and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Metro Cinema; June 29.)

The Uninvited (1944)—Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey are the brother and sister who buy a house on the Cornish coast only to find it inhabited by a spooky evil presence. Sexy-eyed Gail Russell never could act worth a damn, but she had an eerie lustre, and she's lovely as the mysterious young girl who helps in the exorcism. The picture was popular, though it doesn't come anywhere near fulfilling one's initial hopes that it will be a first-rate ghost movie. Lewis Allen directed; from Dorothy Macardle's novel "Uneasy Freehold," adapted by Dodie Smith and Frank Partos; musical score by Victor Young. With Cornelia Otis Skinner (playing the usual Gale Sondergaard role), and Donald Crisp, Alan Napier, Dorothy Stickney, and Barbara Everest. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29-30.)

The World According to Garp (1982)—The movie version of John Irving's novel, directed by George Roy Hill, from a script by Steve Tesich, has no center; it's a simple series of vignettes, spanning Garp's life from his beginning to his end. This isn't necessarily bad—Hill's pastel, detached, and generally meaningless comedy may, in some ways, be preferable to the baroque apparatus that Irving constructed—but in recounting the book's key incidents Hill and Tesich lay bare the pattern of mutilations in the plot. Tongues, ears, penises, eyes, lives—everybody on the screen is losing something. If you listen to what Garp (Robin Williams) says, the movie is about love of family; if you look at what happens, though, it's a castration fantasy. The masochistic gifted-victim game has been played in recent American writing on just about every conceivable level, but Irving's novel is still something special: he created a whole hideous and deformed women's political group (the Ellen Jamesians) in order to have his author-hero, his alter ego, destroyed by it, and the film is faithful to Irving's "vision." With John Lithgow, who gives an appealing performance as the big-bruiser transsexual Roberta Muldoon, Glenn Close as Garp's mother, Mary Beth Hurt as his wife, and, in a bit, Amanda Plummer as Ellen James. (8/23/82) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 29-30.)



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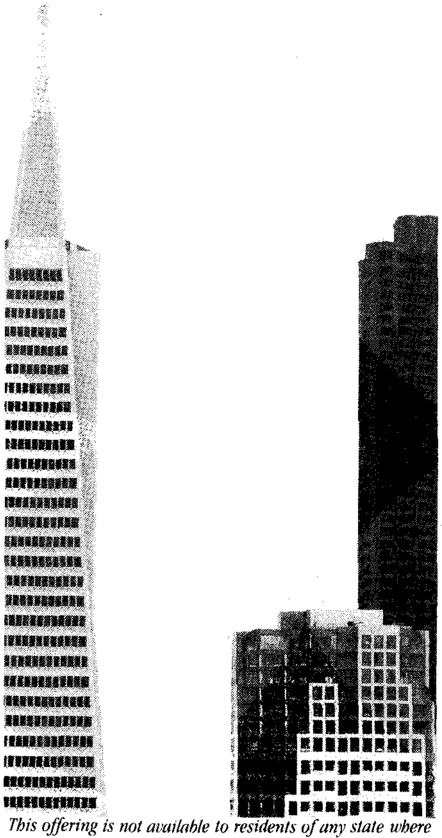

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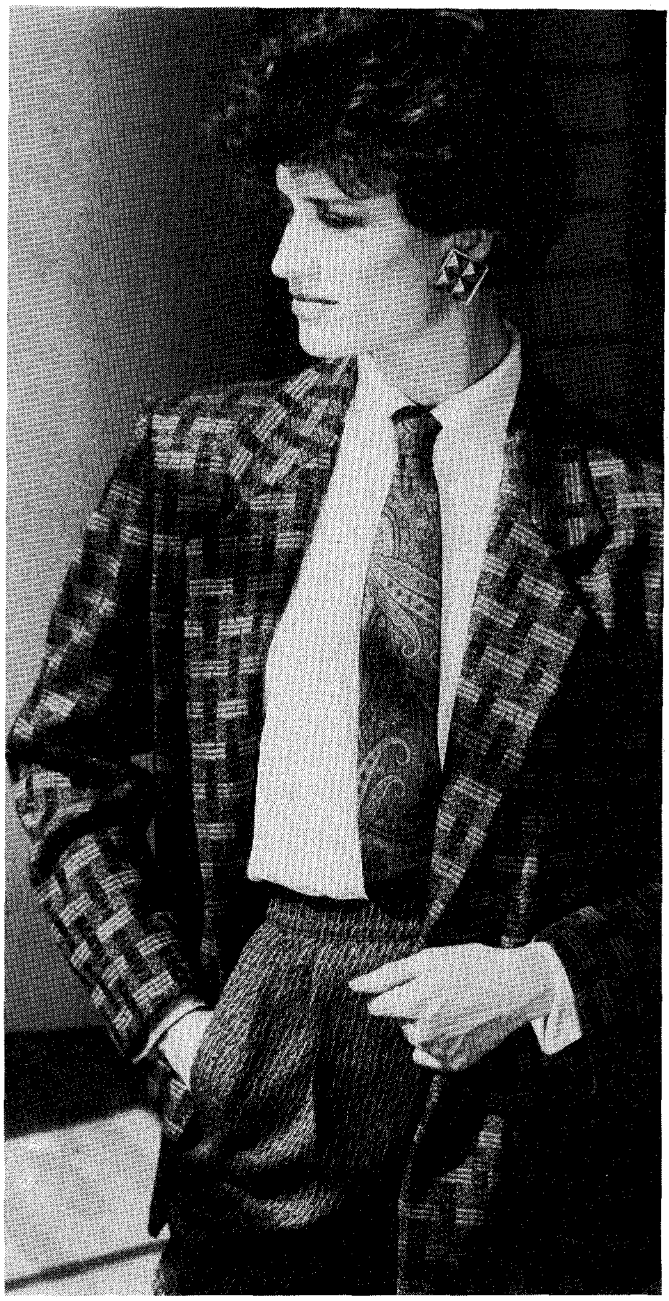
WHAT MAKES NEIMAN-MARCUS NEIMAN-MARCUS

A continuing series

We sent this N-M Club® jacket and pants back. Again. And again. And again.



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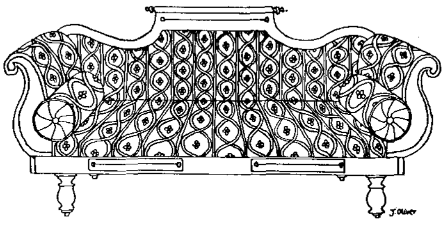
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE are moments in politics that reverberate in time like a perpetual bell, and when that happens the significance of the moment often cannot be assessed until long after the bell has begun tolling. For instance, in 1919 the British government passed the Rowlatt Act, which kept in force in India such wartime emergency measures as press censorship and summary justice for political agitators. Indian nationalist feeling was so strongly aroused by the act that Mahatma Gandhi called a twenty-four-hour nationwide general strike to protest it. Almost as soon as the strike was launched, it degenerated into a national riot, which continued for days and claimed many lives. Amritsar, then in the old British province of the Punjab, was the scene of the worst rioting. One day, a mob there assaulted an English schoolteacher, who barely escaped with her life. The next day, Brigadier General Reginald Dyer arrived to restore order. The following day, he proclaimed a ban on all public meetings and processions. The day after that, in defiance of his ban, some five thousand residents of Amritsar held a meeting at Jallianwalla Bagh, a mostly walled-in tract of land in the center of the city. General Dyer blocked the main entrance with troops and ordered them to open fire. Within ten minutes, at least four hundred entrapped, unarmed people were killed and twelve hundred maimed or wounded. In the subsequent twenty-eight years of Indian struggle for independence, the Jallianwalla Bagh massacre—though it was exceptional in the history of the British raj—became a byword for British brutality. Many historians now believe that the memory of it was partly responsible for the inability of the nationalists to work out with the British some kind of self-rule formula for India. If they had done so, India might have gained independence peacefully in the nineteen-thirties and been spared the ravages of Hindu-Muslim conflict and the Partition, which in the Punjab left eleven million people homeless and a million dead.

In recent days, in the new, truncated state of Punjab, the democratically elected government of Mrs. Indira Gandhi has gone the Rowlatt Act one better. When disorder in Punjab spread, her government dissolved the state government and took direct control of the state. Then it suspended publication of all local newspapers, expelled all foreigners and barred all foreign correspondents, imposed curfews on all the state's cities, cut off all rail and bus service, and banned all non-military vehicles from the roads. It reinforced the Army in Punjab and gave it orders to move troops into Amritsar, which is the holy city of the Sikhs. In Amritsar, the troops were ordered to shoot any curfew-breaker on sight and to flush out the Sikh extremist Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale and his followers, who had been living in the Golden Temple precincts for months. Originally built in the sixteenth century, the temple—a short distance from Jallianwalla Bagh—is the seat of the oldest surviving copy of the Granth (the holy book of the Sikhs) and is the holiest of all Sikh shrines. Despite the press blackout, it now appears from official and unofficial reports that on June fifth no fewer than six battalions, armed with tanks and heavy artillery, fought the Sikh extremists, who were armed with machine guns, rockets, and anti-tank missiles for just such a holy battle. The engagement, it appears, lasted forty-eight hours and left perhaps two hundred and fifty soldiers and a thousand of the extremists dead, with possibly as many, on both sides, maimed or wounded.



In the battle, the stakes for Mrs. Gandhi's government were high. A demand by the Sikhs for some kind of special status had been ticking like a bomb in the background almost since the Partition. In recent years, the Sikhs, who number about fourteen million out of seven hundred million Indians but form a majority in Punjab, had begun insisting that they did not wish to share its river water and its capital of Chandigarh with the neighboring Hindu state of Haryana, and agitating for a change of the status of Sikhism in the Constitution from a sect of Hinduism to a religion. The moderates in Punjab had failed to get anywhere with Mrs. Gandhi, and their failure gave impetus to Bhindranwale's extremist faction: about sixteen months ago, his followers started a terrorist campaign of shooting and knifing public officials and Hindu villagers and burning Hindu houses and shops, to force Mrs. Gandhi to yield to Punjab (and other states) political authority in all areas except defense, foreign relations, communications, railways, and currency. Both the moderate and the extremist Sikhs were only echoing the demands, mutatis mutandis, of moderate and extremist Nagas, Mizos, Assamese, and other national minorities, in other states. Mrs. Gandhi, dedicated to preventing the fabric of the federal union from coming unravelled, employed against the Sikhs a policy she had employed, with varying degrees of success, against some of those other minorities: she equivocated; she played off extremists against moderates, using one to discredit the other. Behind her maneuverings, there was always the threat of military action, which in the nineteen-seventies she had used to crush Naga and Mizo rebellions. But the Sikhs would not be subdued. In contrast to other minorities, the Sikhs were at the center of national power; although most Sikhs were farmers, mechanics, drivers, or shopkeepers, some held important positions, not only in government and business but also in the Army, where Sikhs formed a significant part of the force. (The exact number is classified.) Moreover, Punjab was the most prosperous part of the country—indeed, its breadbasket. The state's political power was backed by economic muscle, and, what's more, Punjab bordered Pakistan, India's main enemy. Above all, the Sikhs were a fierce people, united by a monotheistic religion.

Born out of strife and anarchy in the fifteenth century, Sikhism is famous for its warlike traditions and its rigid religious practices. The seventeenth-century Sikh guru Gobind Singh initiated five of his disciples, from different Hindu castes, into a casteless martial brotherhood called the Khalsa ("the pure") by having them drink nectar from the same bowl, stirred with a double-edged dagger, and by giving them a new surname, Singh, which means "lion." He had each of the lions vow never to cut his hair or his beard and always to wear a comb, a steel bracelet, a dagger, and knee-length drawers. These external symbols of faith immediately identified each lion as a member of the Khalsa, just as the wearing of a military uniform might have. Many Sikh theologians think that Gobind Singh intended the Khalsa to be an army of soldier-saints, a sort of militant theocracy, and, in fact, many Sikhs today refer to their brotherhood as "the army." The guru, proclaiming all Sikhs equal, asked to be received into the Khalsa himself, and after this was done he declared that the succession of Sikh gurus was at an end, and that the Granth, a compendium of the teachings, sayings, and hymns of various Sikh gurus (and of Hindu and Muslim saints as well), was thereafter to be the personal, immortal guru of every Sikh. Within a few days, eighty thousand followers and disciples of Gobind Singh had joined the Khalsa. Today, most Sikhs are members of it and, despite the hot climate and the exigencies of modern life, continue to wear the symbols of their faith.

Mrs. Gandhi was, of course, fully aware of the distinctive character of the Sikhs. (A grandfather of her younger daughter-in-law, Maneka, was a prominent Sikh.) Two years ago, she could almost certainly have defused the extremist movement by engaging in negotiation and making some strategic concessions to the moderates. Failing that, she could have forcibly cleared Bhindranwale and his followers out of the Golden Temple before they had a chance to amass arms and, with the collusion of Sikh police in Punjab, turn it into a virtual fortress. Even at the eleventh hour, she could have instructed her troops not to shoot their way into the temple but to lay siege to it—cut off supplies of food and water and starve the extremists out. But that would possibly have taken weeks and given the extremists a chance to publicize their demands, and might have left her with the embarrassment of making them political prisoners. (Jails in India have proved even better political platforms than temples.) Anyway, as she had often done before, she chose a military solution to a political problem—this time, perhaps, because she calculated that her crackdown on the Sikhs would win her more Hindu votes in the next general election, which she is constitutionally required to hold by January, 1985. With the military action, however, she has made martyrs of some Sikhs whom a majority of Sikhs until then disowned as fanatics and madmen, and has divided the Army against itself by fostering mutiny in its Sikh contingent. At this writing, Sikh soldiers are deserting the Army in small bands in many parts of Northern India. A number of them, it is reported, are headed toward Punjab—some, like their civilian brothers, to make a pilgrimage to Amritsar, others to sow seeds of revenge against Mrs. Gandhi's government. There have been reports of gun battles between officers and soldiers, and of the pursuit and arrest of Sikh deserters. Thus, it could be that Mrs. Gandhi has permanently hobbled the Army, which has been the greatest instrument of law and order in a country seething with factional strife, and the greatest exemplar of the ethnic unity that Mrs. Gandhi's father, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, and Mahatma Gandhi, the spiritual father of the nation, had tried to forge. At the same time, she has unquestionably alienated many members of what is perhaps the most volatile minority in the country, and has possibly laid the foundation for a guerrilla war in Punjab.

MAINS HOTEL

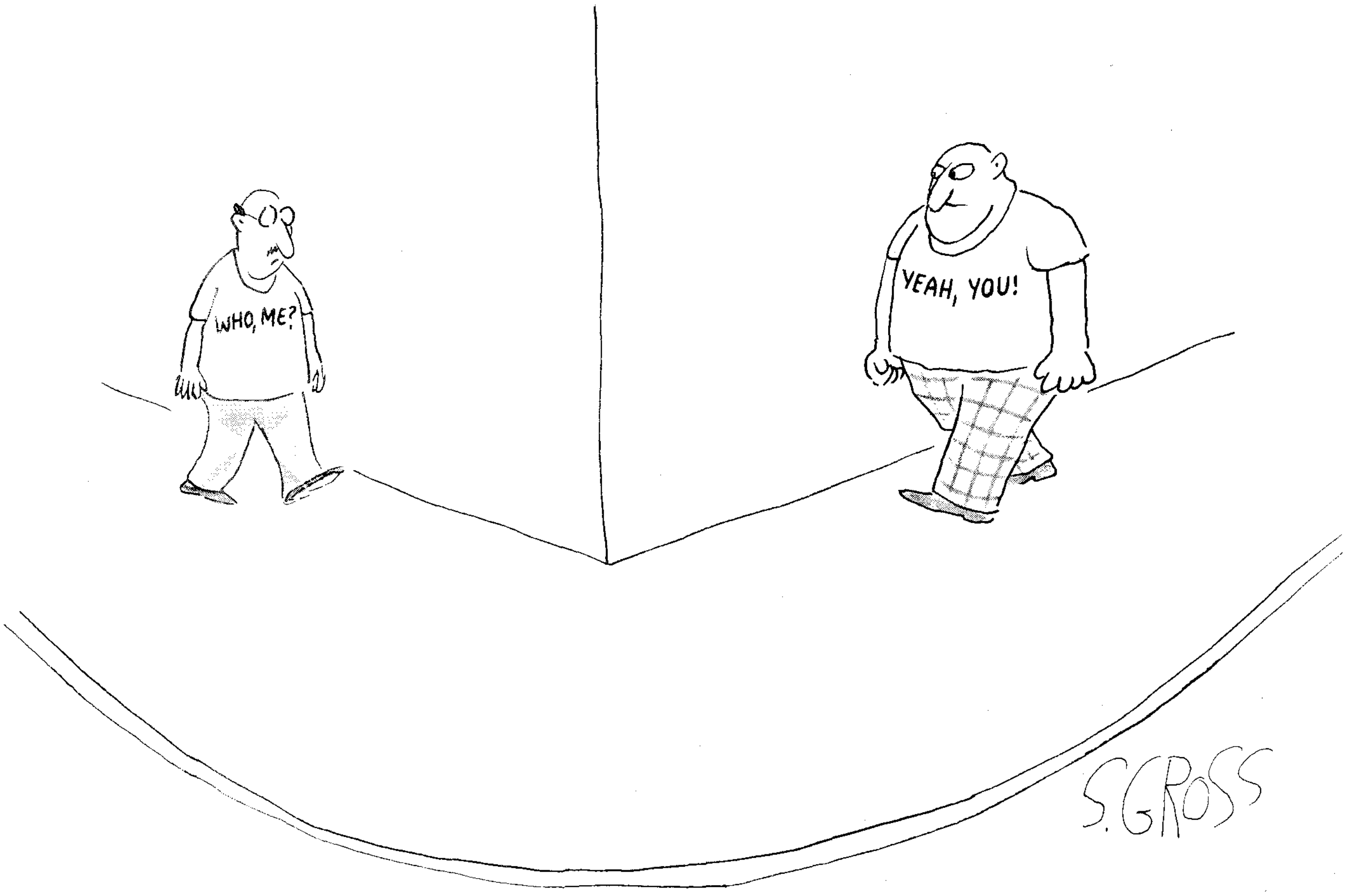
Because of the censorship, most people in Punjab and the rest of the country are in the dark about the battle of the Golden Temple, but Mrs. Gandhi's government is trying to pacify the Sikh community by assuring it that, contrary to rumor, the Golden Temple proper was not destroyed or defaced (some of the temple buildings were extensively damaged in the fighting), and is going to the length of circulating pictures of the temple taken after the battle. No one, however, should underestimate the power of rumor in India. The Great Mutiny of 1857 was precipitated by rumors among the sepoys that the British were using beef tallow and pork fat to grease their cartridges—the one sacred to Hindus, the other anathema to Muslims. Mrs. Gandhi's own career was almost ended in 1977 when people at large confused the unfamiliar birth-control measure of vasectomy, promoted by her late son Sanjay, with castration, which was familiar from the procedure used on bulls in rural India. Only the reverberation through time of the bell of the battle can tell what consequences the spilling of blood at the temple will have for Mrs. Gandhi and the country.

• •

Books on Tape

WE have received this letter from a man who seems to have found a way of combining the best of two worlds:

After several years of living in a suburban area near Westport, Connecticut, where I had moved with my wife and children to be near my business, we moved back to New York City, and settled enthusiastically into the routines of the life that we really wanted. For me, it meant driving several times a week some fifty miles to my business and fifty miles back, but at first I didn't mind the idea of this. Besides, the drive afforded an opportunity to continue providing my eleven-year-old daughter with the main benefit indigenous to her former


WHO, ME?
YEAH, YOU!
S. GROSS

• •

life—transportation to and from her hunt club and horse shows, where she'd been immersed for the past few years in winning blue ribbons and red ribbons and the rest of the jumping-and-winning-with-horses business.

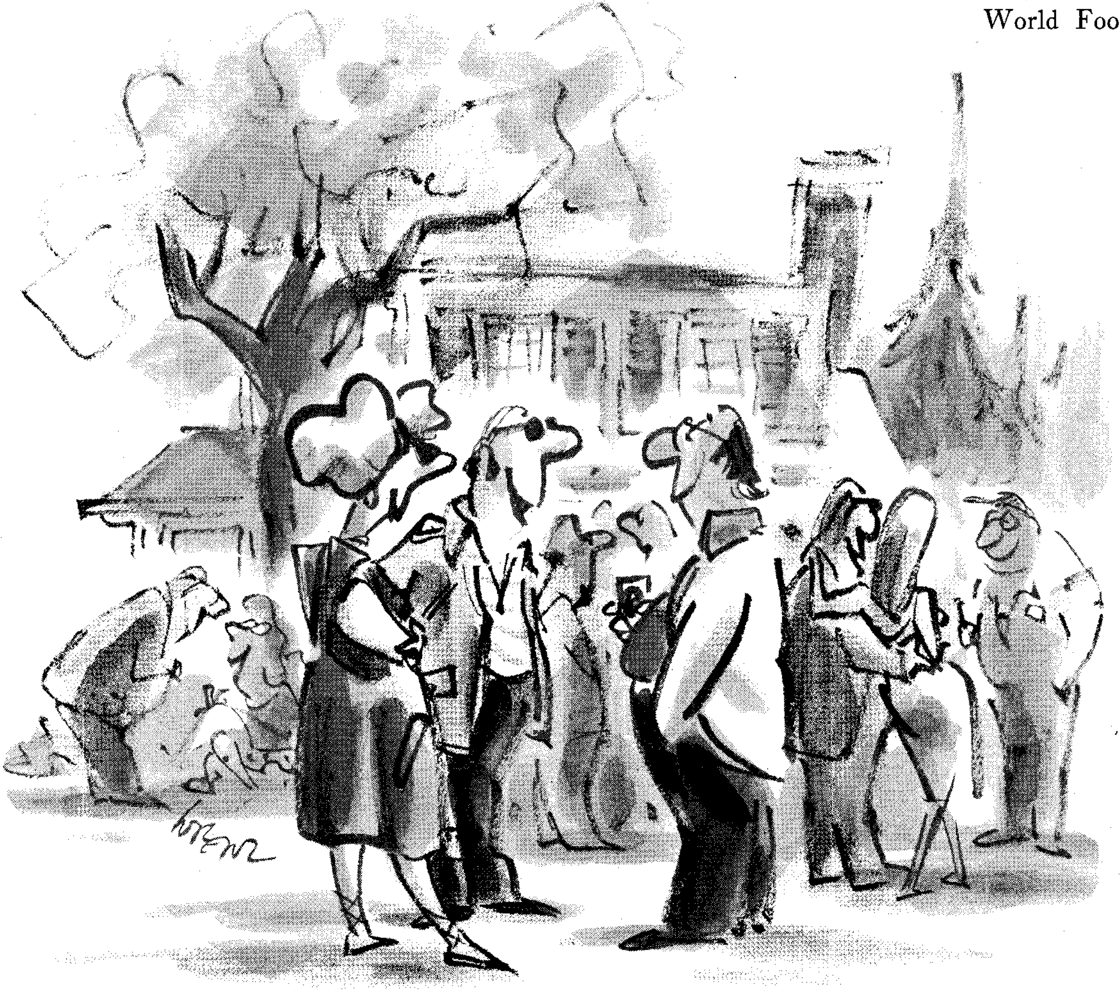
For the first few weeks of driving perhaps four hundred miles every week, I tried listening to radio talk shows and music. The first bored me, and the second merely heightened my frustration at not being in a concert hall. When my daughter rode with me, I had to listen to her restless expressions of dissatisfaction with the ugliness of the Connecticut Turnpike, the roadside litter, the terrible diesel fumes from the trucks, and the horrors of the Stamford skyline. The fact that I agreed with her didn't make the drive any easier. The alternative route, via the Merritt Parkway, was pretty, but it took longer. On both routes, my daughter tried reading while I drove, but then I had to listen to her complain about the eyestrain and headaches caused by attempts to read in a moving car.

After a few months of this kind of disenchantment, I was beginning to wonder how much it would cost to buy back our old house near Westport. Then I spotted a couple of advertisements in the Sunday *Times* placed by Books on Tape, in Newport Beach, California, and by Recorded Books, in Clinton, Maryland. I immediately sent for both companies' catalogues and studied the available titles. There were plenty of books that I had long wanted to read: "The Guns of August" and "The Zimmermann Telegram," by Barbara Tuchman; "Ten Days That Shook the World," by John Reed; "The Call of the Wild" and "The Sea Wolf," by Jack London; "Lindbergh," by Leonard Mosley. With both my daughter and myself in mind, I first sent for "The Call of the Wild." In one week, the cassettes arrived, neatly packaged in a cardboard box that was already prepared with return postage and return label. Rental cost: five dollars and ninety-five cents for one month. My daughter and I started listening to "The Call of the Wild" as soon as we headed north. The Connecticut Turnpike might have been the Merritt Parkway, for all we cared. We were riveted. The reader was a man whose voice sounded like an American version of Richard Burton's. It was smooth and rich—soothing and yet stimulating. It gave us the sense of the cold, the snow, and, most of all, the primeval feelings that London described. My daughter and I both cried as we listened to the description of the dog Buck miraculously pulling by himself over a hundred-yard course a dogsled loaded with a thousand pounds of provisions which a bystander had bet Thornton, his master, that the dog wouldn't be able to budge. The reading reminded me of the way I myself felt at the age of eleven, at summer camp in New Hampshire, when a counsellor read Cooper's "The Deerslayer" to me and my bunkmates. My daughter listened intently. When we reached her hunt club, she complimented me on the "neat" drive up, and we told each other we'd continue listening to the book on the drive home.

For my next book, I selected Winston Churchill's six-volume history of the Second World War. It took ten months for me to get through that one. I listened to every word. It was an exhilarating experience. I have always loved history, but hearing this one gave it an extra dimension. I was forced to concentrate on many fascinating details that I would have skimmed over if I had been using my eyes instead of my ears. Churchill's countless memoranda were now impressed upon me. For example, in 1941 the German U-boat campaign and air attacks against Great Britain resulted in gross-ton losses of two hundred and nine thousand in January; they rose to three hundred and sixty-two thousand in April, and went down to two hundred and sixty-eight thousand in June. The reader sounded out the numbers in sombre tones that made an impact on me as strong as those of Churchill himself. The Churchillian prose describing his first meeting with President Roosevelt, at Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, in August of 1941, stirred me so profoundly that I shivered, and found that my hands were damp on the steering wheel. My daughter listened to part of the Churchill epic with me. She was thrilled by Churchill's description of the hour-by-hour tracking down by British battleships of the Bismarck, "the pride of the German Navy." She asked me why the Bismarck's commander, Admiral Lutjens, didn't try to run away when he realized that the British had so many ships pursuing him. A good question. I stopped the tape while I tried, without success, to come up with an intelligent answer; I quickly started up the tape again.

In the past year, my daughter and I have heard all of H. L. Mencken's three-volume autobiography—"Happy Days," "Heathen Days," and "Newspaper Days." We have heard "The Diary of Anne Frank," Richard Nixon's "The Real War," and Robert Massie's "Peter the Great." We were amazed to discover, from the literature accompanying the cassettes, that the Nixon book and the Massie book were read by the same man. This somehow neatly bridged the gap between the United States of the twentieth century and the seventeenth-century court of Peter the Great, lending additional credibility to both.

We're still at it. My daughter has become well versed in Menckenism; she tells her friends that Mencken ate hot dogs in Baltimore way back in 1886 and they were not much different from the ones we now get at baseball games at Yankee Stadium. Reminiscing, Mencken wrote, "They contained precisely the same rubbery, indigestible pseudo-sausages that millions of Americans now eat, and they leaked the same flabby, puerile mustard. Their single point of difference lay in the fact that their covers were honest German *Wecke* made of wheat-flour baked to crispness, and not the soggy rolls prevailing today, of ground acorns, plaster-of-Paris, flecks of bath-sponge, and atmospheric air all compact." One can't fully appreciate H. L. Mencken, let me tell you, until one has listened to his words while imprisoned on the Connecticut Turnpike. There have been additional bonuses. In the past year, my daughter has gone on winning her ribbons, and my business has been getting my full attention. And both of us have been cured forever of skipping pages.



"Like Shirley MacLaine, Doris is fifty and has great legs."

Kicks

SOMETIMES, in the summer, we just get to feeling a certain way, and then we flagrantly abuse the powers granted journalists under the First Amendment. Why, just last week we had the chance to interview Jimmy (Jimmy C.) Caveney, the holder of the two-man-team consecutive-kicks record (twenty thousand nine hundred and twenty-one) of the World Footbag Association. Instead of simply sitting down to talk with Mr. C., who was appearing in New York thanks to the Wham-O corporation (manufacturers of the industry-leading Hacky Sack footbag), we imposed *conditions*. "Jimmy," we said, "while you're answering our questions, keep kicking the bag. Keep it aloft." Graciously, he agreed. You can simulate his actual experience during our interview by reciting his remarks while hopping from foot to foot and mimicking the soft slap of footbag against sneaker.

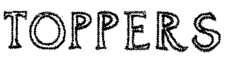
"A footbag is a small leather sack filled with pellets, sort of like a beanbag," Mr. Caveney said. "There are a lot of different kicks you can do, like with the inside of your foot, or the outside, or the toe. And then there are your freestyle moves, like the spin—that's where you spin around once between kicks, like this. Most people start out playing in circles with others. When I first saw footbag-kicking, I was very impressed by the coöperation; it's the opposite of other games, because the players are all working together to keep the footbag from hitting the ground. When you're doing this by yourself, when you're soloing, it can be very calming. All your concentration goes into the footbag, and it's almost meditative. I mean, it's not *Wooo-wooo-wooo*, but it does calm you down."

Mr. Caveney lost his concentration for a second, and the bag dropped to the ground. As he started up again, we switched the conversation to his personal footbag involvement.

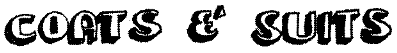
"Before footbagging, I was a professional silk-screener," he told us. "I silk-screened circuit boards in Silicon Valley"—an information-age tongue twister delivered in the rhythmic cadence that comes from talking while kicking. "I was never really athletic—I just played some Ultimate Frisbee. But then I started to kick, and loved it. Europeans start kicking objects when they're two years old, you know. It's only we Americans who lack confidence in the use of our feet. Anyway, after a couple of weeks I had it down. I started competing, and at the national championships, in Portland, Oregon, my partner and I went for the record. Each of us was allowed to kick the footbag as many as twenty-five straight times before passing to the other guy. We roared past the old mark, which was about five thousand. And then, after about four hours, when my partner passed it to me it came in on the inside of my sneaker, back toward the heel, and I kicked it straight up. It hit me in the belly, and that was that—upper-body contact is not allowed. But, hey, it was all right. Time to celebrate, man! Time to drink some fluids!"

Windows

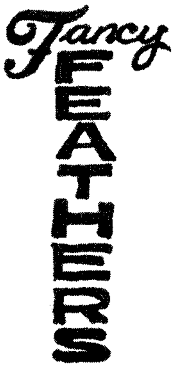
ON big old buildings in the garment district, gold letters on dusty windows proclaim products or services that may have departed the premises generations ago or may be flourishing right now. When you're looking up from street level, avoiding trucks and fast-moving dress racks, it's sometimes hard to tell. Are



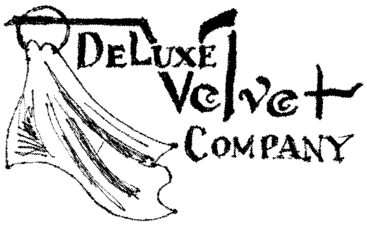
still available on the second floor of 265 West Thirty-seventh Street? How about



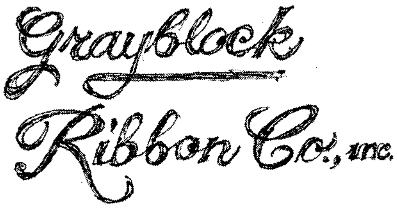
at 252? The Dersh Feather Corporation, at 60 West Thirty-eighth Street, has a third-floor window that boasts



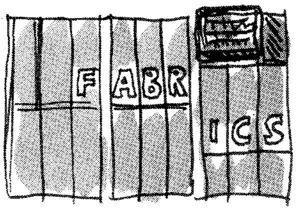
and there's no reason to doubt that the place is stuffed with marabou. Some of the signs themselves are fancy, such as



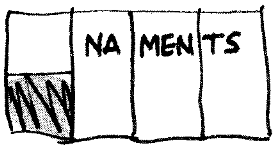
at 29 West Thirty-sixth Street and



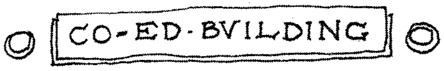
across the street and down the block at 64 West. Others are direct but not illuminating: a row of windows on the fourth floor of 501 Seventh Avenue simply chants "DRESS DRESS DRESS DRESS DRESS" and continues around the corner—"DRESS DRESS DRESS . . ." Windows in the West Thirties offer "BUTTONS," "BUCKLES," "THREADS," "NOTIONS," "FORMALS," "COCKTAILS," "BRIDALS," "BRIDESMAIDS," and "MFG'S CLOSEOUTS," among other specialties, but the gold-lettered window is probably a disappearing art form. Builders today prefer stark walls of blank glass, and the idea that a window should actually open is probably obsolescent, too. A couple of problems with windows that do open can be observed in the garment district in (a) the Air-Conditioned Interruption, as in



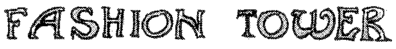
and (b) the Fresh Air Deletion, as in



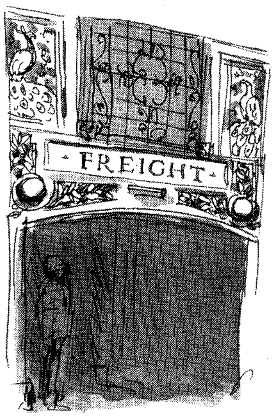
Contemporary business buildings tend to be named in the dreariest possible manner—simply after a corporation (I.B.M.) or a human being (Trump Tower). In the old buildings in the garment district, a good deal more spark and pizzazz was employed. Look up to very top of 221-23 West Thirty-seventh Street and you will see



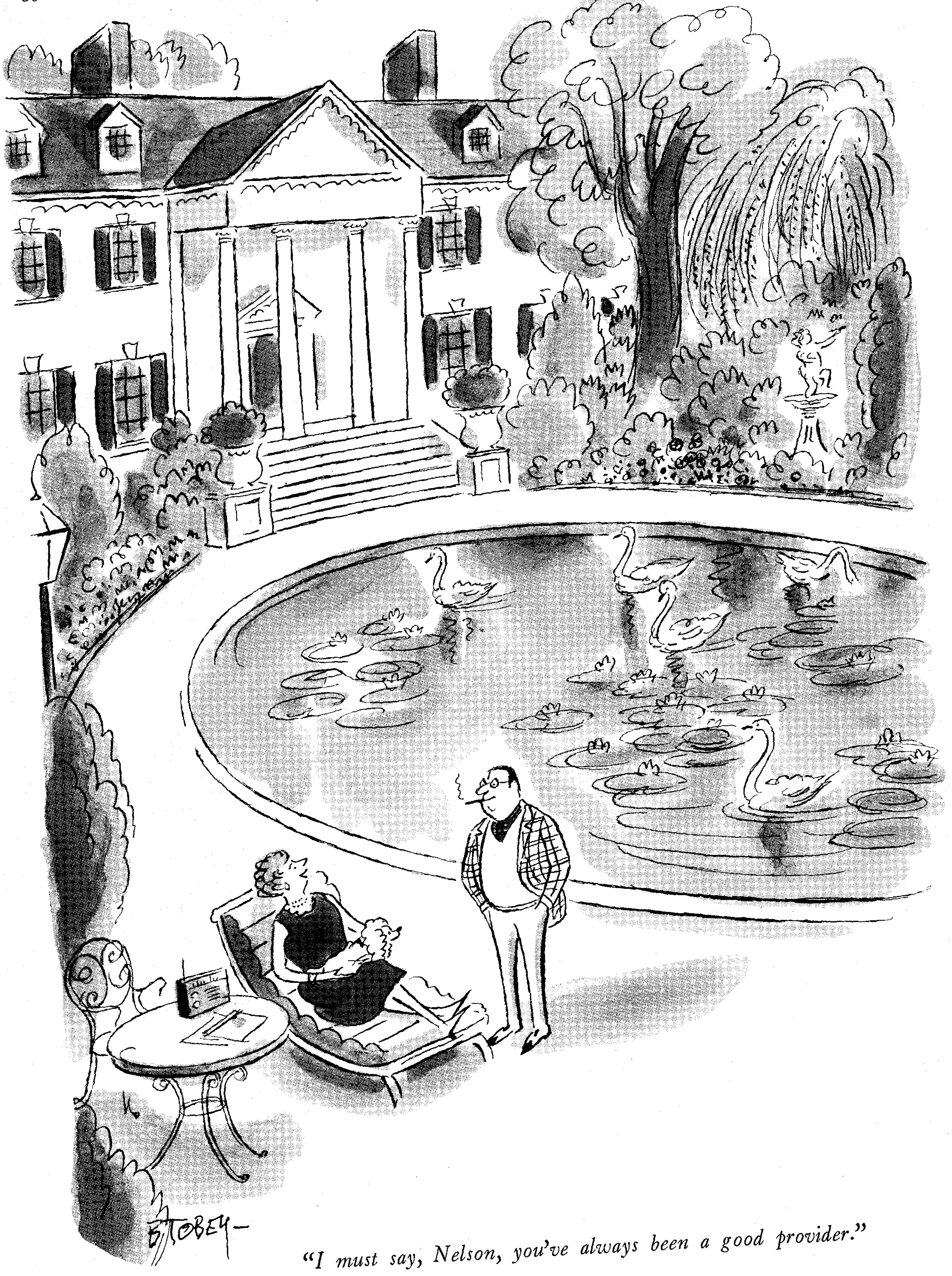
and partway up the façade of 135 West Thirty-sixth Street a handsome carving—flanked by cherubs—says



One cherub is a painter with palette and brushes; the other appears to be a tailor. Fashion Tower is a wonderful building, churning with embellishments like garlands and lions' heads. Its main entrance has been obliterated by the offices of the Dynamic Delivery Corp., but its freight entrance—possibly New York City's premier freight entrance aesthetically—



is still intact, and features peacocks in bas-relief with blue necks, orange wings, and green tail feathers.



"I must say, Nelson, you've always been a good provider."

THIS IS NOT AN OFFERING

Offerings may be made by prospectus only. This is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of offers to buy. This is an enticement emanating from a 39th-floor office with a massive desk and a five-line telephone and a splendid view of the harbor. It involves a high degree of risk, and is quite beyond the means of those who cannot afford a total loss.

AFTER an hour's search in the vicious Vegas sun, Verdi scorched his hands on the black rental Zephyr that fit his keys. He opened the door and then climbed onto the hood and waved across the vast lot to Drake, who had been searching D-9, 10, and 11.

In Drake's Landmark suite Verdi scraped a motel ballpoint against motel stationery but got no result. Drake offered a Rapidograph; Verdi produced a flowchart, then a cost curve, then a profit curve. This last was hyperbolic, sweeping giddily upward at the point on the *y* axis labelled "1985." Drake went down the hall for Tab, smiling absently at the boisterous conventioneers still wearing their Computer Congress badges. Marketing will be key, he thought. Back in the suite he spoke three words: "Inference Engines, Incorporated." [*See:* "BUSINESS"]

Drake pitched the nascent firm to anyone who would listen as a synergy of the three fundamental forces propelling the world into an information epoch. It was a niche you could park a Mercedes in, but the first round of venture financing took four months. They had to deal with arrogant young M.B.A.s who discussed ownership not in percentages but in casual fractions. Finally a hawk-faced pharmaceuticals heiress took Drake under her wing and provided funds for a decent slide show. Verdi's profit curve was displayed in three dimensions, which enabled the venture capitalists to get a handle on the timeframe. Proposals and certified checks began to arrive in big, red-white-and-blue envelopes marked "Extremely Urgent." The second round took two weeks, the third only a few minutes because everyone was on-line by then.

For the announcement Drake booked Windows on the World, specifying the Cornish game hens, a California zinfandel, and, at the investment bankers' table only, eau-de-vie de marc brandy. Verdi meanwhile was frantic in Cupertino, using instant coffee and hastily scribbled option chits to keep his development team awake night after night. There was a nineteen-year-old database technician who owned a theoretical sixty thousand shares. Verdi hoped to buy him out with a bucket of Z-80 microprocessors and a couple of ARPANET passwords picked up at the Pentagon. If that proved impossible, I.E.I.'s stock would be mighty thin soup. [*See:* "DILUTION"]

In New York, Drake marshalled modifiers: "quantum," "exponential," "paradigmatic," "literally," "epochal." When no more words came he thumbed his copy of "In Search of One-Minute Megatrends" and pictured himself granting interviews. He'd be humble, horse-sensical: "Stick to your knitting. When it's first and goal with no time-outs left, don't be afraid to go for the home run. Be prepared to wear a lot of hats."

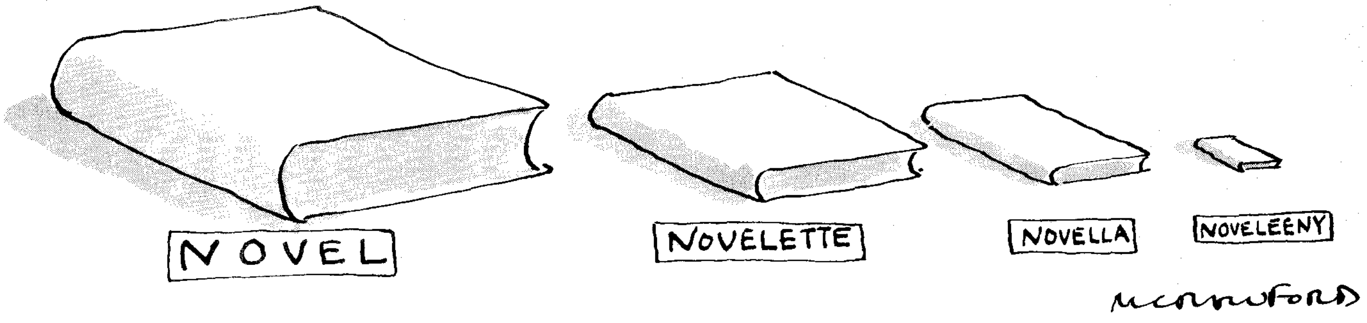
Verdi's nights got tougher. At four one morning, a scruffy symbolic logician trudged in to report that the prototype was baffled by a whole class of implications—medium to long term. The glitch would render the engine virtually useless for strategic planning, and Verdi's ears burned as he thought about the cruel banter he'd hear from former Stanford colleagues. He was liable to end up on the front page of the second section of the *Wall Street Journal*—down in the lower-left corner, with the rest of the quacks. He pulled a scrap of printout from his pocket, issued a logician another eight thousand shares, and told him to fix it in software. [*See:* "RISK FACTORS"]

On announcement eve, Verdi joined Drake at a high-altitude restaurant in midtown. The dinner was marred by recriminations. Verdi didn't like the feature treatment on "Eyewitness News" and was furious that Drake had flattened the profit curve. Drake replied that publicity was publicity, and that the institutional types were bound to be leery of anything so steep. He called Verdi an academic. When he learned of the many option chits in grubby young hands he turned sullen and litigious. Neither slept well.

At Drake's insistence they strolled into Windows a few minutes late. The swank meeting room was teeming with sell-side analysts, media people, tax strategists, and hangers-on, and those who got there early were studying fat I.E.I. binders, which they refused to share. They applauded after each slide, and during the brief Q & A they addressed Verdi as "Doctor." When Drake held the shiny, shoebox-size prototype over his head, a hundred flashes lit the hall. Time, Inc., used the photo in three publications, along with snappy language about tiny chips smarter than the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Joint Chiefs took umbrage but placed their orders anyway.

There can be no assurance that products announced to date will prove commercially viable, or deliverable. Inference Engines, Inc., remains in the development stage, and does not have a lot of money on hand. [*See:* "USE OF PROCEEDS"] *There has been no public market for the common stock of the company, but that is about to change. The offering price will be arbitrarily determined by the company and the underwriter, and is not expected to bear any relationship to earnings, assets, or any other recognized standard of value.*

—KEN KLEE



SOUTH AMERICA

THEA DOCHERTY left Glasgow for Barlochan in September of 1937. She rented a house on the outskirts of the village. With two children, and no husband in evidence, she was a subject of talk from the day she arrived.

"What age is she?"

"Young. In her twenties. Nice-looking woman."

"And no man to be seen about the place? He must be in the Army, or at sea."

"Maybe she's a widow."

"Oh dear, don't say that, Mrs. Barclay. Perhaps her husband's coming on later."

"Leaving her to contend with a move? And to look after a pair of toddlers as well? No, her man's cleared out. That is, if she's married at all."

Jack Docherty was a mining engineer, just beginning his career. A company with interests in Brazil recruited him in 1935. He talked about it with Thea, but Brazil seemed to her unlikely and exotic. She was unable to take it seriously. People like her never went to South America, and nothing would bring her to feel that Jack Docherty was any different.

"We're a wandering profession," he said, announcing that he had accepted the offer. He was gently spoken, introspective, and self-assured. "We have to think about the money," he said. "It's only for two years." When that failed to satisfy her, he became angry—not loudly, but with a faint tremor in his voice that accused Thea of failing to encourage his ambition. "Opportunities don't grow on trees! There's nothing interesting for me here in Scotland. Two years of good experience in Brazil will pave my way, Thea. Please, try to think of the future."

Jack went to South America on his own. Early in 1937, he wrote from South America to say that his employers had offered to promote him to Senior Site Supervisor if he would agree to renew his contract for a further three years. Thea wrote back that she wanted him to come home. By May, Jack admitted that he intended to stay in Brazil at least until 1941.

"With one more promotion," he wrote, in his formal but not unaffectionate manner, "I shall be in a position to bring you and the children to Brazil, where we can live very well. This is a country of limitless opportunities for a man with knowledge and ability."

Thea answered that she was sick of living in a tenement in Glasgow, sick of climbing stairs, sick of her neighbors, and sick of having to explain to people where he was and what he did. "Janet was six weeks old when you left, and to all intents and purposes she's never seen you. Alistair says 'Daddy' to strangers in the street. He doesn't remember you. Come back to Scotland, Jack Docherty. Your family needs you." She added that she was planning to find another place to live, near her family home.

Thea had been to Barlochan several times as a child, for she was brought up in Castle Stewart, a town a few miles away. Her father sent Thea information on suitable houses to rent in the district. She went home for a few days, and chose the Barlochan house.

"Don't you think it's a bit too big?" her father asked.

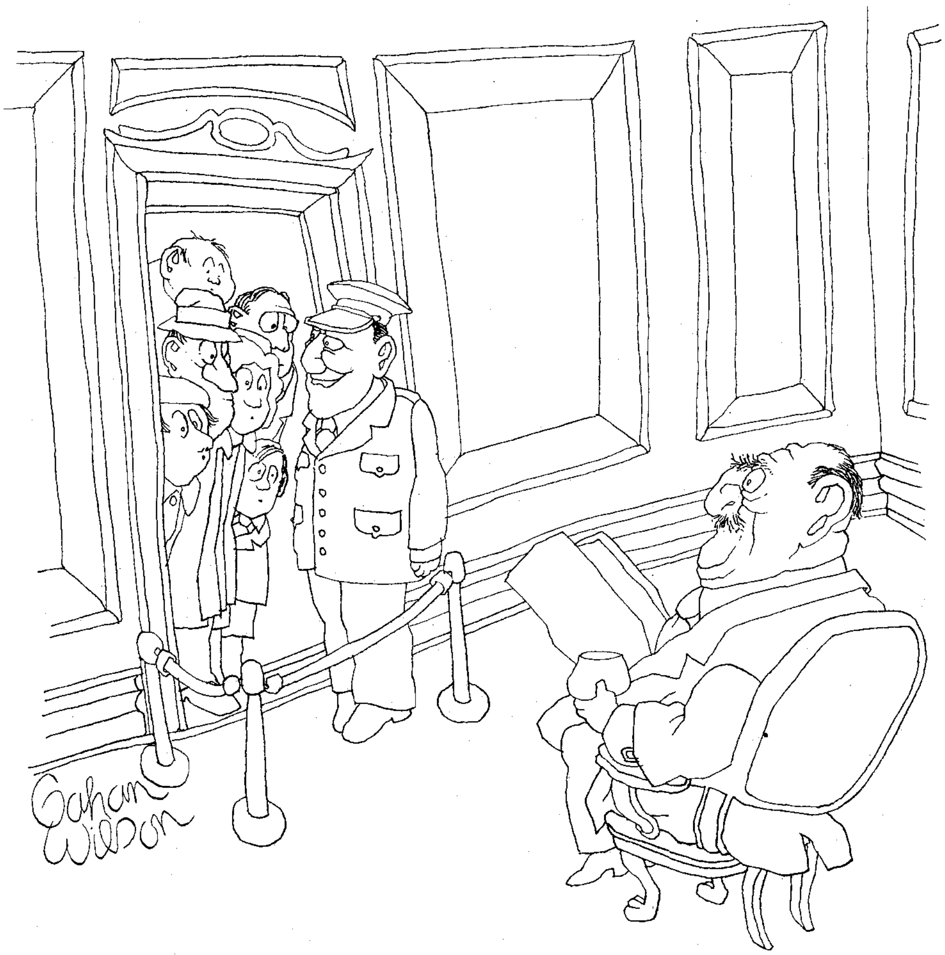
"It's cheap at the price," she said. "A Senior Site Supervisor can well afford it. I intend to be comfortable."

Everyone knew everyone else in Barlochan, not just to look at or to talk to but by family history stretching as far back as handed-down memories can go. From snippets of information passed on by shopkeepers, or those who had spoken to her in the street, they soon knew a bit more about Thea Docherty.

"If her husband's in South America, then why's she in Barlochan?" one woman asked. "I mean, Barlochan, of all places? They're the first new family in Barlochan in ten years."

"She comes from Castle Stewart. Her maiden name's Masson. Her father has that shoeshop in Graham Street, down the road from the British Linen Bank."

That Thea was nearly, if not precisely, local reassured the people of Barlochan. They could understand why a woman whose husband was overseas preferred to live closer to her parents. "Why not in Castle Stewart



"Well, you are indeed fortunate, ladies and gentlemen, as Lord Edmond himself is seldom on the guided tour."

itself, though, when her man's away like that?" the woman persisted, suspiciously. "There's something wrong somewhere."

Thea was friendly, and became popular. Local people approved of her dutiful and good-humored propriety. She visited her parents and they visited her. Alistair and Janet were neat, clean, and well behaved.

"OFF for a few days this time, Mrs. Docherty?" asked Mr. Crichton, the grocer, who stepped out of his shop when he saw Thea at the bus stop with luggage. Alistair, who was five and a half, stood on one side of her, and Janet, nearly four, held Thea's other hand.

"It seems a bit silly," Thea said. "Heading for Castle Stewart with two suitcases."

"Mr. and Mrs. Masson keeping well?"

"Fine, thanks."

"The postie showed me the Brazil stamps, so I know you had a letter from Mr. Docherty the other day. It's amazing, isn't it, that a letter should come all that way and arrive safe and sound? Everything still all right out there?" the grocer asked.

"He loves his work," Thea said.

Thea timed her visits to her parents to coincide with the arrival of her money from Jack at the Castle Stewart branch of the British Linen Bank. This time, though, Thea would stay for one night with her parents before leaving Alistair and Janet in their care and going up to Glasgow for a few days.

"Are you sure you're telling me the truth when you say you're going to visit a friend?" her mother asked—aware of Thea's husbandless days going by.

"Roberta Morrison's expecting me." Thea saw that her mother considered herself deceived. "Why would I lie to you, Mother?"

"There's bad feeling between you and Jack." Mrs. Masson sounded relieved that she had managed to say what had been bothering her for months. "Don't deny it. It's nearly four years he's been there, wherever it is. Brazil," she said, sounding the name as if it stood for failure. "The man couldn't be content with nuts and coffee. He has to *go* there. Two years, that was his promise." Her anger at Jack's faithless word seemed to be directed at Thea. "It'll be six years by the time he gets back."

"It's the money," Thea said defensively. "And it's his work, Mother. I wouldn't have married Jack if I hadn't known he'd a bit of get-up-and-go. He worked hard at night school. He's a mining engineer. He's trying to make a better life for us."

"I hope it's worth it," Mrs. Masson said, bitterly. "All that loneliness for you and hard work for him."

"Don't think I don't miss him," Thea said, "because I do. But I've got to have some kind of a life, Mother, even if it's no more than a visit to a friend like Roberta once in a while. She's been down to stay with me and the children at Barlochan whenever she could, and she's been asking me for ages to go and see her."

Thea had met her schoolteacher friend at a French class in Glasgow years back—before Alistair was born. Roberta was red-haired, vivacious, rather plain, and still unmarried; she was devoted to teaching children and to attending evening courses.

"Why are you brushing up your French if you don't ever want to go to France?" Thea had asked.

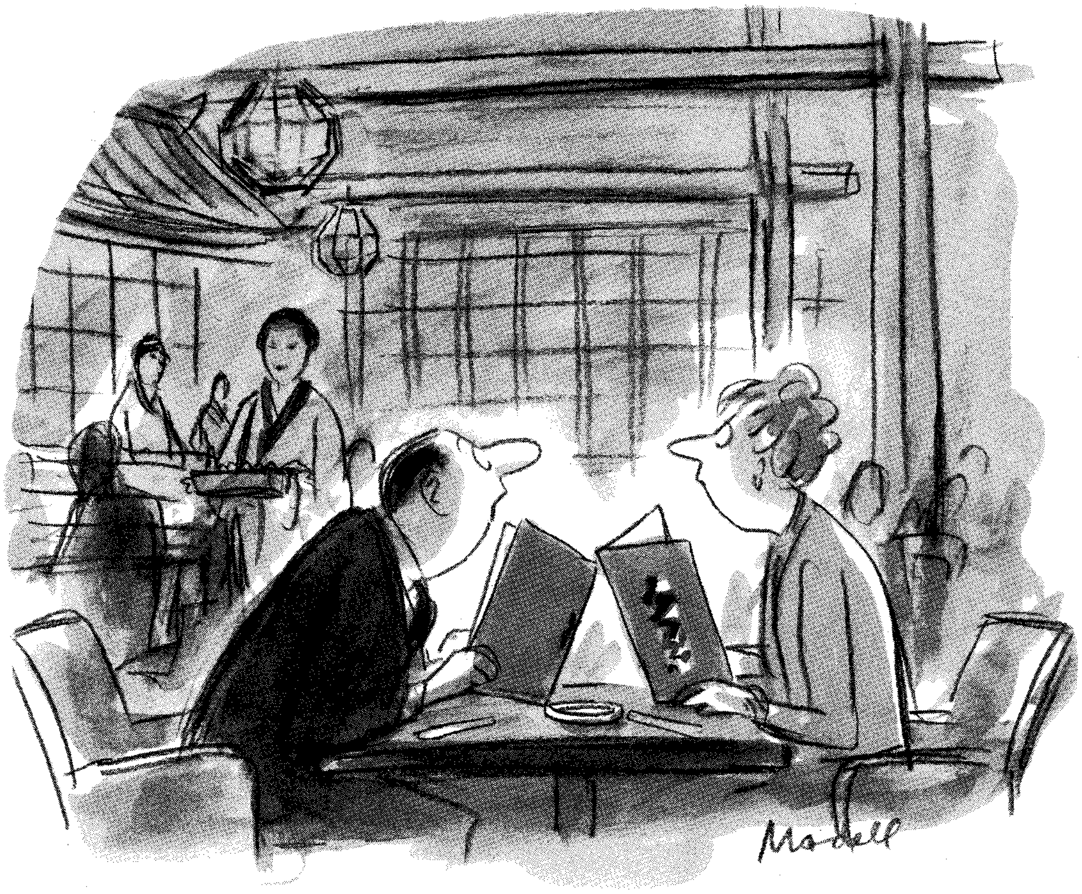
"I wouldn't have the nerve," Roberta answered. "I've started Italian, too. And don't ask me—I've no intention of going to Italy, either. You know what Italians are like—worse even than Frenchmen. Or so I've read."

In Roberta's favor were the politely animated soirées she threw once or twice a year. Most of her male friends were ex-classmates from university or the teacher-training college, and most of them were spoken for. Those who were unattached seemed to have decided that Roberta was a good sort but definitely not their type.

"It feels like a hundred years since I was at one of Roberta's parties," Thea complained to her mother.

"Does Jack know these people?"

"Yes, he used to go with me. I'm



"Which is it I can't abide—sushi or sashimi?"

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dying for some decent conversation."

"It doesn't sound like Jack's sort of company," her mother said.

Thea knew she was lying to herself —that she was going to Glasgow for more than Roberta's company. She blamed Jack for the enticements of a betrayal she did not want to commit. She resented having been made to feel unnecessarily sour. Almost four years without Jack had given her more than an unwanted independence. Each additional month of separation made clearer the sense that she had been neglected and deserted. It worsened until it became an inner rancor that she tired of disguising by small talk exchanged on the streets of Barlochan, or by pretending to her mother that Jack's ambition was more admirable than selfish. The thought of Jack tinkering contentedly with machines in Brazil maddened her. She pictured him supervising workmen in the mine, in a landscape she could not imagine, or spending his evenings poring over geological data and in technical conversations with other absent husbands.

HOME

Returning to earth after his life
of weightlessness, the astronaut cannot
lift the small bouquet of flowers the child gives him.
He cannot raise his head off the pillow, pulled down
by the gravity of a dream.

He remembers nothing, no sound,
in the absolute zero of deep space,
the wild pounding of his baffled heart. He lifted
a building in one hand and a pencil in the other.
This was what he wanted: the world
like a worn stone cast into the water.
He wanted to break the promise of the body
to the earth, to stop the long descent of everyone
he loved under the ground. He wanted
to rise, an angel
in a paradise of exact data.

He spills his milk on his shirt. The earth
has darkness, and then light. The earth has birds
bickering over the last seeds. His fork slips
clattering on the plate. The road is shining.
The magnolia is shameless in the rain.

—John Witte

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WAR was a month off when Thea decided she had no choice but to tell her mother she was pregnant.

Mrs. Masson said nothing at first but continued with the washing-up until it seemed she could no longer bear the noise of the crockery in the basin. Drying her hands, she said tartly, "Who's the father? Roberta Morrison?"

Mr. Masson was outside talking to a neighbor at the foot of the garden beside the compost heaps. "I don't have the heart to tell him," Mrs. Masson said. "You can't stay in Barlochan. It's a small place. They'll make your life a misery. Do you know what you've done?" Mrs. Masson was angry and puzzled, indignant that no appropriate emotion showed on her daughter's face. "You might at least apologize to me, no matter what you're planning to tell Jack. Why? I never took you to be so stupid as to— So why?"

"I wanted another baby," Thea said.

Thea wrote to Roberta Morrison: "Come down if you can. It'll be your winter holidays. You can hold my hand. I don't know whether to laugh or cry, but I'll make my mind up when the baby's born." Staggered by the news, Roberta choked on her scandalized decency and on Thea's jaunty style. But she heeded her friend's call and went to Barlochan, where Ivor was delivered by the local midwife in Thea's house. The war was four months old.

"You'd think one more baby in the world wouldn't make much difference," the midwife said to Roberta, "but there'll be blue murder when Mr. Docherty gets back. I know Mrs. Docherty's father." Mrs. MacBain held out a foot and pointed to a sensible shoe. "I bought these in his shop. She told me she just wanted another baby. Did she tell you the same?"

"Whatever she wanted," Roberta said, "we know what she's got."

"What'll I say to Mr. Masson the next time I need to buy a pair of shoes? 'How's wee Ivor?' The man's face'll drop at my feet. Well, I'll away and break the news to gossips worse than me. Dr. Geddes'll come and see them in the morning."

Eve Olitsky

Roberta stayed for two weeks. "I wish you'd think about moving, Thea. I feel their eyes on me when I go down the street here. 'How's Mrs. Docherty?' 'Mother and baby doing fine? Oh, that's good.' It's not what they say; it's the way they say it. They make me feel like I've done something terrible. It must be worse for you."

"If I could put up with it while I was carrying the baby," Thea said, "I can put up with it now he's been born. They won't forget, but they'll get used to it. They aren't such bad people."

"How can you be so charitable when you know perfectly well how they talk behind your back?"

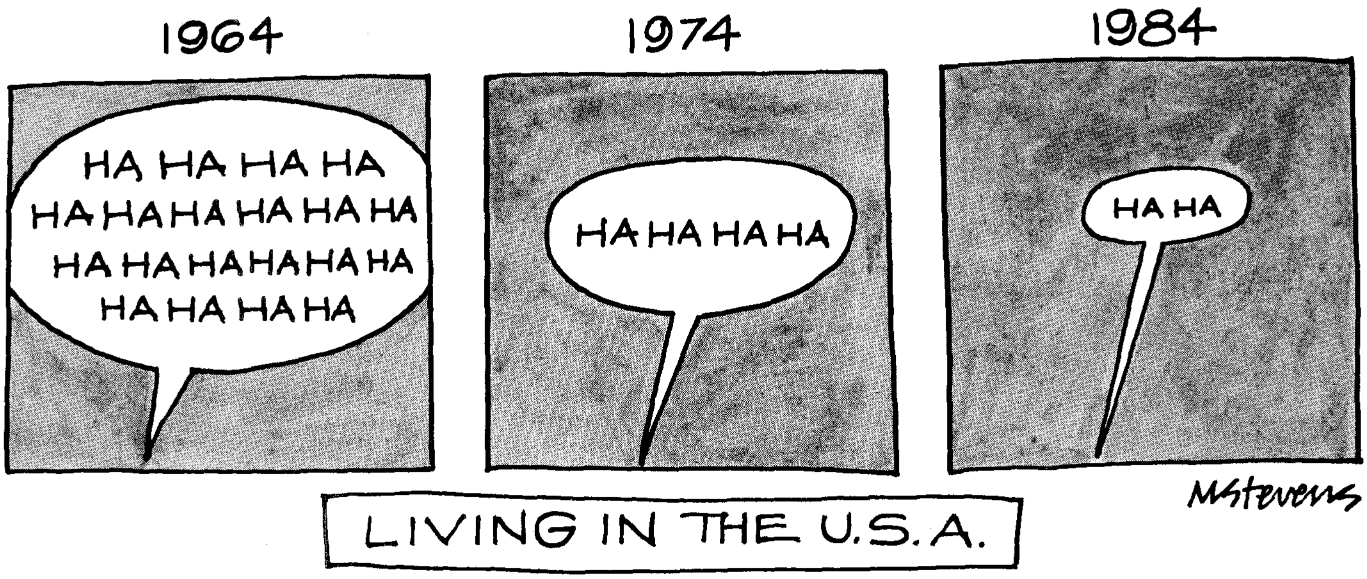
"I like it here," Thea said decisively, "and I see no reason to leave."

"What about Jack? What about the war?"

"Will you shut up about the war? I'm sick of it!"

"It might prevent Jack from getting home," Roberta said. "Even if it doesn't— Well, I suppose it doesn't matter now. It's all over between you and him, that's for sure."

"I don't see why," Thea said.


1964
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
1974
HA HA HA HA
1984
HA HA
MStevens
LIVING IN THE U.S.A.

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"Thea! How can you write and *not* tell him?"

"I need the money he sends," Thea snapped.

"Are you serious?" It had been a strenuous few days for Roberta. She was unused to childbirth, in any circumstances. She thought of Thea as her closest friend—long-suffering, indomitable Thea, who had given up on patience and allowed Jack's absence to change her. "I never thought I'd hear you say that."

"You're feeling guilty," Thea said, "because you introduced me to Ivor's father. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have reminded you."

"I imagine he'll join the forces," Roberta said, speculating romantically on the disappearance of Thea's lover into the vastness of life and time.

"He's just the type," Thea said sardonically.

"Do you know him well enough to be able to say that?" Roberta said, defending the father of Thea's child. "He struck me as a decent sort. Don't you feel bad about him? Thea, you involved a perfectly decent, nice man in the ruin of your marriage."

"He's as decent as I am," Thea said. "I don't blame you if you object to having to keep a secret. But if anyone's to blame because I got lonely enough to find someone else, then it's Jack Docherty—Jack who isn't here, Jack who's been in Brazil for four and a half years. I've life left in me yet and I intend to live it, Jack or no Jack."

"But I thought you still loved him," Roberta said, helplessly. "Don't you—in spite of everything?"

"I do," Thea said, surprised that she should be questioned. She lifted the baby from its cot and unbuttoned her blouse. "I do," she said.

WOMEN in Barlochan suspected that Ivor's father might be a local man. Thea was confronted by their qualms as she waited for Alistair outside the school gates in the huddle of mothers whose children had no older brothers or sisters to escort them home.

"Take it from me, ladies, I don't make dirt in my own midden. I go away to do things like that. All right? So the next time you see me at the bus stop with a suitcase," Thea said, casually defiant, "you'll know I'm off on the razzle-dazzle. I probably won't be, but you'll say I am."

"Mr. Docherty due home soon from South America?" Mrs. Munro's voice rode impishly on her question.

"I'm afraid not," Thea said. "Mr. Docherty will be down the foreign mines for some time yet, chipping rocks with a wee hammer, no doubt."

"I'm dying to ask you," Mrs. Gillespie said, rubbing her hands, "do you think you'll get away with it?"

"God forbid that babies should ever be against the law!" Thea said laughingly, and the women laughed with her.

"I was meaning when your man gets back," Mrs. Gillespie said seriously.

"If I were to let you in on my secret, you'd tell everyone else, Mrs. Gillespie, and then you'd all be at it. Society round here would go to pot! No, I couldn't live with the responsibility."

She knew she had given them something to laugh at. There were no broken marriages in Barlochan, although these women were familiar with marriages made elsewhere than in Heaven, some of them their own. They looked at Thea, wondering if she was stupid or very brave. She knew she had also given them a chance to say behind her back, "She'll laugh on the other side of her face when her man gets home, when he steps off that bus and sees her pushing a pram."

Letters from Jack took longer to reach Barlochan now, and came at irregular intervals. A few arrived stamped "Delayed by Enemy Action." Sometimes her replies included snapshots of herself, Alistair, and Janet. She gave him news of their progress. She mentioned all the local characters without mentioning that she had become one herself. Each time she wrote to Jack, she went once again over the question of whether to tell him about Ivor. In imaginary conversations with him, she explained her simple motive: "I wanted another baby and you weren't here." She accused him of selfishness. "What do you expect if you stay away for six years? I used to say to myself, Jack Docherty, that if you'd any family or friends you wouldn't have stayed away from me all that time. You'd have had more to call your home. But that doesn't say much for me, does it? How do you think I feel when I read out your messages to Alistair and Janet: 'Be a good child and do well at school and look after

Mummy for me'? I don't feel proud, Jack."

Thea's misgivings demanded that she keep Jack in ignorance for as long as she could. The family could never do without the monthly payments he sent.

"There's war work in Greenock," Thea remarked to her parents. "They're looking for women to train as machinists."

"You?" her father said. "A machinist for the war effort? And Greenock's miles away!"

"I don't give a damn for the war effort," Thea said. "I need something to do."

"What about the children?" her mother asked. "Ivor's too young to be left with us."

"You're right," Thea said. "God forbid that I should do a Jack Docherty on them. It just crossed my mind."

"If you're needing a change," her father said, "why don't you go up to Glasgow and see Roberta?"

"If I did that," Thea said, "Mother would think I was off on a fertility spree."

Mrs. Masson thought about it. "I can trust you not to be daft twice," she said.

When Thea got home to Barlochan that day, there was a letter from Jack saying that he would be staying on in Brazil until the war ended. She read and reread the letter for suitable signs of sorrow or regret, but gave it up as a waste of time. Jack described at length the responsibilities of his new position as Regional Engineer. Thea went to Glasgow with one purpose in mind.

"A MAN, a big-hearted man, might forgive, or get used to one spare bairn about the house. But two—no, no, two's enough for a man not to feel safe," Mr. Masson said, between groans of worn fortitude. "I used to think you were the most sensible girl I ever met. That last time, I took a blow. I really did. And now this. You're not even upset! Same as last time—not so much as a tear in your eye." He was puzzled by Thea's composure. "You should be ashamed, but you aren't. You ought to be scared stiff, but I don't see any signs of that, either."

"Why should I be ashamed? I wanted another baby, and I'm going to have one. Did I ask Jack to go to South America?"

Her father waved at her to stop. "You'll have to write and tell him," he said. "It isn't honest to leave a man in such terrible ignorance."

"You mean he deserves to know. All right, I'll tell him," Thea said. "As soon as I've given birth."

"Thea," Mr. Masson pleaded, "go and console your mother. Behave to her as a daughter should in your position. Give her at least one hint of shame or remorse for her to hold on to."

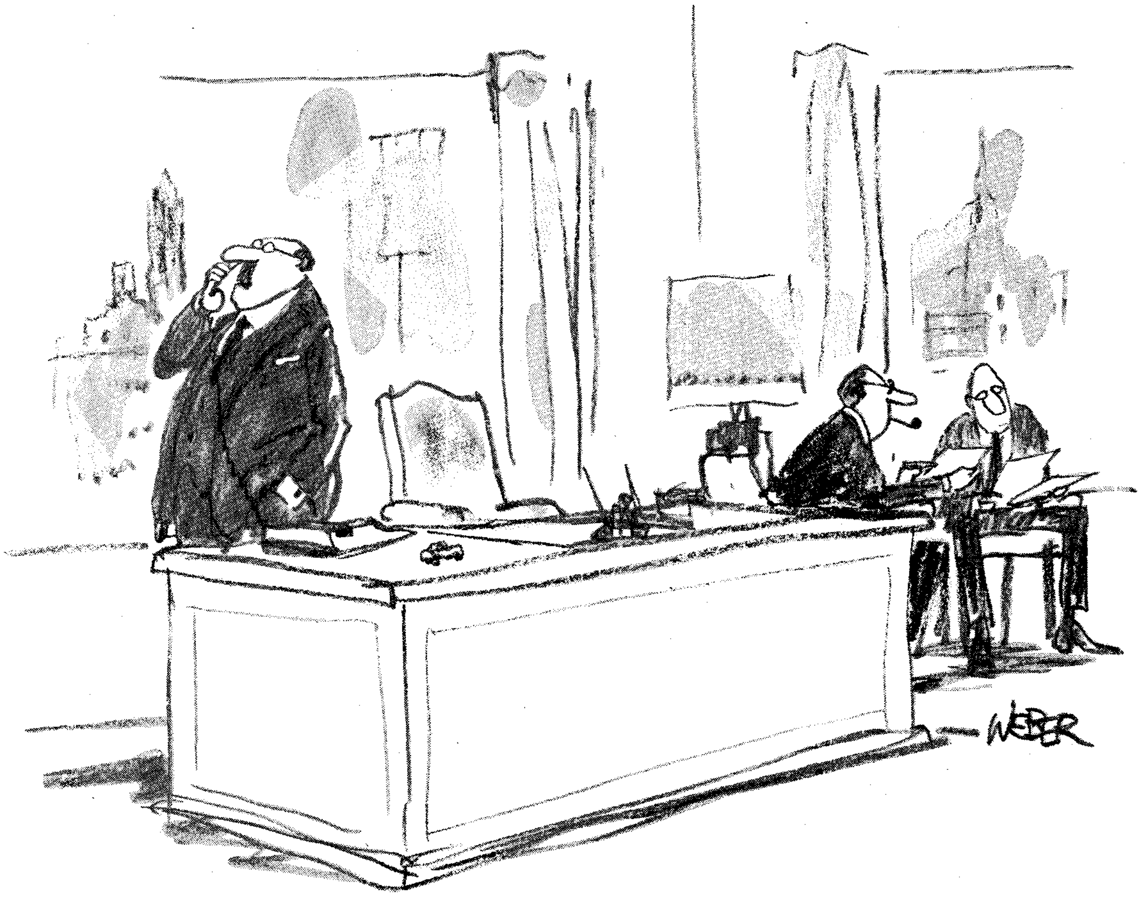
Edward was born in April, 1943. Mrs. MacBain brought Dr. Geddes with her, but the midwife's hunch that the birth might be difficult proved wrong. Dr. Geddes had nothing to do but urge Thea to push, while Mrs. MacBain shouted back at him, "What do you know about it?"

Thea was half asleep with exhaustion and relief when she was awakened by the sound of Dr. Geddes' voice talking to Roberta and Mrs. MacBain in the next room. "It's a load off our minds that there aren't too many servicemen stationed round here. Otherwise, Mrs. MacBain and I would be bringing more little strangers into the world with fathers not properly accounted for."

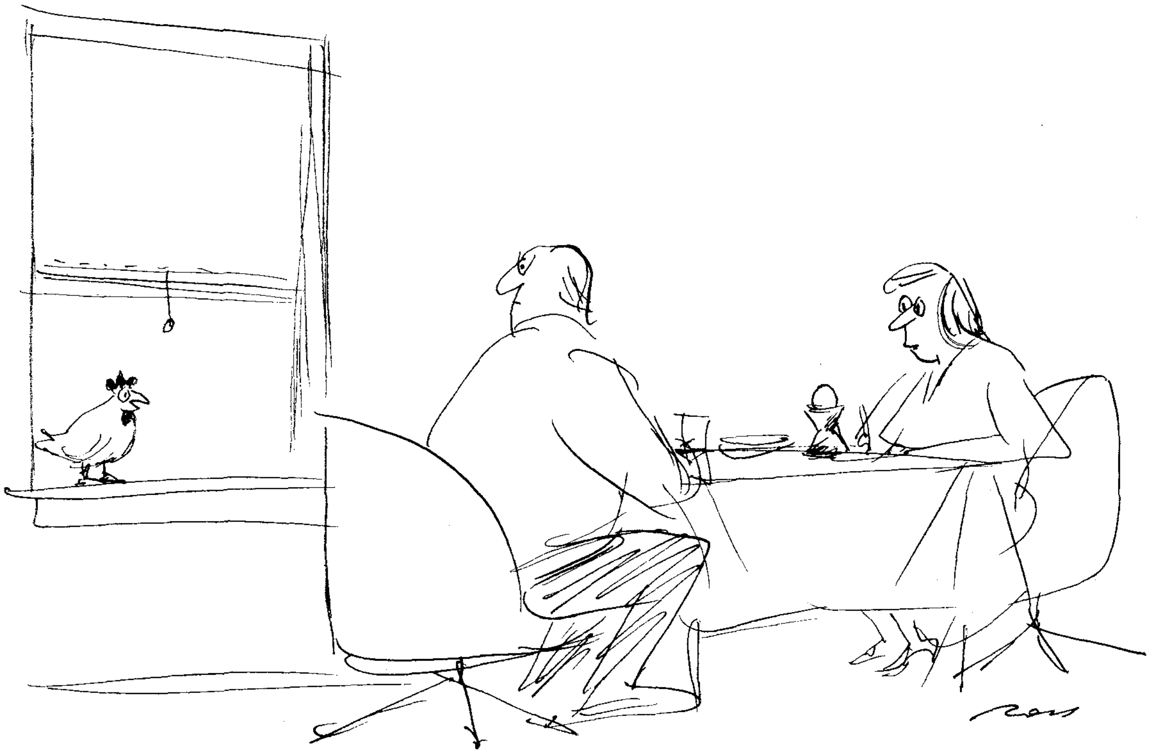
"We had one a fortnight ago," Mrs. MacBain said, nudging Dr. Geddes' memory. "Mrs. Archibald, two years wed, and her man in the Navy. He was away less than a year—eleven months and a week, for I added it up—and then his wife drops a daughter."

"Old Mr. Archibald came in to see me," the doctor said. "He was wondering if there was such a biological fluke as an eleven months' gestation. Eighteen months in elephants, I told him, nine in the human female."

"What was that?" Thea shouted from



"When we close this deal, Everett, I'm going to do a little dance, but I'd like to do it at the Harvard Club."



"How's the egg?"

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the bedroom. "Mrs. MacBain! Who's that you're talking about?"

"You should be resting," Mrs. MacBain chided.

"Did I hear you say that Sheila Archibald gave birth?" Thea asked, pugnacious with happy surprise.

"You'd have heard it sooner or later," Dr. Geddes said, "but don't tell anyone you heard it from me. Her folks are trying to hush it up."

"I wondered why I hadn't seen her. The slut!" Thea said with satisfaction. "And her man in peril on the high seas. He'd hardly turned his back on her—disgusting!" She laughed.

"Oh, Thea, how can you be so cock-a-hoop at a time like this?" Roberta said, appealing to Dr. Geddes and Mrs. MacBain to support her low opinion of yet another scandal.

"Now, now," said Dr. Geddes, "we mustn't distress Mrs. Docherty. You must be very tired," he said to Thea. "You should be resting."

"Tired my foot! I'm jubilant! Poor, loyal Roberta. I don't think you'll ever understand me," Thea said. "I'm proud. I'm really proud of this one," she said, kissing her new baby. "You'll have a wee friend," she told him. "Someone just like you."

THEA stood on the step before the teller's elevated wooden counter in the British Linen Bank. "The manager would like a word with you, Mrs. Docherty." The teller pointed to the glassed-in office.

"I'm sorry, but these monthly drafts have been curtailed," the manager said.

"Is it the war?" Thea asked. She was frightened, but she had known it was only a matter of time before she had this interview with the bank manager.

"It could be a new currency regulation introduced by the Brazilian banks. Wartime does that," he said. "I've written to Glasgow to find out." He looked at a document in the file before him. "So far, my instructions are that Mr. Docherty's standing order in your favor is now in abeyance. We should receive clarification in a few days."

"Does it say 'until further notice'?" Thea asked.

"No. Can you think of a reason why it might be cancelled?"

"I can think of a couple of excuses," Thea said, "but I can't think of a reason. Can you recommend a good lawyer?" She wondered if she was serious, and decided that she was.

She had half expected it since she wrote to Jack introducing the existence of Ivor and Edward. Still, his indirect but practical answer was a shock.

"I know that in the eyes of everyone except me I've wronged Jack Docherty," she told the lawyer, Mr. Birnley. "But he started it. He wronged me first by going to South America. All right, I accepted two years, even with two children to bring up. I indulged his career. And eight years have passed! South America!" she shouted. "What sort of place is that to be when his wife's here, and Germans and God knows who else could've been baying at my door? I feel his wrong to me day by day and week by week."

"And yet it's no fault of Mr. Docherty's that you now have four children to bring up."

"I've been trying to explain just that!" Thea said.

Birnley was intrigued by her combativeness. He was familiar with the human habit of taking the offensive to excuse one's criminal or immoral act, but he could not recall coming across a woman who asserted devious justifications with such barefaced poise. It was his experience that women clients were often timid. Imminent litigation and its formal authority awed them; their tongues were humbled by proximity to the great institutions of respectability and truth. Their limited vocabularies stuttered into attempts to prove that they were good at heart. Guilty or not guilty, they usually wept, but he felt you could always see when a woman was telling the truth. Thea's rugged aplomb amused him, as did the challenge she posed to his skills.

"The news about little—ah, Ivor," he said. "Well, news of that sort, coming straight out of the blue—I mean, Mr. Docherty might not want to . . ." Whatever he meant to say vanished in gestures. "You may be asking too much of him if you expect him to understand, to forgive, your moral or instinctive lapse . . . your little error, Mrs. Docherty. Two little errors, Mrs. Docherty, two—yes, to be candid, *two contraventions of your* marriage vows. Why didn't you write to him sooner?"

"I didn't see any point in worrying the man unnecessarily," she said. "It's not easy to explain a thing like that in a letter. You think about it. And what's this about lapses? Errors? I never did anything I didn't intend to! I might be all too human, but I'm not a fool."

"I find myself quite able to understand your husband's feelings," Mr. Birnley said, leaning across his desk and using his sternest gaze to probe Thea's character.

"Feelings be damned! It's a thoughtless husband who'd stay in Brazil for as long as he has and then cut us off without a penny. Two of the children *are* his, in case you've forgotten." She looked at the lawyer with grave determination—so closely that he had to turn away. "Are you trying to wriggle out of a case you don't know how to turn down?" she demanded. "Are you trying to work out whether you can afford it? All I'm asking is that you write to him and point out the dire consequences poverty might have on his children, Alistair and Janet. Take a note of their names. I'll fend for the other two." Her tone challenging, she said, "Don't imagine that I'm irresponsible."

"That's reasonable enough," Mr. Birnley said, without conviction.

"Too reasonable!" Thea said. "I've compromised."

"A fair man recognizes reason when he sees it," the lawyer said.

"Oh, is that a fact?" Thea said ironically. "And tell Jack Docherty I'm willing to have him back, in spite of what he's made me do."

"You want Mr. Docherty— You want *me* to ask Mr. Docherty to come *back* to you?" the lawyer asked slowly, dwelling on his bewildered emphases.

"I want to live in a house with a man in it," Thea said. "*My* man. I made my bed, and I'll lie in it, given half a chance."

Six months went by and there was no answer to the lawyer's letter. "He may not want to reply," Mr. Birnley suggested. "There's also the uncertainty of the wartime mails. Ships are sent to the bottom and planes are shot out of the sky. These are daily occurrences, Mrs. Docherty. For all we know, there may be an embargo on your husband's leaving Brazil, especially to attend to—not unimportant business, I grant you, but personal. Mining is an essential industry. Ores," he said, speaking to Thea's simmering impatience, "make metals, which go into ships, guns, tanks, planes. Your husband may well be considered indispensable."

"Don't talk to me about ores! I know more about ores than you do."

BARLOCHAN noticed that Thea Docherty had less money to spend. She sometimes asked the grocer for credit. Women had often remarked that Thea's children were the best turned out in the village; their reputation for perfection began to dwindle. Mr. Masson gave Thea money, but not much, or often enough, and she was too proud to ask for more. She wrote to the welfare department in the government offices at Castle Stewart. Someone was sent to see her.

"Your house seems a little on the large side," said the official, a middle-aged woman whose eyes roved professionally around Thea's living room. "Couldn't you find something smaller, less expensive to run?"

"I've four children," Thea said.

Thea told her how Jack had gone to South America in 1935, and of the punctual monthly payments that had stopped almost a year before.

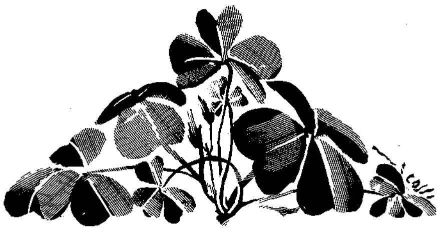
"Nineteen thirty-five?" the official asked, her eyes weighing up the room as she underlined that date in her notebook. "Ivor's such a lovely, unusual name," the woman said to Thea. "I seldom come across it. I take it that Mr. Docherty's at least managed to get over on leave a couple of times?"

"Unfortunately," Thea said, "Mr. Docherty's been too deeply involved in the South American economy."

"I see," said the official. "Then that's almost nine years he's been away?"

"He was very, very good at writing to me," Thea said, slyly.

"I can see that a rather remarkable correspondence has been taking place; I can see that for myself." The woman closed her notebook with a decisive slam. It sounded like a door closing. "Frankly, I don't believe



* * *

SCUMBLING

Absolved, face to the wall, alive only
in fact. It was always evening
in my head, an evening of thoughts
cool as sheets. His skin
made its silk sound, no
two glissandos alike. A fine fear
streaked through. Let somebody else
sponge up those tremors.
My reserve circled, imperial
as the inside of a pearl. All night
I pretended night was an unruly
day. I pretended
my voice. I pretended my hair. I pretended
my friend. But there it was—"I"—
I couldn't get rid of that.
What could I do but let it learn
to tremble? So I watched feelings hover
over like the undersides
of water lilies: long serpentines
topped by nervous, almost
sunny undulations. I had to learn
largo. I had to trust
that two bodies scumbling
could soften
one another. I had to
let myself be gone
through, do it in the arbitrary light
tipping and flirting
with seldom-seen surfaces.

—ALICE FULTON

there's all that much we can do for you, Mrs. Docherty. Money's awfully tight, and there are so many cases of hardship at the moment. The best I can promise you is that your case will come before the board in due course. We'll let you know." She stood up. "Personally, I feel that a smaller house would make a big difference to your circumstances."

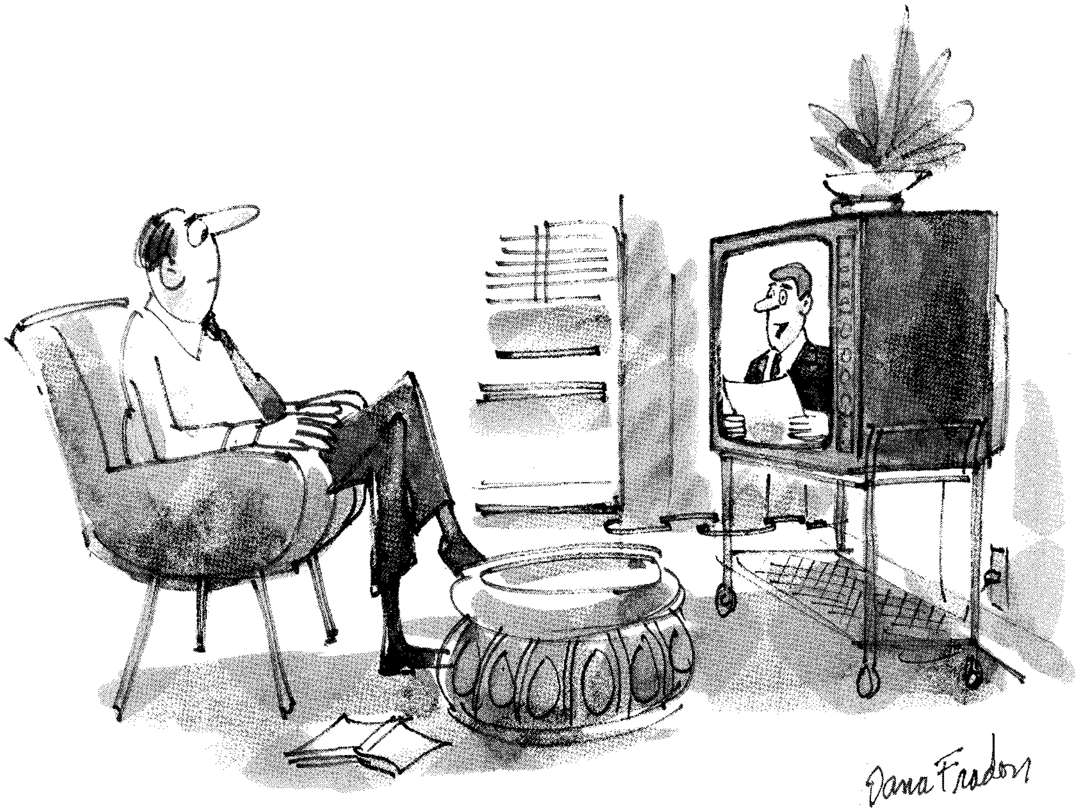
"You're standing there thinking I've got myself into a right mess, aren't you?" Thea said aggressively.

"It's not for me to judge. I see so many different cases. It's water off a duck's back to me."

"But you *are* judging."

"Only in the sense that I doubt if my department would take this case very far. You have quite some way to go before you would qualify as a charge on what little funds we have for poor relief."

"You look as if you're eating something delicious, and far too good for the likes of me," Thea said. "No, I'll drop it altogether. I'm sorry I bothered you."



"Soviet-American relations reached an all-time low today for the fourteenth consecutive day, establishing a new record for consecutive all-time lows."

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THEA went to work in her father's shoeshop, taking Ivor and Edward with her each day to Castle Stewart and bringing them back on the evening bus. "I'll do anything," she said, "but I won't give up my house, Jack Docherty or no Jack Docherty."

Roberta came down as often as she could, and one November day she and Thea took the children to the coast, a few miles away. They walked along the beach as the wild, gray wind swept in over the sea. "You're a teacher, Roberta," Thea said. "You should know. Which way is South America?"

"That way," Roberta said, after a hesitant pointing that stopped when she felt she had the direction right. "Really, I don't know. I think it's that way." Thea looked along the line of Roberta's arm. "Ireland's blocking your view!" Roberta shouted as Thea took Edward from his pram and walked closer to the sea. "You aren't looking straight at South America!"

"Ireland be damned!" Thea said. "Alistair! Janet!" she shouted. "Come and look at South America!"

THERE was no news of Jack until the war was over by almost a year. Mr. Birnley called Thea into his office to show her a letter he had received from a solicitor in London. It said that Mr. Docherty, of the Southern Hemisphere Mining Corporation, no longer wished to communicate with his wife, and that in view of her repeated infidelities he felt under no obligation to contribute to her financial support.

Mr. Birnley made clicking noises with his tongue, waiting for time to pass. He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and blew his nose, his eyes fixed on Thea as she studied the solicitor's letter. "He's being very harsh," he said. "I expected the offer of a sum for Alistair and Janet. We'll pursue it, of course."

"No, don't," Thea said, still rereading.

"We'd be better placed to demand provision for Alistair and Janet if you were to commence divorce proceedings," Mr. Birnley said. "I doubt if the court would sympathize with your attitude to two additional children born out of marriage," he said. "But Mr. Docherty's prolonged sojourn in Brazil can be considered in two phases. First, from 1935 to the conception of little Ivor, and the second after that event. Please, don't interrupt me," he said, his hand waving to hush Thea's protestations. "I know your views on this subject. But I must advise you of the best legal tactic. That first stage of absence was a long one, involving a broken promise to you. There's a case there. His obsession with his career in South America contributed greatly to the wreck of a marriage which a little consideration for you could easily have saved. I can hear a first-rate lawyer make an excellent argument out of that." He looked pleased. "What do you think?"

"I think he's still in South America," Thea said.

Thea wrote to Brazil and told Jack that she had no intention of initiating a divorce, and that if he took the first step she would fight it until everyone believed that his selfishness was to blame for all that had happened. There was no answer. She wrote again: "You can come home now, you stupid man. If it's your pride that's been bothering you, surely to God there's been enough time for your wounds to have healed." It was like talking to the night sky.

"YOU should stop believing that Jack'll come home, walk through that door, and forgive you," Roberta said in 1950. She was visiting Barlochan again, this time to interview for a post in the local primary school. "He's been gone for fifteen years! Are you sure you'd recognize him? How could you live together after all that's happened?"

"I don't even like him," Thea said. "Roberta, you've loved my children and you've brooded over me. You've been a great help, a lovely friend, and I'll always be grateful. But you still think I've got what I deserve, don't you?" Her tone was quiet but exasperated and disappointed. "You think that I was reckless and impatient, that I didn't 'wait' for Jack. Well, I did and I didn't. More did than didn't, in my opinion. If you're going to come to live here, I ought to know what you really think of me."

"I haven't got the job yet," Roberta said.

"And being Thea Docherty's friend won't be the best recommendation in Barlochan."

"I don't know about that," Roberta said. "I'm not sure what I think about you, and, if you ask me, the people round here don't know what to think, either. But I've spent a lot of time here, and now and then I get the feeling that they actually admire you. I suppose I do, too. After all, I haven't had a very exciting life. So far," she said, touching wood. "The best part of it may have been your . . . well, I don't know what to call them."

"Mistakes?"

"As a candidate for the post of headmistress of Barlochan Primary, I ought to call them mistakes, or worse. But no—I wouldn't let anyone call Ivor and Edward 'mistakes.' "

At her interview the next day, the school panel, which included Dr. Geddes among other local worthies, questioned Roberta at length on her views on primary education, and seemed pleased with her answers.

"Excellent references," the chairman said, leafing again through her file.

"Thank you," said Roberta.

"We understand you have connections in Barlochan," he went on.

"Yes," she replied. "An old friend, Mrs. Thea Docherty." She looked at Dr. Geddes, who smiled at her. She took a deep breath. "I ought to say that if I get the position I'll be moving in with her on a permanent basis. Her house is large, even with four children, and we've been friends for a very long time." She felt herself to have been challenging and strong, perhaps for the first time in her life. But her spirited declaration didn't so much as raise an eyebrow. It was all water under the bridge.

"Thank you, then. We have two other candidates to interview, and we hope to reach a decision tomorrow morning. Will you be at Mrs. Docherty's?"

"Yes," said Roberta.

Dr. Geddes winked at her, and gallantly escorted her to the door.

"Ah," said a panel member. "I see you've done extensive study in Italian language and literature. I work with a committee for the repair of war damages in Pisa." He leaned to look at a fellow-Italophile on the panel.

Roberta was embarrassed to speak from the door. "I'm afraid I've never been to Italy," she said. "The war . . ."

"One day you really must—particularly with your interest in Italian. Well, it's been a pleasure."

Dr. Geddes winked again, and closed the door behind her.

"So much for local scandal," she said to Thea the next day, when she was offered the job. "I'm surprised—stunned. They must have been able to tell just by the look of me that Barlochan Primary's in no danger of exposure to moral turpitude."

"AUNT ROBERTA, did you ever meet my father?" Alistair asked one day.

"Yes, long ago. Several times. The last time I saw him, Janet had just been born."

"If you want to know about your father," said Thea angrily as she entered the room, "then you ask *me*."

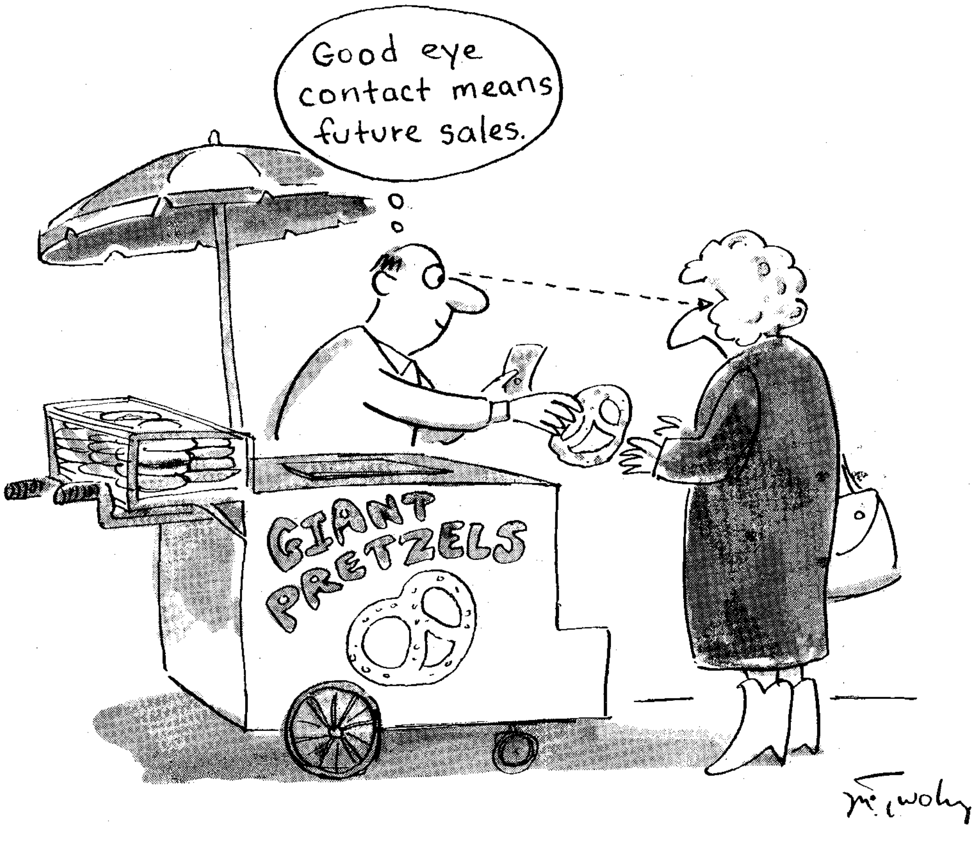
"I have asked you."

"And I've told you. The sooner we forget that scoundrel the better."

"Then why did you write to him at Christmas?" Alistair said. "I saw the envelope before you posted it. In Castle Stewart," he told Roberta, "so the Barlochan postie wouldn't know her business."

"Thea!" Roberta said. "Did you?"

"Well, it was Christmas," Thea protested quietly. "I sent him a Christmas card." —DOUGLAS DUNN


Good eye contact means future sales.
GIANT PRETZELS
Twohy

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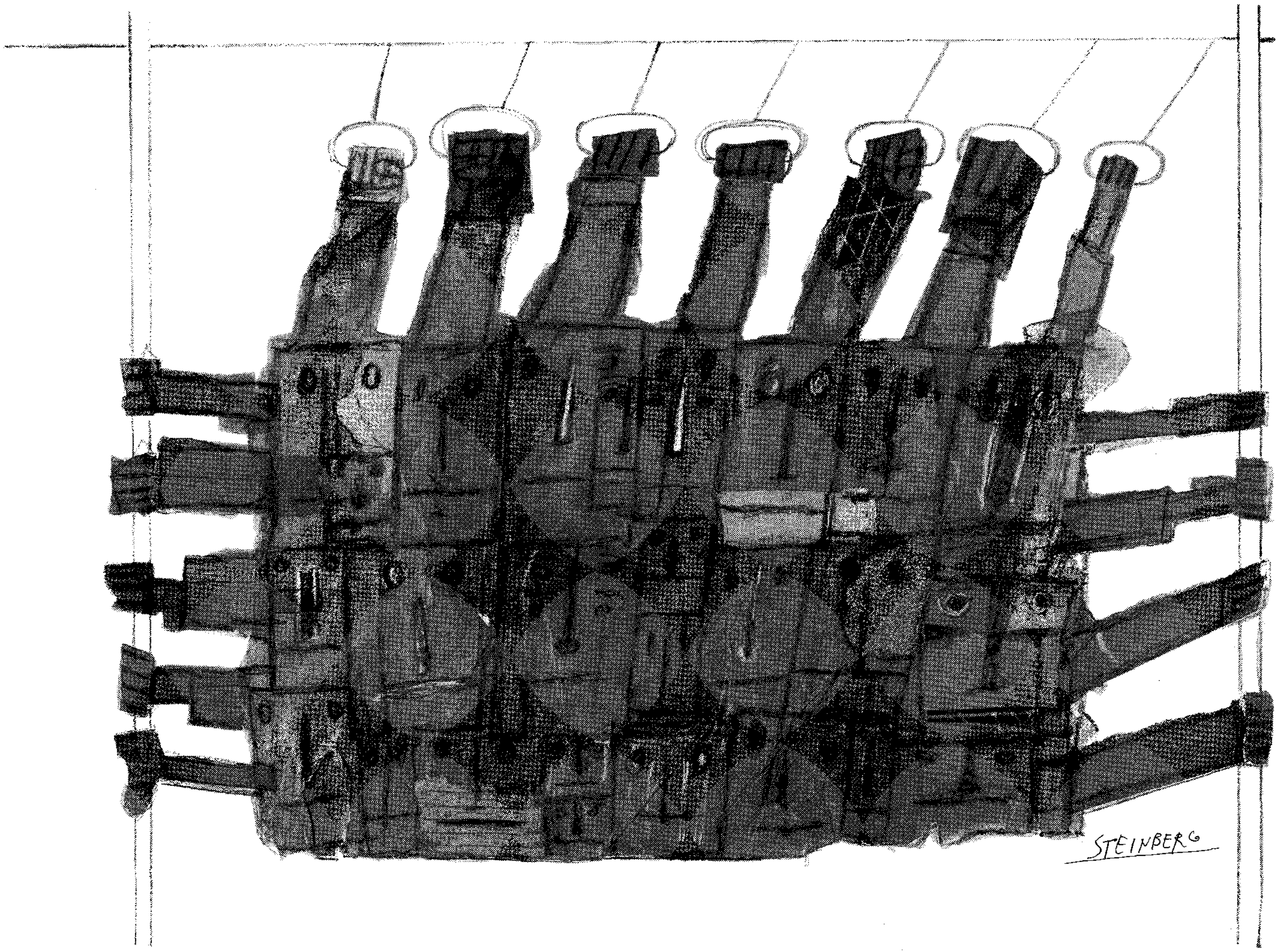
CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the police log of the Bellingham (Wash.) Herald*]

Officers were called to a home in the 300 block of North Forest to quell a domestic disturbance. The report proved unfounded, however. The couple had been tickling each other.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

PAINTING THE ELEPHANT



IN November of 1980, Richard Ravitch, then the chairman of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, announced a plan to restore the public-transportation network of New York City to "a state of good repair." The idea seemed far-fetched. It seems so still to those who ride the city's subways and, three and a half years later, fail to see any signs of improvement—unless you count the signs that say, "We're working to make things better" and "Please bear with us through this difficult period." Even the people who were most deeply involved in the formulation of Ravitch's program have doubts about the prospects for clean subway cars, waterproof stations, doors that open and close on command, and the like. But about what the M.T.A. has accomplished in the political and financial arenas—a perilous journey through Albany, Washington, and Wall Street, overcoming hostility, indifference, egotism, and confusion at all points along the way, and emerging with eight and a half billion dollars to spend on subway and commuter-railroad cars, buses, track, maintenance facilities, and station repair—they speak with an awe that seems no less genuine for their having followed the adventure at close range. They have been parties to one of those astonishing feats that every so often upset the normal, lackadaisical rhythms of politics and demonstrate that the great Rube Goldberg contraption of government can—with enough care, patience, oiling, and kicking—be made to deliver.

Late one morning in September, 1979, Ravitch and John Jay Iselin, the president of Channel 13, were waiting to see Governor Hugh Carey in his Manhattan offices, at Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. Iselin was unhappy about the level of state funding for public television, and he hoped to share his unhappiness with the Governor. Ravitch was a trustee of Channel 13 and a friend of Iselin's. He had also made a political name for himself by saving the state's Urban Development Corporation from bankruptcy. Although Ravitch no longer held any official position, Iselin had asked him to help plead Channel 13's case, on the theory that he would still carry some political weight with Carey. "We were cooling our heels in the outer office," Iselin recalls. "And the Governor, who had something of a reputation for being late, was *very* late. We had been there at least an hour, and Mike Del Giudice"—Carey's director of policy management—"was being exceedingly thoughtful and courteous but very obscure about when we would have our meeting. And all of a sudden there was Hugh Carey. I guess he was passing down the corridor to his office, and he peeked into the vestibule, where we were sitting, and saw Dick on the sofa next to Mike. He stopped, stepped back about half a step, and summoned Mike. Then he stuck his head in the door again and said to Dick, 'I'd like to talk.' " Obediently, Ravitch disappeared down the hall with the Governor. It was a half hour or so before he returned—looking "ashen-faced," according to Iselin. The Governor, Ravitch reported, had said nothing about public television. Nor had he. He had been too preoccupied with the question the Governor had put to him: How would he like to become chairman of the M.T.A.?

The offer "came out of the clear blue sky," according to Ravitch. He was no expert on the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, or on the problems of public transportation in general. "My level of knowledge was the level of an informed citizen who reads the papers," he says. The only answer he could muster was "Well, I can't imagine why I would, but I'll think about it."

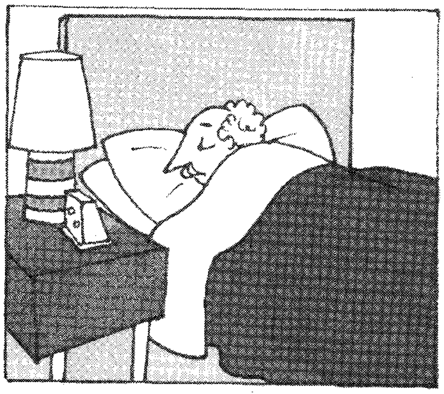
Iselin never got his meeting with Carey, but a few weeks later Ravitch's M.T.A. appointment became official. Torn by the offer, he had consulted a number of trusted friends, who unanimously urged him to turn it down. These consultations, however, only piqued Ravitch's interest. He kept hearing the job described as a "no-win situation," and, as his wife, Diane, an adjunct professor of history and education at Columbia Teachers College, explains, "when Dick hears something is a no-win situation, that gets his motors turning."

Ravitch was forty-six when Carey popped the M.T.A. question. Tufts of gray had appeared on the perimeter of his otherwise brown and curly hair, and his clothes hinted, baggily, at some surplus pounds around the middle, but he had the brisk stride and the uncontained energy of a junior executive. As a young man, he had inherited half a family business, H.R.H. Construction, from his father, Saul. His own achievements as a builder and developer were etched into the Manhattan skyline. He was responsible for Waterside, a "self-contained community" along the East River between Twenty-fifth and Thirtieth Streets, and for Manhattan Plaza, a federally subsidized apartment complex, occupied mainly by performing artists, that takes up the entire block between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets and Ninth and Tenth Avenues. (Ravitch had answered doubts about both sites with the claim that "if you build big enough you can begin to change a neighborhood.") He could afford to accept and then give away to charity the fifteen-thousand-dollar salary that came with the M.T.A. job—although he had no illusions that it would be anything less than a full-time commitment.

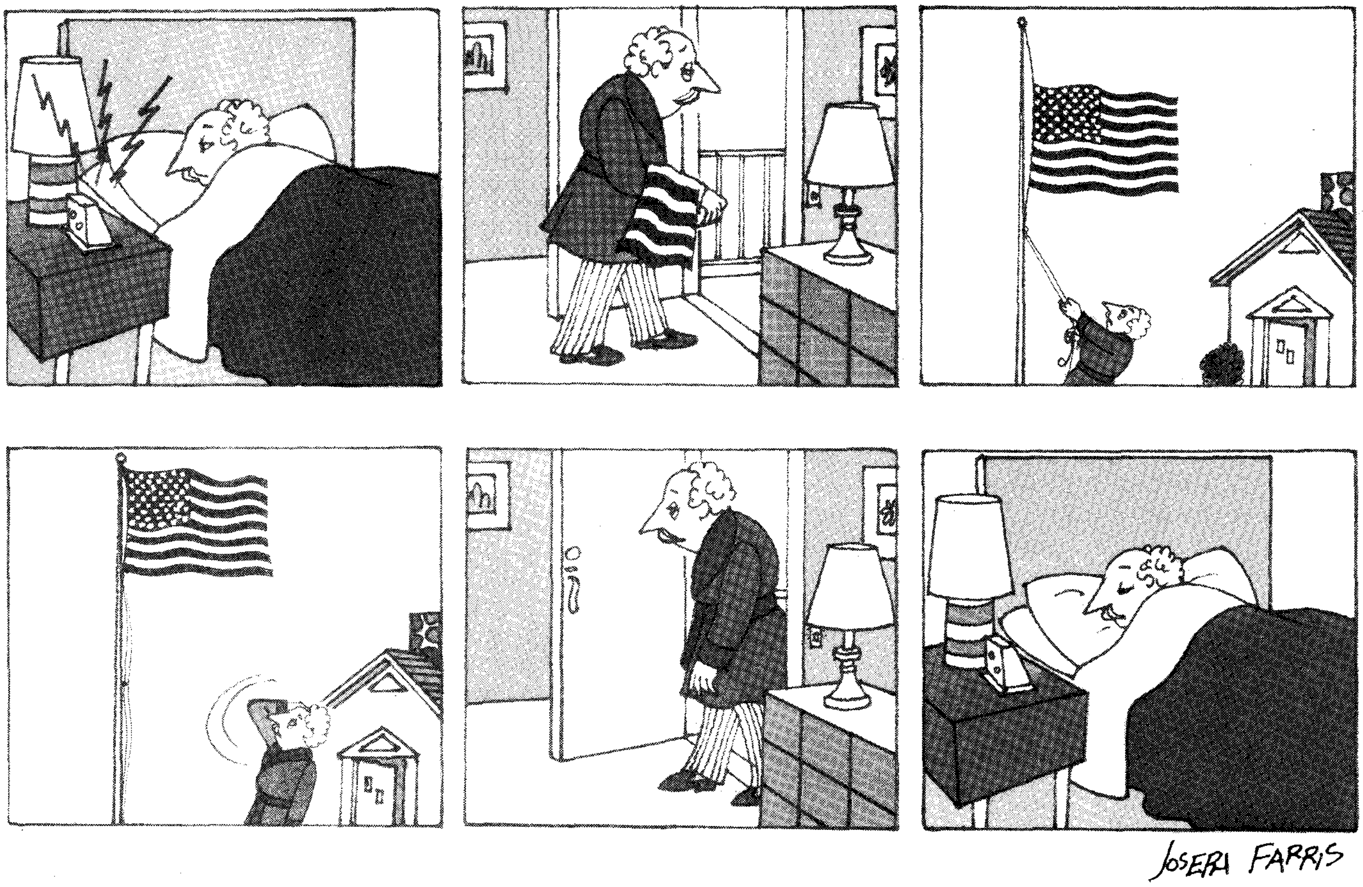
In 1975, Ravitch had been appointed chairman of the Urban Development Corporation, and he spent much of the next two years unravelling the financial tangle there, resigning in time to make a brief run for mayor in 1977. That experience left him feeling that he did not have the "metabolism" for elective politics. (The victorious candidate, Edward Koch, came to the same conclusion. In his book, "Mayor," he recalls telling Ravitch, "Dick, politics is not for you. You should stay home. Just worry about Diane and the kids and have a good time.") In the fall of 1978, over dinner at Gracie Mansion, Ravitch warned the new mayor that up to then the treatment of the city's debt problems had been largely "cosmetic." He argued that the Municipal Assistance Corporation, from whose board he had only recently resigned, had gone about the task of reëstablishing the city's credit largely by trying to "kid the public into buying securities." After that occasion, Mayor Koch took to calling Ravitch a "Cassandra."

Whether or not the label was deserved, certainly an appreciation of the dark side of things would come in handy at his new place of employment. When Ravitch joined the M.T.A., its vast properties included the New York City subway and bus systems, the Long Island Rail Road, the Harlem, Hudson, and New Haven commuter lines, the Verrazano-Narrows, Triborough, and Throgs Neck Bridges, the Queens-Midtown and Brooklyn-Battery Tunnels, and the New York Coliseum. Its domain spread into seven suburban counties and encompassed seventeen hundred and thirty-three miles of track, seven hundred and five stations, nearly five thousand buses, and seventy-eight hundred subway and commuter-railroad cars. The M.T.A. would have ranked well up among the Fortune 500 had it been a private corporation.

And had it been a private corporation it would have been a "frighteningly undercapitalized" one, according to Stephen Berger, an investment banker and a member of the M.T.A. board. In 1979, the Authority had a physical plant worth at least fifty billion dollars. If the average component had a life expectancy of fifty years—a generous estimate in the transportation world—the prudent thing would have been to replace a fiftieth of the entire system every year, at a cost of over a billion dollars. Instead, capital investment had been running at less than three hundred million dollars annually for the five previous years. In the Rockefeller-Lindsay era, despite evidence that New York was a shrinking rather than a growing city, the M.T.A. had mapped bold plans to expand the subway system. During the nineteen-seventies, new lines—the Sixty-third Street link between Manhattan and Queens, the Archer Avenue connection in Queens, and the ultimately abandoned Second Avenue subway—consumed forty-four per cent of the one billion six hundred million dollars in capital money invested in the city's subway and bus systems, a sum that would have been inadequate even if it had gone entirely into existing lines. Politicians, engineers, and planners fell victim to what former Deputy Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Jr., calls "the Bridge Over the River Kwai syndrome"—the desire to "build something new, even if it isn't what's needed."



A polite fiction has lately emerged that the problems of the subways can be traced to the "deferred maintenance" of the mid-seventies. Deferred maintenance had in fact been an accepted part of the budgetary equation at least since 1940, when the city took over the assets of two bankrupt subway companies, Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit and Interborough Rapid Transit; joined those lines with the Independent line, which it had just built; and assumed direct responsibility for the entire enterprise. In 1953, the New York City Transit Authority was established to run the subways. It took over the city's bus lines, and became part of the newly created M.T.A., in the late sixties. Throughout these permutations, political pressures kept fares and government subsidies so far below any objective estimate of maintenance costs that eventually no one felt the need to make



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such estimates. The fiscal crisis of the mid-seventies simply aggravated the situation and gave it a name.

The dim prospects for halting the decline of the subways had grown dimmer by the time Ravitch accepted responsibility for them. Government at all levels was in a recoiling mood, and even the rhetoric of public life was turning stringent. The Transit Authority's budget no longer allowed for any preventive maintenance; it was all "fix it when it breaks." And, bad as the public perception of the subway system was, what the employees saw was far worse. Much of the furniture in the maintenance buildings was secondhand and dilapidated. Old bus seats had been recycled as office chairs. On some parts of the system, transit workers controlled the routing of trains with ancient hand switches situated at every fork in the track, and in wintertime they had to thaw out those switches, one by one, with kerosene-fuelled smudge pots.

The lack of resources had taken a psychological as well as a mechanical toll. The Transit Authority had become a rule-ridden institution, with a quota for almost every activity, and with a seniority system that allowed its most experienced people to claim its least demanding jobs. Its pension arrangements, similarly, encouraged veteran employees to retire and start second careers, so that the system tended to retain—as David Brown, a management analyst who sits on the M.T.A. board, says—"only the people who weren't smart enough to understand that." In its dealings with the outside world, the T.A. had become defensive and distrustful. The politicians might continue to make their ritual promises of better things to come, but the T.A.'s own role in these speculations was a strangely detached one. "The attitude," Berger says, "was basically 'Here's our elephant. If you give us a lot more money, we'll paint the elephant. If you give us half as much money, we'll paint half the elephant.' "

The major responsibilities of Ravitch's two immediate predecessors, David Yunich and Harold Fisher, had been to instruct their subordinates to live with less money from year to year, and to assure the public that this could be done without risk—or, at least, without risk to life. Fisher had adjusted well to this narrow mission. He treated the job as a part-time one—in order, he told a magazine interviewer, to remain free "to do other things without being accused of conflict of interest." Prominent among the other things was raising money for the New York State Democratic Party. "Politics is my golf game—that's the only way I can describe it," he explained.

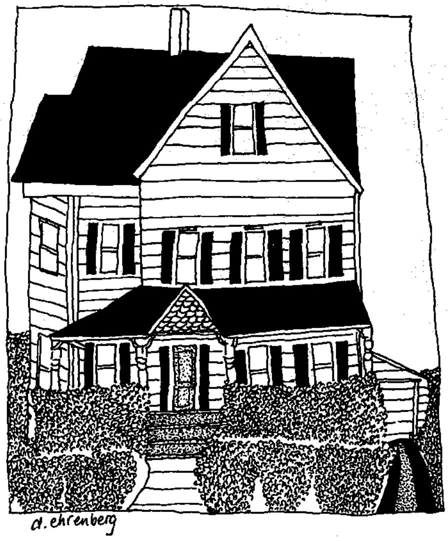
By 1979, Governor Carey had decided that mass transit needed a more energetic and independent advocate—or so his secretary, Robert Morgado, told Ravitch in the discussions leading up to his appointment. Ravitch knew from his own preliminary soundings that a basic and costly overhaul was in order. Still, he took the job without any assurance that Carey would support such an effort. Indeed, he took it knowing that when it came to transit the Governor—and, for that matter, the Mayor—had higher priorities. Carey's major transportation commitment had been a public treaty with Koch, pledging the latter's support of the Westway highway project and the former's determination to hold the fifty-cent subway and bus fare through the mayoral election of 1981. It was a bizarre agreement, of which Ravitch says, "Koch interpreted it to mean that the Governor would put in whatever subsidy was needed to hold the fare, although there was no way for the state to put in money without the Legislature consenting, and the Legislature wasn't consulted on the transaction. But it got everybody over the particular hump they were facing at that time."

It would be a while, in any case, before Ravitch had occasion to ask Carey for a statement of his views on a long-term effort to rebuild. During his first months on the job, Ravitch himself would have trouble focussing on anything so remote. Three weeks after he took over, the Long Island Rail Road went on a week-long strike. More or less simultaneously, Ravitch received his initiation into an old local ritual—the annual transportation-budget battle, described by Arthur Perfall, the M.T.A.'s assistant executive director for public affairs, as "the famous ring-around-the-rosy about where the money would come from, with the city pointing at the state pointing at the feds, and the feds pointing back at the city." In the next fiscal year, Ravitch learned, the M.T.A. would face a two-hundred-million-dollar deficit, without any allowance for wage increases.

That gap prompted his first press conference as M.T.A. chairman. On November 21st, at M.T.A. headquarters, on Madison Avenue between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Streets, he vowed to end the practice of deferred maintenance ("the exercise used in the past to balance budgets"); warned of the need for higher fares or new taxes, or a combination of the two; and urged the state to adopt a tax package expressly for transit. "There is no painless solution," Ravitch said. "There are no fairy godpersons." But the message did not go over well in Albany. A few weeks later, Ravitch was coolly informed by William Hennessy, the commissioner of the state's Department of Transportation, that the Governor desired neither higher fares nor new taxes. In response, Ravitch sought a personal meeting with Carey—and settled for one with the Governor's secretary. "I had dinner with Morgado at an Italian restaurant on Seventy-seventh Street," he recalls, "and I said, 'This is absolutely ridiculous! The fare's got to go up or there have to be taxes. I mean, something's got to happen! We're not going to defer maintenance anymore.' Morgado agreed with me, and said that he would try to be helpful in the matter, but that it was very tough politically for the Governor—which I understood."

The quest for the soundest and most equitable way of financing New York's mass-transit service has inspired a great deal of abstract thinking. Some would have the passengers pay their own way—a particularly popular view among those automobile users who believe they pay *their* own way. Others contend that in a high-density environment such as New York City the community as a whole is the beneficiary of mass transit and should assume all or most of the cost. Then, there are those who would place the greater share of the burden on drivers—in order to discourage that habit—or on major employers, commercial-property owners, and others who profit disproportionately from the existence of a mass-transit network. But none of these views had much practical relevance to the choices facing Ravitch as the new chairman of the M.T.A. In his system, the fare box paid slightly more than half the cost of operating the subways and buses, and local, state, and federal governments provided almost all the rest. He could complain—and did—that users of public transportation had a better deal in almost every other American city (contributing as little as thirty-three per cent in Washington, for example), but nothing he could do would radically alter the balance. The best he could hope for was a modest increase in subsidies, so as to avoid a drastic increase in fares.

In mid-February, Ravitch sent Carey a confidential letter, pleading for help in the form of a gas tax or, failing that, another inflation-sensitive tax dedicated to transit, "so that a portion of our revenues can reasonably be expected to rise in the future at the same rate as our expenses." He expressed his respect for the Governor's "extraordinary efforts to hold the line on taxes in New York" but insisted that without new sources of money the M.T.A. would have to raise fares to levels that would "generate the most profound kinds of issues for our economy and for our sense of equity to the working people who use our systems on a daily basis." The budget could not be balanced without more money from somewhere, Ravitch insisted, because "we cannot assure the continuing safety of our services . . . unless we promptly reinstitute major maintenance programs." A couple of weeks later, Ravitch was summoned to Albany and told that Carey was ready to offer new taxes. But there was a hitch. The Governor wanted Ravitch to join him in a press conference and promise that if the taxes were adopted no fare increase would be necessary. Ravitch would not go along with that idea—first, he says, because the proposed taxes would not produce the four hundred million dollars that the M.T.A. had by now calculated that it needed; and, second, because Stanley Fink, the speaker of the Assembly, and Warren Anderson, the majority leader of the Senate, had advised him that the Legislature would not pass any tax bill that came unaccompanied by a fare increase. "There I was," Ravitch says, "with the Governor telling me to do one thing, and the legislative leaders—who were equally important to the political process—telling me just the opposite."



Because of his refusal to follow the script that Carey had written for him, Ravitch was on the outs with the Governor for some time. But in June the fare went up—to sixty cents—and Carey, Fink, and Anderson united to impose a gross-receipts tax on oil (with a novel and, as it proved, unconstitutional provision barring the oil companies from passing the cost on to their customers). By then, Ravitch had patched up his relations with the man who had appointed him, but in the meantime he had been through a gruelling transit strike and was no longer talking to the Mayor.

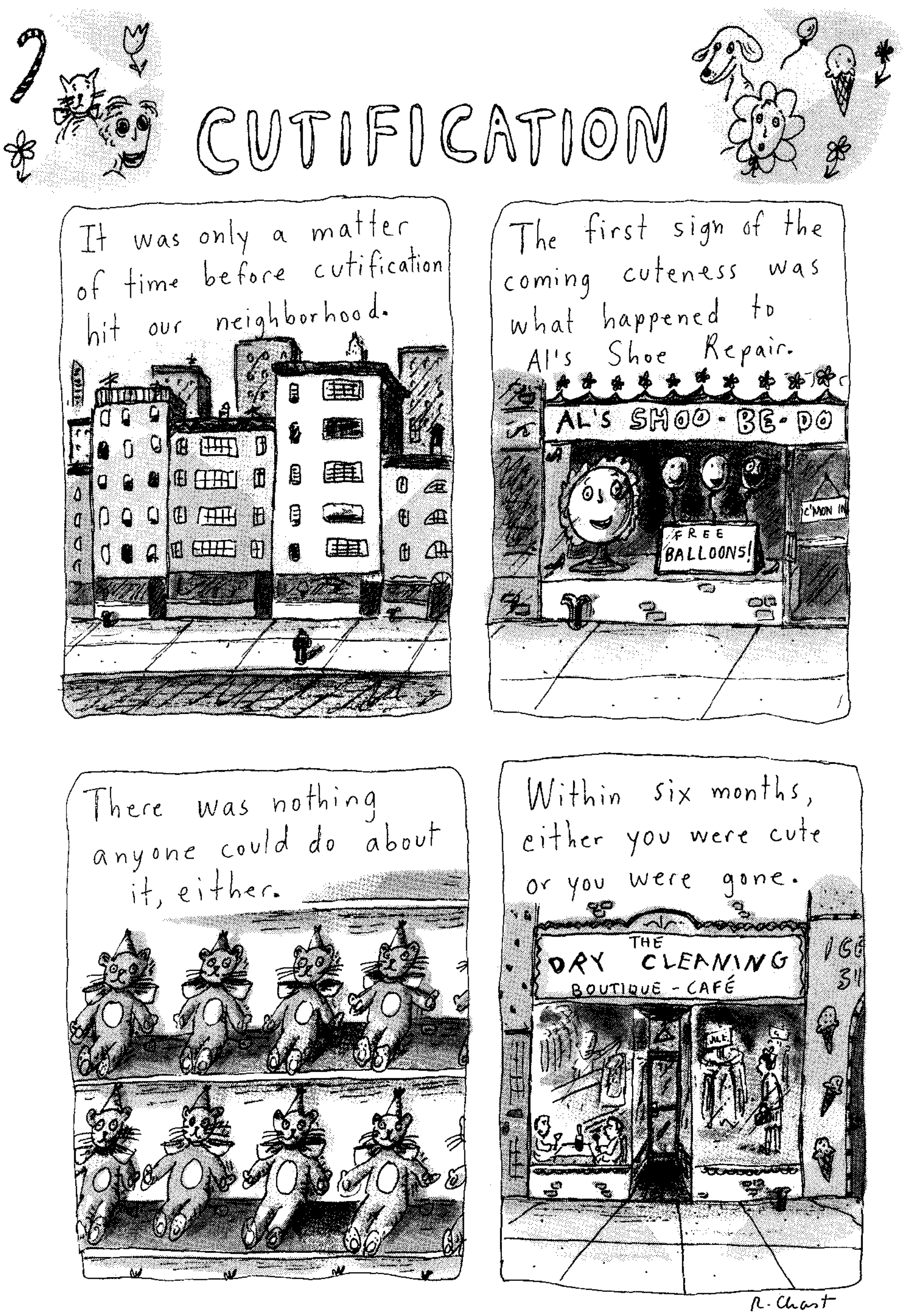
THE circumstances surrounding the transit negotiations of 1980 were such that it did not require a Cassandra to see trouble coming. Inflation had been outrunning wage increases, and, with the city and state being praised for bouncing back from the verge of bankruptcy, the time seemed right for the members of Transport Workers Union Local 100 to recoup. On March 27th, four days before the contract was to expire, John Lawe, the president of the local, reiterated his demand for a thirty-per-cent wage increase over the next two years. "And if we don't get it," he said, "you know what's going to happen."

March 31st, the night of the deadline, was also the first night of Passover, and Ravitch would normally have been at home conducting the family Seder. Instead, he had dinner with Governor Carey and Mayor Koch at the St. Regis Hotel, "where Carey, out of graciousness and respect," he says, "tried to have a meal that was similar to the kind of meal you eat at a Seder, which I suspect the St. Regis Hotel has not cooked very many of." Ravitch talked about an offer he meant to make to the union that night. Carey advised him to raise it. Koch, on the other hand, agreed with Ravitch that this would be a mistake, since the union might well go on strike anyway, leaving future negotiations to begin at a higher base figure. Neither of Ravitch's dinner companions, however, was willing to say exactly what level of settlement would be acceptable. "They wanted the option to see how others perceived it before they reacted," he says. "That's the instinct of a politician. So it was a lonely decision, as were a lot of others."

Although negotiations had been going badly, Ravitch was still hoping to avoid a strike. In private discussions, he and Daniel Scannell, a vice-chairman of the M.T.A. and Ravitch's most trusted adviser on T.A. matters, had worked out a tentative agreement with Lawe—an agreement not only on the terms of a settlement but on the back-and-forth that would lead to it. As midnight drew near, Ravitch would present his "final" offer, slamming the table as he did so. The union's executive board would then retire to its deliberations, presumably determined to reject the offer and to declare a strike. At the last possible minute, Lawe would suggest a counter-offer—a pro-forma proposal that management was bound to reject, he would say, but that would serve the desirable end of establishing the union's good faith. Unbeknownst to the executive board, this would be the settlement that Ravitch and Lawe had already agreed to.

The script fell apart just when the ending was in sight. The members of the union's executive board were not particularly interested in showing their good faith, and they angrily shouted their own president down when he made his proposal. Michael Oreskes wrote in the *News*, "Many participants in the talks believe . . . that almost any proposal would have been turned down . . . and that a strike was needed inevitably to end what T.W.U. local President John Lawe has described as 'the strike fever' of restless transit workers." (Even after the settlement, a rebellious faction within the local campaigned for Lawe's removal, largely because he had failed to secure amnesty from the financial penalties of the state law forbidding strikes by public employees—an objective that Ravitch called "absolutely unthinkable.")

"There are no winners and no losers," Ravitch told reporters when the eleven-day strike was over—ended by a settlement that provided for wage increases of seventeen per cent over the coming two years and a cost-of-living increase in the final six months of the contract period. Mayor Koch, facing a series of negotiations with other city workers, who would try to use the transit contract as a yardstick, did not find the outcome so hard to call. He had spent a number of mornings out on the Brooklyn Bridge and other thoroughfares, mobilizing public enthusiasm for walking to work and for his hard line against the union. Now, in a burst of memorable rhetoric, he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Italy
SPAIN
Joe Mirachi

"I'm afraid getting away from it all is a concept of yesteryear."

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declared, "I am sorry to say that a majority of the M.T.A. board proved to be of weaker resolve than the people. . . . The city won the battle in the streets—the M.T.A. lost it at the bargaining table."

In "Mayor," Ravitch comes across as a wet noodle in labor matters. At various stages of the transit negotiations of 1980, he is said to have been "almost at the breaking point" or "at the edge of his nerve bank" (phrases the Mayor attributes to others). Koch tells how, in one harsh encounter, he instructed Ravitch to stay at the Sheraton Centre Hotel—the site of the bargaining—twenty-four hours a day. He should "eat there, sleep there and so on," Koch said. Ravitch, according to Koch, replied that he wanted to sleep at home. "No, stay at the hotel," Koch repeated, adding, "If you want, have Diane come to the hotel and spend the night with you there." After this comment, Koch writes, Ravitch "got angrier." Ravitch disputes Koch's account on a number of points, including the implication that some failure of energy on Ravitch's part—or the need to have his wife with him—might have interfered with the negotiations. The biggest obstacle to a settlement, he says, was conflict within the union itself, which had to be addressed before the talks could be fruitful. "Communicating with John Lawe was the only problem we *didn't* have," he says. He also challenges Koch's claim that a cheaper settlement had been possible. "It was inevitable that there were going to be higher wage settlements that year than anybody had been used to," he says. Beyond these disagreements, it is clear that Ravitch was never comfortable with the Mayor's theatrical style or with his reliance on the provocative gesture as a basic method of doing business.

Relations between the two were strained further that spring by a long-running quarrel over the use of guard dogs to keep graffiti artists out of the subway yards. Koch became so taken with the idea that he refused to accept repeated M.T.A. rebuffs, which were based on high cost estimates and the fear that the animals would be electrocuted, or escape and attack people. Under pressure, Ravitch finally agreed to a tryout in one yard, but even then months passed before the T.A. had the necessary fences built and was ready to install the first dogs there. In the meantime, Koch took the story out on the dinner-party circuit as an illustration of the general backwardness of the city's transportation bureaucracy. The Mayor's tale, according to a former mayoral aide who heard it, "made Dick Ravitch look like a fool."

The first guard dogs, a pair of German shepherds named Suzy and Red, went into service at the Corona yard in August of 1981. Mayor Koch, on a well-reported inspection tour, said that he liked what he saw, and that he hoped to apply the concept to all twenty-one subway yards. But T.A. officials continued to object to the cost of the program—one and a half million dollars for two ten-foot-high parallel fences at Corona alone. They also pointed out that dogs could not patrol the main-line tracks, where a good part of the fleet had to be stored, and that indoor graffiti were generally applied while the trains were in service. Several months later, the T.A. quietly decided to put the canine option on the shelf. Koch does not discuss this episode in his memoirs.

IN the spring of 1980, Ravitch initiated a systematic survey of the M.T.A.'s capital needs, in order to determine, he says, "in a world of unlimited resources, what it would take to restore the system to a state of good repair." There was some reluctance to take the question literally. Middle managers, conditioned to define their needs in terms of how much money they figured to get, found it hard to believe that the process could work the opposite way. And they remembered other surveys, which had led, at best, to a smattering of symbolic projects. Nevertheless, a report was produced, and it certainly did not minimize the problems. "Good repair" would take ten years to achieve and would cost fourteen billion dollars, with no allowance for inflation. In the words of David Plavin, the M.T.A.'s executive director, "it was a level of dollars that was so unrelated to the

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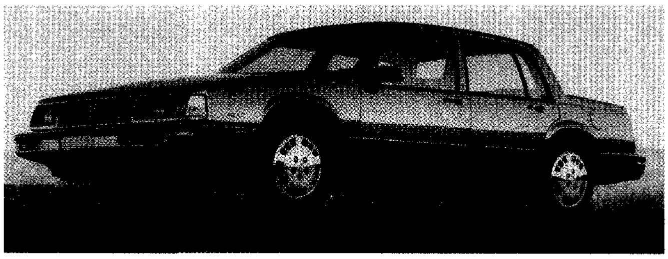

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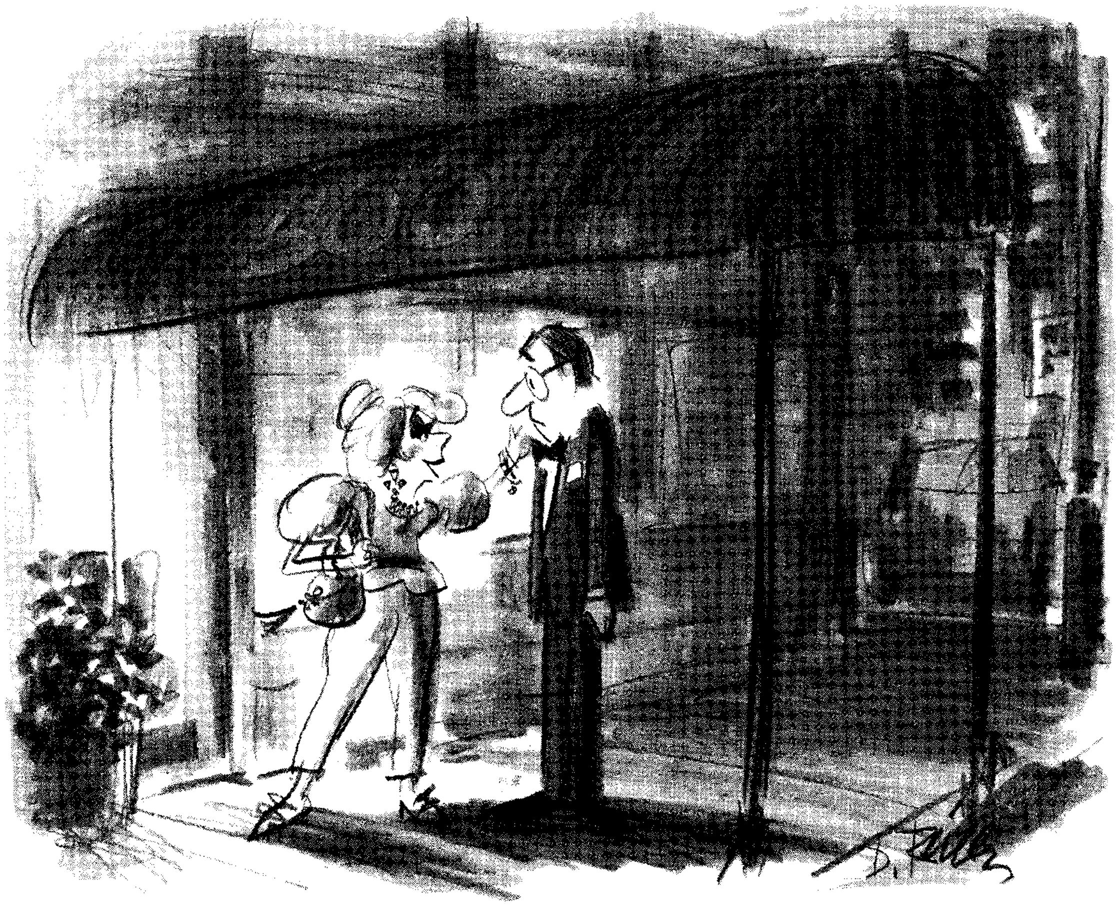
level of dollars that we had been receiving up to that point that it just—to use the vernacular—blew everybody's mind.”



“You've been sweet, Bill, but I really had something a bit more turbo in mind.”

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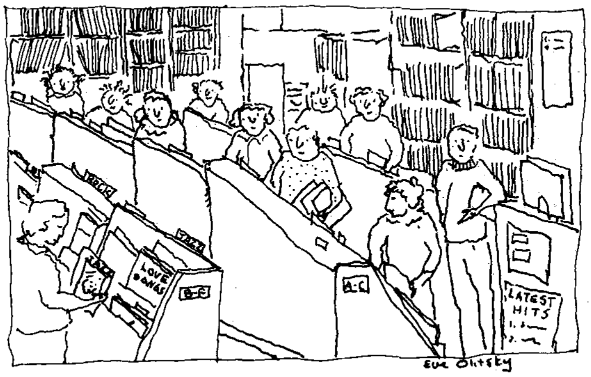
Ravitch had already given some thought to possible funding sources for a rebuilding program. The obvious ones—federal and state appropriations and further borrowing against the revenues of the Triborough Bridge & Tunnel Authority, the M.T.A.'s only profitable constituent—would not produce anything like the amount that would be needed. That calculation was easy. So he racked his brain, and others', for fresh approaches. Justin Feldman, a corporate-securities lawyer who advised Ravitch on fund-raising matters, recalls that they asked themselves, “Well, what else can we hock, in addition to Triborough revenues? Can we hock the fare box?” That idea—borrowing against the revenues of the M.T.A.'s biggest money-losers, the New York City subway and bus systems—was implausible on its face. “The Triborough was a profitable operation, so that kind of revenue bond you could contemplate,” Feldman says. “You were hocking your bottom line. With the subways and buses, we would be encumbering the gross revenues, because we had no net revenues.” But after exploratory meetings with a few potential underwriters Ravitch decided it might work if he could get the Legislature's approval to pledge a “fare covenant”—a promise to increase fares, if necessary, to cover debt service as well as operating costs—and if he could persuade potential underwriters and investors that New Yorkers were so dependent on mass transit that they would have to bear the burden of such fare increases, if they ever came. The hope, of course, was that an improved system would attract new riders and greater public support, making steep fare increases unnecessary. But before the M.T.A. could borrow the money it had to establish that a worst-case scenario was not, from the lenders' perspective, hopeless.

It was also important to show that the money would be spent in a timely fashion on valuable improvements. To that end, the M.T.A. proposed to cut down the number of officials and agencies—then ranging from seventeen to thirty-five—that had to approve various aspects of any capital project. “The approvals took time, and everybody had a different perception of what was important,” Ravitch says. “It was like putting together a jigsaw puzzle on a bumpy conveyor belt. You would get one person's approval, then somebody else's approval, and in the process you would have modified the project to meet the second person's needs, and the modification would be unattractive to the first person.”

The election of Ronald Reagan had lengthened the odds against any substantial new appropriation of federal money, but Ravitch had several notions about how the federal government could help in less direct ways. One was to have the United States Department of Transportation make its annual contribution to the M.T.A.—then running at about two hundred and eighty million dollars—part of an ongoing, contractual commitment, so that the M.T.A. could borrow against it. Ravitch knew that this was how the federal government funded housing construction; a building could not wait each year to see if enough additional money would be coming to complete the next few floors. To apply the same concept to transportation, Ravitch felt, “would be of inestimably greater value to us than the process of waiting year by year for appropriations to come forth from the Congress.” His housing experience had also taught him the usefulness of tax shelters. Waterside and Manhattan Plaza had been sold to syndicates of depreciation-conscious investors, and Ravitch knew that major airlines, instead of buying their planes, leased them from companies that could make better use of the tax benefits. Such transactions made use of the investment tax credit, a provision of the Internal Revenue Service code which had been enacted in 1962 to stimulate private investment. Why shouldn't the M.T.A.'s investments be stimulated in the same fashion? Looking into the legislative history, Ravitch found that Congress had decided not to apply the tax credit to public purchases, because, it had been argued, government would buy the same number of schoolhouses or fire engines or police cars with or without this incentive. Instantly, Ravitch sniffed out a counterargument that the M.T.A. could employ: for years, *this* government agency, for one, had not made its purchases according to any calculation of absolute need. It had done so according to how much money was available, and if it could lease its rolling stock it would be in a position to spend far more money and create far more jobs and spinoff benefits, which was just what the investment tax credit was for.

The fall of 1980, according to Steven Polan, general counsel to the M.T.A., was "when Dick really got started—after we got through the transit strike and the fare theatrics." But the world was slow to get the message. On November 25th, Ravitch called a press conference and unveiled his capital-improvement program—complete with its fourteen-billion-dollar price tag. He spoke passionately of the need to rebuild stations, plug leaks in subway tunnels, upgrade maintenance facilities, and buy a thousand new subway cars, four hundred new commuter-railroad cars, and more than three thousand new buses. "We should not put our heads in the sand and think that we have fulfilled our responsibilities merely by exhorting elected officials to provide funds that, as a practical matter, are simply not available," he said. He described the M.T.A.'s program as "part and parcel of a total effort to rebuild the physical infrastructure of this region, to preserve and indeed enhance its future economic growth." The next morning, Ravitch found his words reported at the bottom of the third page of the *Times'* Metropolitan section. "This was his vision of how the most essential public service in New York could be put together, and it was totally dismissed," Polan says. "I think that was one of the greatest disappointments Dick had."



More disappointments were in store. Once again, the Governor's top transportation aide, William Hennessy, came to Ravitch with a message—one that Ravitch reconstructs as "Your capital program seems to have a lot of good ideas in it, but I wouldn't push it now. I'd wait a year." Ignoring this advice, Ravitch had the legislation drafted and went to see Carey in person. In the drafting process, he had prudently decided to present his plan piecemeal, for easier consumption by the body politic. Instead of fourteen billion dollars over ten years, it would entail—for now—seven billion dollars over five years. But even that figure had the ability to stun. "I got absolutely no response from the Governor at all," Ravitch says. When he took copies of his bill over to key people in the Legislature, including Stanley Fink and Warren Anderson, "they told me they thought the idea had a hell of a lot of merit, but I inferred from what they said that they wanted the Governor to propose it."

By the following summer, the rules for doing political business in Albany would be drastically altered, but in January of 1981, when Ravitch arrived with his proposal, he took it for granted that he would need the active support of the Governor to get a bill passed. Theorizing that lack of news coverage for his plan had led state officials not to take it seriously, he began spending more time with reporters and editorial boards, and when delays and breakdowns occurred on M.T.A. facilities—as they did, regularly—Ravitch's staff made sure that the press heard about them. "While public agencies normally try to minimize problems, we tried to maximize them," Polan says. "Not that we exaggerated anything—we didn't have to."

Ravitch recalls that, gradually, "the pressure built up on the Governor, and one day, unbeknownst to me, lo and behold, there was a front-page story that the Governor was proposing an innovative program to do something about transit." On March 2nd, Carey called in the legislative leaders and briefed them on his program, which was not far different from the one the M.T.A. had sent him in January. Ravitch's version of that meeting is short on details and long on pain and suffering. "Warren Anderson got into a fight with Carey," he says, "and they started arguing over something absolutely ungermane to the subject of the debate. Here, finally, after two months, I had the meeting I had been seeking, and there was no substance discussed at all. Anderson walked out, and the meeting fell apart—and I was heartbroken."

Another participant (with the cautionary preface that "if you attribute this to me I could never show my face in this state again") volunteers a fuller account. "The Governor," he says, "began by saying, 'I've got a program bill here that we call the Transportation Systems Assistance and Financing Act of 1981,' and he listed some of the provisions. 'It's a very important bill,' he said. 'I'm sending it up to the Legislature today, and I would like it passed by both houses within the next forty-eight hours.' " Here the account is punctuated by a derisive laugh. "Now, this is a bill that in typed manuscript form was maybe an inch thick. And Senator Anderson took his copy and flipped through it and said, 'Governor, I don't even know if I could *read* it in forty-eight hours. What's the hurry?' You will recall that this was the winter of all those terrible train delays. Cars were frozen on the tracks. It was a very cold winter, and service had deteriorated very badly. And the Governor said, 'Well, I don't know whether you realize it or not, Senator, but there's a transit emergency in New York City. We've got a deteriorated, dilapidated system, and something has to be done about it quickly, and this bill's going to do it.' And Anderson said, 'Governor, we've been sitting around here since this Legislature opened on January seventh without any legislative program being given to us, and now you give us one and ask us to deliver it in forty-eight hours. I don't understand. Where have you been all this time?' The Governor, I think, misunderstood Anderson's question. Anderson simply meant 'Why haven't we heard from you?' But the Governor was sensitive, because he'd recently come back from a trip to Japan. He said, 'What do you mean, where have I been? I've been in Albany more days than you have since this session started, Senator.' The

Senator said, 'I doubt that.' And the Governor said, 'Well, I can tell you now, Senator, since January seventh I've been in Albany thirty-eight days and you've only been here thirty-two days.' That's approximate—it was thirty-something and thirty-something. Whereupon Anderson responded, 'I doubt those numbers, Governor. As far as I'm concerned, I've been here forty-two days and you've only been here thirty-seven days'—or some numbers like that. And this is the Governor of the State of New York and the president pro tem of the Senate speaking. Well, it was downhill from there."

The quarrel between Anderson and Carey was a spillover from their dispute over the Governor's "Medicaid pickup" proposal, which called for a state assumption of local governments' share of Medicaid costs. There was another potentially disruptive element in the Albany air: Carey's relationship with a wealthy Chicago-based condominium converter named Evangeline Gouletas, who was soon to become his First Lady. "To understand the events that were taking place, you have to understand that Carey was really in love," says Ralph Laws, the former secretary to the Assembly Ways and Means Committee. "He was like a sixteen-year-old, and I say this with affection. He was so hopelessly in love, so preoccupied with being in love, that his attention drifted."

After the meeting, Anderson laughed off the Governor's deadline and told a reporter, "If the Assembly passes the bill and sends it to us within forty-eight hours, we'll see what we can do." Even when Carey extended the deadline to a week, one legislative aide wondered if "the Governor has all his bricks on his truck." Eric Lane, counsel to the Democratic minority in the Senate, speculates that Carey, by invoking a "transit emergency," hoped for the same rush approval that had followed his initiatives in New York City's "fiscal emergency" of 1975. But, Lane adds, the Legislature had more knowledge and stronger feelings about transportation than about high finance. "No legislator worth his salt was going to be dictated to on that issue," he says.

The debate quickly turned into a free-for-all, with questions, conditions, amendments, and condemnations coming in from all quarters. Some legislators wanted assurances that the subways would not get too large a share of the money as against the commuter railroads. Some wanted minority-hiring guarantees. Some wanted the bill to include highway and bridge repairs. Some simply wanted to scale everything down. Upstaters, of course, had not been expected to back the M.T.A. plan, and by and large they didn't. But the most serious challenge came from downstate. Although Ravitch had worked closely on the capital program with Deputy Mayor Wagner and City Council President Carol Bellamy, both of whom were members of the M.T.A. board, there had been no direct discussions with Mayor Koch. "I wasn't communicating too well with the Mayor at that point," Ravitch explains. The Mayor, with the backing of the Senate minority leader, Manfred Ohrenstein, raised a formidable objection. He told the *Times* that he could not support the capital program unless he obtained, simultaneously, a long-term state commitment to keep transit fares from rising faster than the cost of living—a concept that would later be called, liltingly, the "Fair Fare" program. "If we don't get it, we will stop the Westway," he added.

Ravitch's response was to say, "Let's look at these issues separately." Otherwise, he feared, upstate and Republican resistance to higher subsidies would compromise the capital program and possibly do it in. "Besides," he says, "in my heart of hearts, I knew the fare wasn't going to be addressed until the end of June anyway"—when the Legislature hoped to recess—"and I didn't want it to delay us." But in trying to divorce these questions Ravitch was up against more than the Mayor—he was up against the press. To reporters, editors, and headline writers, the fare was an irresistible subject. The *Post*, in its account of the Governor's March 2nd initiative, reported, "Top city and state officials yesterday criticized Gov. Carey's $5 billion mass-transit package, charging it's an inadequate solution that would mean a 95-cent subway fare—at least—by 1984." (In a sidebar, the *Post* quoted Koch as saying, "I am not happy with the way the M.T.A. is going forward," and added that the Mayor "stopped short" of demanding Ravitch's removal.)

On April 21st, a transit police officer was wounded by a .22-calibre bullet just outside Ravitch's offices at M.T.A. headquarters. Although the assailant failed to explain his purpose before he fled, it was widely assumed that he had been after the M.T.A. chairman. "ASSASSIN ON THE LOOSE," the *Post* proclaimed. The *News*, for its part, printed a floor plan of the area—"so that," Diane Ravitch speculates, "future assassins would be able to find their way around more easily." After the shooting incident, Ravitch continued to fly back and forth to Albany, but now he was given a police escort and, when he could tolerate it, wore a bulletproof vest. There was another new touch to these trips, perhaps of greater significance. Ravitch and his people were dealing less and less with the Governor's staff, and more and more with the Legislature. After the fracas over the forty-eight-hour deadline, relations between the two branches had degenerated further. Hung up on the Medicaid issue, progress on the budget for fiscal 1981-82 came to a halt for more than a month. By early April, even indirect communication between Carey and Anderson had been suspended. John Kiernan, then the chief counsel and staff director of the Senate Transportation Committee, recalls an M.T.A.-related meeting with members of the Governor's staff on Palm Sunday night. "It was about one o'clock in the morning," Kiernan says, "and the word came all of a sudden from Senator Anderson's office: 'That's it. Pack up. We're not talking'—because the Governor's staff had again reversed itself in the Medicaid business, and Anderson's office took the position that we couldn't be talking to people who didn't follow through on commitments they had made."

Ravitch continued to deal with the Legislature. But, with no sign that disagreements within the Legislature itself were subsiding, and with no participation from "the second floor"—the Governor's floor of the Capitol building—it was hard to say where the talk was leading. Equally ominous was the strange alliance forming in opposition to the fare-backed-bond concept—the instrument by which the M.T.A. hoped to assemble two billion dollars of its rebuilding fund. Urban Democrats and transit advocacy groups had objected to the idea out of fear that huge fare increases would ultimately be required to repay the money. "The subway car you're funding with thirty-year bonds won't last thirty years," complained Donald

"For Albert, today is the first day of the rest of 'War and Peace.'"

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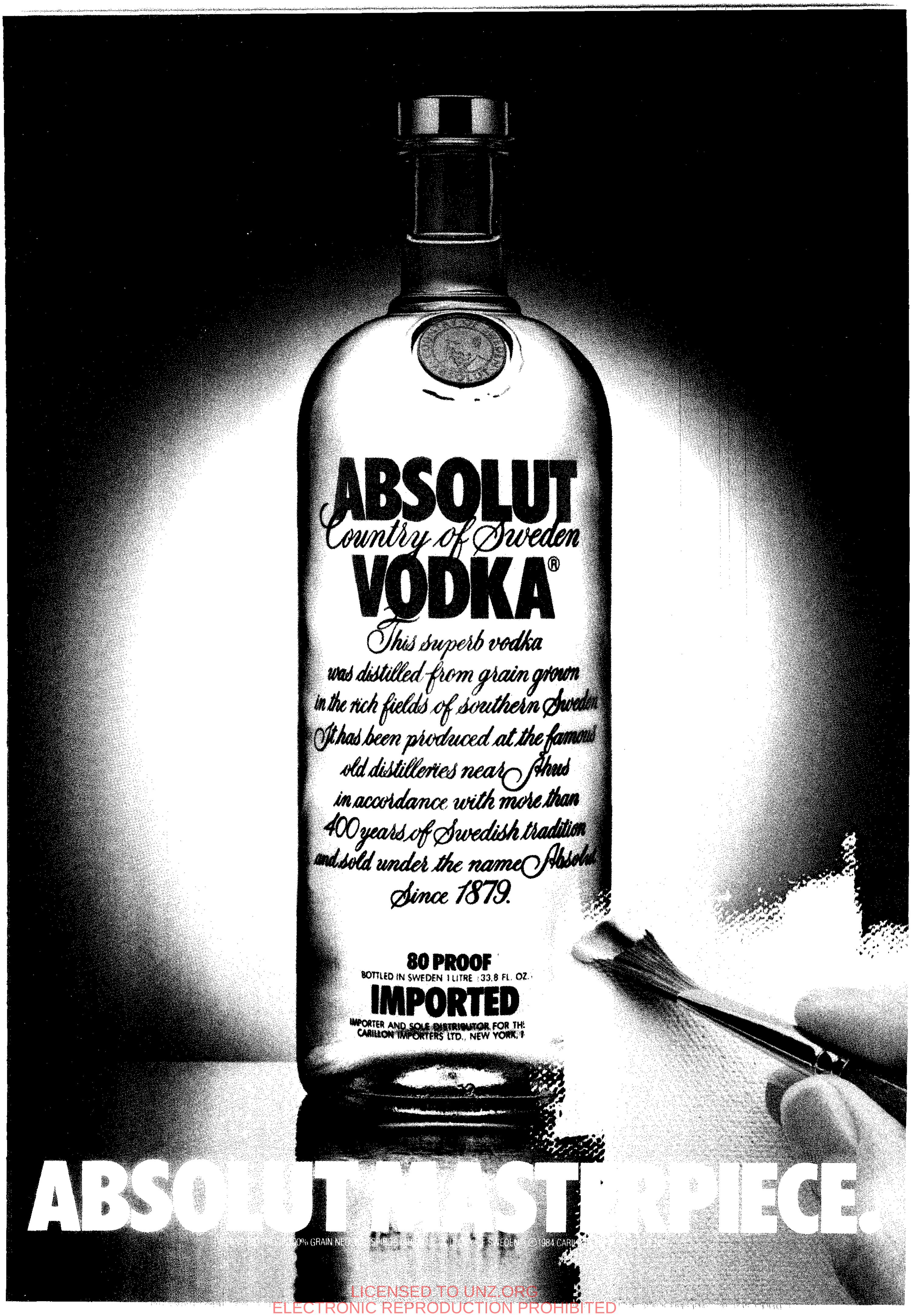
Halperin, a Democratic state senator from Brooklyn. "You'll be paying for it after it's gone, and that's not wise financial policy." Now some members of the financial community began to argue that Wall Street would not accept the bonds, or that new borrowing on such a scale would do grievous harm to the credit of New York City.

At this muddled stage, Ravitch sent an open letter to Carey, Koch, and the legislative leaders. "I never worked so hard on a letter in my life," he says. In it he wrote, "Concerns have . . . been expressed as to whether fare revenues should be used to service debt in the face of increasing operating deficits. But no one voicing them has proposed any alternative solutions. . . . Those who question the use of fare revenues for debt service and who are unwilling or unable to provide adequate capital appropriations must be prepared to live with the inevitable consequences of their position: ever-increasing misery for the transit-riding public; adverse locational decisions by businessmen; declining property values; losses of ridership; and ever-increasing pressure on fares."

The concerns persisted. On May 20th, Carey appointed a panel of "leading New Yorkers" to study the M.T.A.'s financial situation. The Governor was eager to contain fare increases, and he was ready now to propose a two-year tax package to that end, so that he wouldn't be in the position of having to propose more taxes in 1982, an election year. By naming a blue-ribbon panel, he evidently hoped to win an independent endorsement for his approach, and thus prod the Legislature into action. ("It was a technique that Carey used often," Ravitch says.) But the panel, headed by Kenneth Axelson, a senior vice-president of the J. C. Penney Company, saw itself making a more substantial contribution. In addition to the immediate financial questions, it decided to examine—at some length—such matters as the M.T.A.'s labor-management picture and the wisdom of its capital program. "If the Governor wanted a rubber stamp, he could have gone out and bought one," Felix Rohatyn, the chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation and an ex-officio member of the panel, told the *Times*. The Axelson panel issued its report on June 4th, recommending a combination of taxes which drew immediate criticism from many of the state's most influential politicians. The report endorsed the goals of the M.T.A.'s rebuilding program but questioned the mode of financing, stating that "borrowings should be kept to minimum levels." In any case, the report noted, the capital program should be made contingent on the creation of a Metropolitan Transportation Financial Control Board to "review and approve M.T.A. financial plans, capital programs, and proposed borrowings" and force "dramatic management and productivity improvements."

"So the Governor was now in the position of having his own bill criticized by his own panel," says Justin Feldman, one of Ravitch's key negotiators in this period. But the Governor was no longer a central figure in the fate of the capital-program legislation. The man who counted most with Ravitch now was Stanley Fink. The Governor's runaway panel had finally exhausted Fink's patience, and at the end of May he had put in a call to Ravitch, finding him at a Port Authority luncheon. As Fink recalls that conversation, "I made it known to him that we were elected officials, and we thought we had good staffs, and we didn't need any blue-ribbon panel to tell us what to do." Fink is careful to say that he didn't "bypass" the Governor's office. "As a result of nothing happening, a vacuum was created," he says. "Science will tell you that when a vacuum is created something rushes in." The something that rushed into this vacuum was Stanley Fink. He had made the upkeep of the state's infrastructure—its transportation, communication, water, and power networks—a high political priority, and the M.T.A.'s program had appealed to him from the start. Now he told Ravitch that he saw no reason the Legislature couldn't pass a bill in short order. If the Governor wanted to listen to his own panel and veto a proposal of his own sponsoring, so be it. Ravitch promptly got on a plane to Albany—a Command Airways plane, rather than one of the state-owned models he usually flew in. Fink had invited him to "meet with me and Warren privately," and he took that to mean he shouldn't let anyone on the second floor know about it.

"So back we went to Albany," Justin Feldman recalls. "We didn't know if the bill was dead or alive. In the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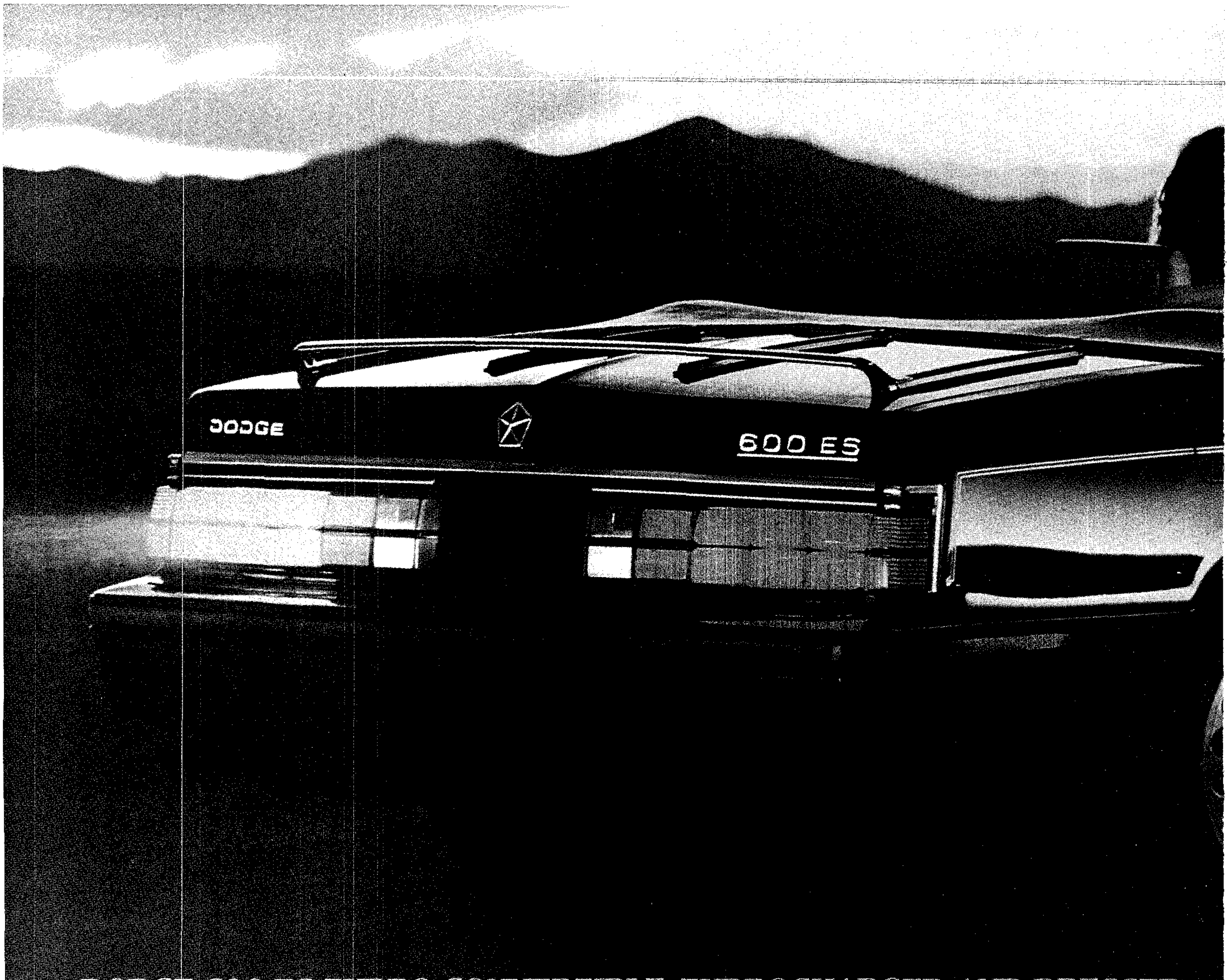

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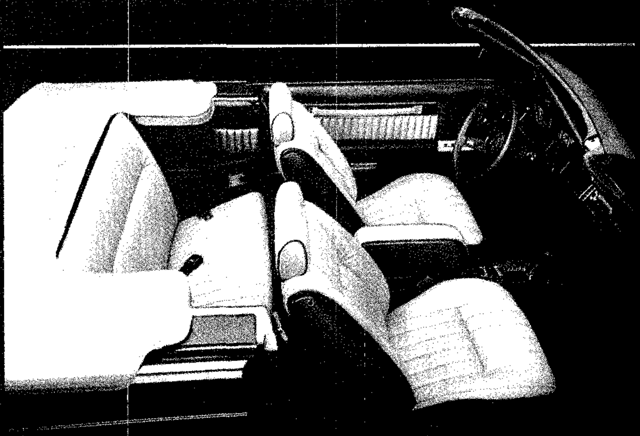

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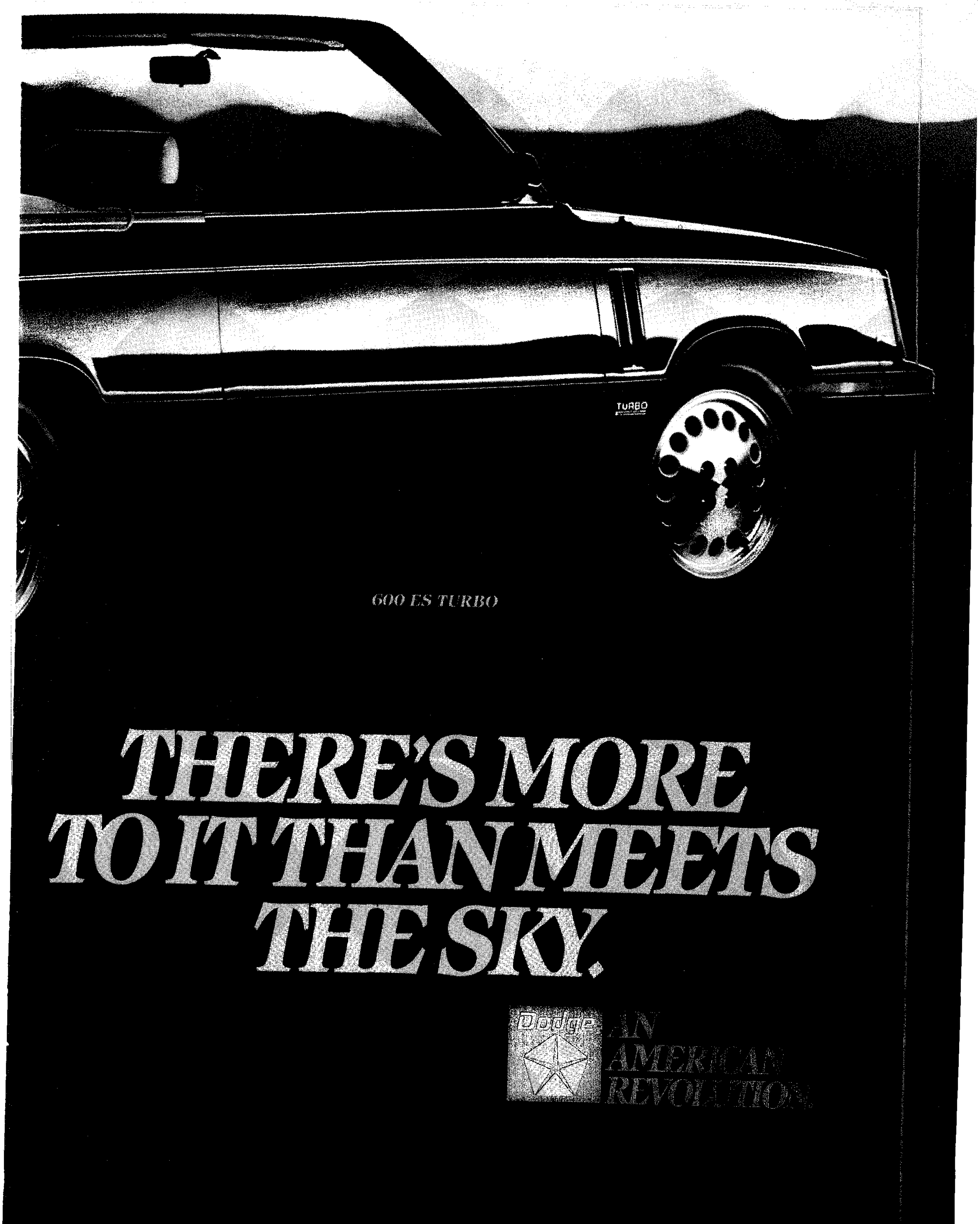
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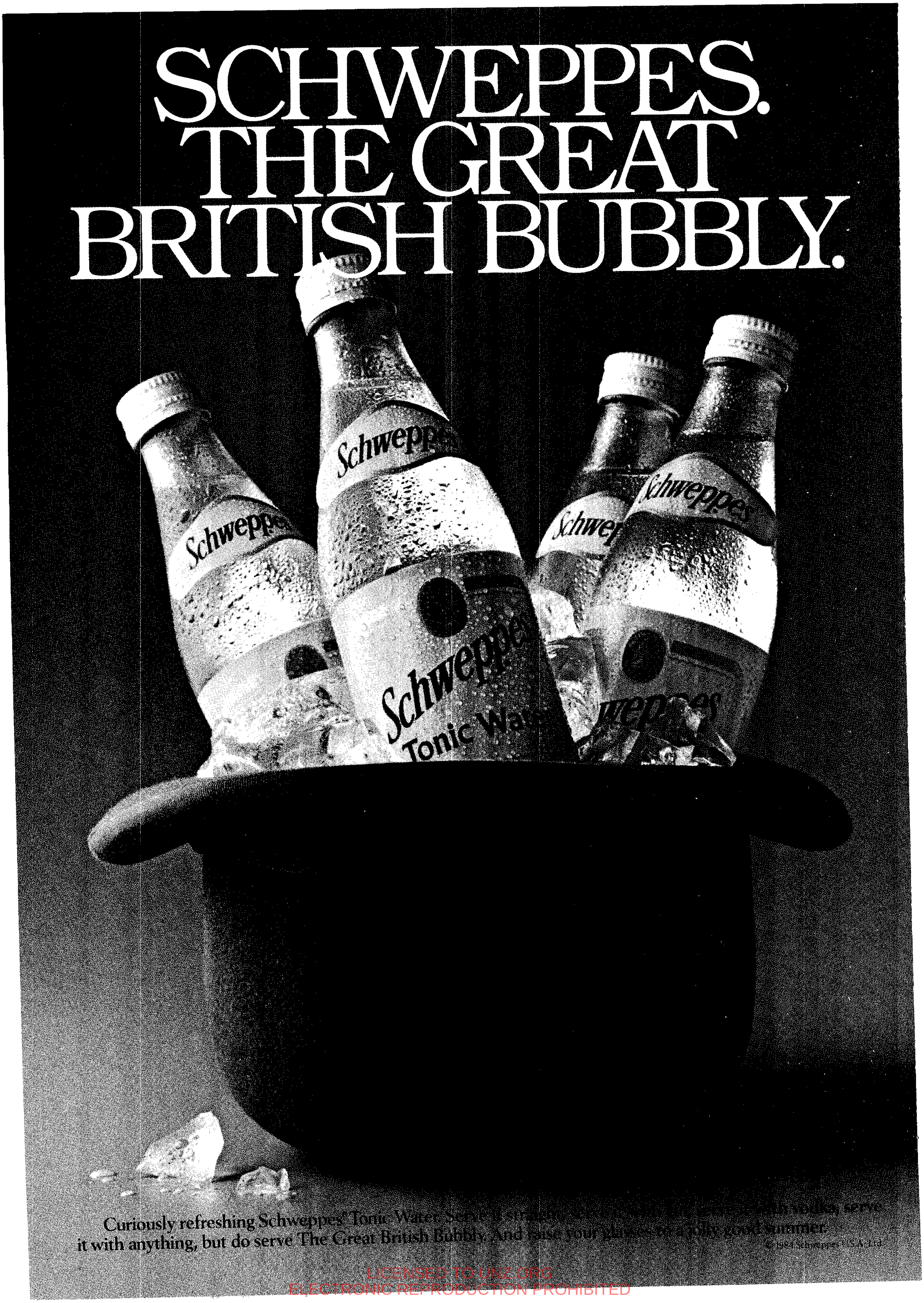

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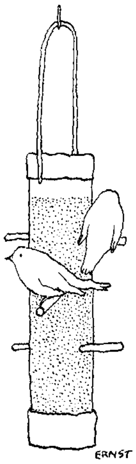
early part of June, we had several all-night, round-the-clock sessions with Fink's staff and Anderson's staff. And all of a sudden we were in a unique and difficult position—the legislative leaders put me under strictures that included not being allowed to show copies of the bill to the Governor's staff."

The Legislature made a number of changes in Carey's bill—among them the creation of an M.T.A. capital-program review board, infelicitously referred to as "Metcrap"—but the M.T.A. would be getting three billion five hundred million dollars in bonding authority, a sum that, along with about three billion dollars in anticipated capital funds from the city, state, and federal governments, was close to what it had been seeking. The Assembly passed the bill on the twenty-second of June, the Senate on the twenty-third. "I'll never forget," Feldman says. "Dick called me about eleven o'clock on the night of the twenty-third and told me the bill had just passed, and we both sort of broke down—practically cried. It was an enormous experience for us. It was like giving birth. And the Governor signed it on June twenty-ninth."

Looking back on that achievement, Ralph Laws says, "What made it so unusual was that Ravitch was willing to say, out front, 'I'll deal with the Legislature.' " Until then, big spending projects had been a prerogative of the executive, and the heads of public agencies, like the M.T.A., had been viewed as the governor's creatures. "It's the only time that I can think of when there was an impetus from an executive-branch agency or a public authority which was brought to fruition by the Legislature essentially without the involvement of the second floor," Laws says. "I can't remember a significant negotiation on the bill when anybody from the second floor was present. Ravitch was in Albany negotiating while—I'm reasonably convinced—nobody in the executive branch had the slightest idea what was happening."

Hugh Carey would be the object of a vast amount of amateur psychoanalysis in the latter days of his governorship. Tales of his unpredictability and his busy social life would ultimately compromise his authority and make him, in some minds, a figure of fun. But at the time that Ravitch made the decision to circumvent Carey's staff and deal directly with the Legislature this course was not one to be taken lightly. "His movement to us and his willingness to work with us made us all feel somewhat at risk for him, and my feeling is that we developed a sense of loyalty to him as a result," Eric Lane says. "We just decided collectively, in some kind of slow subconscious-into-conscious process, that this was going to be a legislative initiative, and once we all came around to realizing that, it was a very bipartisan approach."

The Legislature was not yet finished with the transit issue, however. Koch and Ohrenstein had backed off their effort to put the capital program into harness with a tax measure to restrain fare increases. But there was general support for new taxes to keep the fare from going past seventy-five cents over the next two years. The problem—which would keep the Legislature in knots right up until it recessed, on July 10th—was getting a consensus to back any particular group of taxes. Ravitch had said that the fare question would have to be decided by July 1st, but as that date came and went he saw that "nobody was prepared to consider seriously any particular tax package, even though they all knew what the numbers were and that if they did nothing the fare would go to a buck on the subways and comparable amounts on the commuter lines." He recalls that he finally decided "to do something hokey but also, I thought, appropriate, and that was to vote two increases—one to seventy-five cents, effective immediately, and the other to a dollar, effective two weeks later, if we didn't get more money from the state."



Stanley Fink gave his prior approval to this decision, and shortly after it had been taken he and Anderson moved to break the logjam. "We sat down with all our staff analysis and some foolscap and wrote out a tax package," Fink says. It passed both houses after an all-night ordeal culminating at 7:20 A.M. on July 9th. In the final hours, according to John Kiernan, several recalcitrant senators were "taken into the fireplace" by Anderson, and emerged to provide the minimum margin of victory. (There are two oversize fireplaces in the Senate chamber, both sometimes employed for last-minute conferences in which, Kiernan says, a senator "goes in with one attitude on a bill and comes out with another.") Later, Senator Howard Nolan, of Albany, who had been recorded in favor of the taxes, made the embarrassing disclosure that he had been hospitalized with an abdominal problem some hours before the vote, and would have voted "No" had he voted at all. The mistake was attributable to a practice known as the "fast roll call," in which members are assumed to be present and in favor unless the chair hears otherwise. A taxpayers' group attempted to have the vote nullified on the basis of Nolan's absence, but the courts decided that the Legislature's rules were the Legislature's business.

There were five taxes in all. Two proved largely uncollectible, including the most novel offering of that season—the so-called long-lines tax on transportation companies. Mortimer Downey, the M.T.A.'s deputy executive director for capital programs, explains, "The state, basically, taxes business that goes on within the state, and cannot, under the Constitution, tax interstate business. But they found a little niche—a piece they could get at. In theory, if someone bought a plane ticket from Albany to Washington you could ask the airline to attribute some portion of that fare to the part of the trip from Albany to the state line, and call that in-state business, and tax it. Unfortunately, this turned out to be directly prohibited by a provision of federal law. But it was a good try." From the M.T.A.'s point of view, a collectible tax was certainly preferable to an uncollectible tax, but an uncollectible tax was preferable to no tax at all, because, as Downey says, "it then became the state's responsibility to replace it." The 1981 tax package was supposed to raise nearly eight hundred million dollars over two years. The results fell about two hundred and fifty million dollars short, but in 1982 the Legislature made amends with a two-year corporate-franchise tax throughout the M.T.A.'s twelve-county region, and the fare remained at seventy-five cents.

OF the fourteen members of the M.T.A.'s board of directors, four are appointed by the governor on the recommendation of the mayor; four by the governor on the recommendation of the suburban county leaders; and six (including the chairman) by the governor on his own. "Traditionally, they have represented the views of their political masters," Steven Polan says. "But I think under Ravitch it worked the opposite way. They argued the M.T.A.'s case before their masters."

The appalling condition of New York's transit systems undoubtedly encouraged some otherwise opinionated and partisan people to raise their standards of political behavior. But Ravitch himself was probably an important factor. A slow talker who sometimes fumbles for words, Ravitch seems to enter every conversation assuming that the other party shares his interest in knowing the facts, in analyzing them correctly, and in discovering what outcome will serve the public best. "He wants other people not only to agree with him but to agree with his reasons," says Stephen Berger. "People think of Dick as a businessman and as a lawyer and as a public official. He's really a teacher. He's not naïve—he's been very tough with a lot of people. But he may have been the last public official in the United States to believe that in the end people are susceptible to reason." Ravitch also suffered, according to Berger, from a tendency to frame every problem in the context of "the history of transportation from the Abyssinians on, often boring people to death in the process." But this proved unexpectedly productive in many of the transit quarrels, Berger says, because it forced Ravitch's opponents to articulate the reasons for their opposition, and they often had trouble doing so. As Berger sees it, Ravitch did not so much "win people over" as "let them do what was right."

In March of 1981, Ravitch had taken part in a "speak-out" organized by the Straphangers Campaign, a Naderesque watchdog agency that publishes periodic subway "studies," usually highlighting the incompetence or indifference of management. "From our point of view as a community organization," says Gene Russianoff, the Straphangers' counsel, "in order to get eight hundred to a thousand people to a meeting you've got to have somebody important, and yet they're not going to heap praise on him. They're there to beat up on him." The speakout borrowed a tactic from the Chicago activist Saul Alinsky—a chart listing the audience's demands, with, next to each, a "Yes," "No," or "Runaround," to be circled after Ravitch (or Deputy Mayor Wagner, who went with him) had responded. "It's called an accountability session," Russianoff explains. Less polite forms of criticism were also employed. In the question-and-answer part of the evening, one civic activist told Ravitch and Wagner, "The transit system is criminal violence against the transit rider, and we want those responsible brought to justice!" Russianoff was impressed with Ravitch's performance. "It was an extremely unpleasant experience for him," he says. "But he had the brains to realize that the meeting would produce headlines he could use when he went lobbying to Albany." (The shooting incident at M.T.A. headquarters a few weeks later prompted a police investigator to call Russianoff and ask if anyone at the speakout had "expressed hostility" toward Ravitch. Russianoff said he could hardly remember anyone who hadn't.)

Ravitch talked to untold numbers of unfriendly people in his efforts to promote the capital program. Most of the talking was on the telephone. "Dick has this thing of being almost unable to refuse a phone call," says Robert Gerard, an investment banker who helped put together the fare-backed bond issue. "He would sit at his desk and see the lights blinking on the phone and be unable to restrain himself from trying to find out who was at the other end of the flash." According to David Plavin, meetings with Ravitch were always punctuated with telephone calls. "Something would come into his head and he would say, 'I'm going to call So-and-So and get it from him directly—I don't need all these intermediaries,' " Plavin recalls. "Dick had no hesitation about calling anybody. He would say, 'Well, let's call the Secretary and find out what he has in mind.' Or 'Call the White House.' I have to believe that if I'd been on the other end of one of those telephone calls I would have been annoyed as hell at the insistence that was coming over the phone at me. I would be saying to myself, 'How can I strangle this guy?' And at the same time thinking 'But he's too nice a person. I can't do it. Too nice a person and too convinced of the rectitude of what he's saying.' "

When someone proves difficult, Ravitch sometimes says that the person needs a little "schmeikeling." The word comes from the Yiddish and means, approximately, "sweet talk," and it probably made a fair contribution to the M.T.A.'s stunning success in Albany in 1981. So, undoubtedly, did Ravitch's "absolute doggedness," as Justin Feldman puts it. "He just didn't leave any stone unturned," Feldman says. "He talked to everyone, at every level. Not just the people directly involved but the people who could influence the people directly involved, and the people who could influence *them*." Journalists were the object of a good share of this attention. Although the fact didn't fully sink in until afterward, the heavy press coverage of the "transit crisis" that spring was a major achievement for Ravitch and the M.T.A. The editorial pages were almost as full of the issue as the front pages, and it was embarrassingly clear whom the editorial writers were talking to. "The Albany politicians know what has to be done—and if they don't, transportation boss Richard Ravitch has spelled it out for them in large, capital letters," the *News* declared on May 18th, and added, "Incredible as it may seem, though, there still isn't any sense of urgency in Albany over this whole god-awful mess." Feldman recalls walking into the Governor's quar-

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ters in Albany one morning, "and Morgado was standing there with his *Post*, *News*, and *Times* spread out at the editorial pages, and he turned to me and said, 'If your client would spend more time talking to me and less time writing editorials, we could get along better.' "

As a species, the businessman-turned-public-servant has left a spotty record in American politics. A number of successful business executives, from Wendell Willkie to George Romney, have been dizzied or humbled by the political whirl. What Ravitch and the M.T.A. wrung from the federal government in the summer of 1981, however, suggests that there are times when a knowledge of the business world can prove invaluable to a public servant. Without Ravitch's business background, the M.T.A. would not have developed a program that asked so little of the appropriation process, and its efforts would probably have been cut to ribbons in Albany. In Washington, there was an even greater need to be seen as something more than an urban beggar. During the spring of 1981, Ravitch paid several calls on members of the new Administration, hoping to win them over to his proposals regarding the investment tax credit and a contractual guarantee for federal mass-transit subsidies. His quest took him to the Office of Management and Budget to see its director, David Stockman, who listened politely but declined to endorse either proposal, and then to the White House to see the President's chief of staff, James Baker. Baker told Ravitch, "You ought to do more at the local level," and asked why, if the City of New York needed money so badly, it didn't simply abandon the Westway project and apply for the mass-transit trade-in that so many anti-highway groups had been demanding. Ravitch, by his own admission, had been "ducking" the Westway issue—partly because Carey and Koch were committed to the project, and partly because he felt sure that the M.T.A. would be able to use its share of a Westway trade-in no matter what additional funding sources it had tapped in the meantime. He told Baker, "Well, the President is for Westway, and the Governor and the Mayor are for it. If they want to change their stand, that's fine, but let's not use that as an excuse to avoid doing anything else." He got no satisfaction. "We had a whole series of proposals," he says, "and the Administration indicated no willingness to support any of them."

Washington lobbyists will testify that the least understood part of their craft is the excruciating difficulty of getting Congress to do anything. "Anything," in this context, means anything significantly different from what was done last year and the year before. This is why the wise lobbyist, when in pursuit of a substantial change in the law, may prefer to ride someone else's wave rather than generate his own. When Ravitch began testing the waters, there was an awesome wave on the way—the huge tax cuts known as the Economic Recovery Act of 1981. The Administration had turned Ravitch's investment-tax-credit pitch down flat, but as its own tax program began taking shape word of something called "safe-harbor leasing" surfaced. It was a concept that, with just a little tinkering, might suit the M.T.A.'s needs nicely. A safe-harbor lease would not be a lease in the conventional sense of the term. No property would change hands. Only money and paperwork would. Imagine that an item—say, an airplane—comes with a couple of tickets attached called "depreciation" and "investment tax credit." If the purchaser is a profitable company, it can use those tickets on its own tax return. But if it is losing money, and so is in no need of tax write-offs, it can sell its tickets to a company in better circumstances, which then acts, come tax time, as if it owned the property. In the past, this kind of paper transaction did not qualify as a lease unless it could be shown to have some economic justification apart from the tax advantage. Now the Administration wanted to loosen things up with a set of statutory requirements that far more deals would be able to meet. Participating companies could thereby consider themselves in "safe harbor." Moreover, lessors would be allowed to take depreciation over the generously short term of five years. There was a lot of money to be made in a hurry. The only problem as far as the M.T.A. was concerned was that the proposed safe-harbor clause, like the investment tax credit, would not apply to property used by "any state or political subdivision." So the task was to get Congress to change that, and the Administration to accept the change. Politically, it would be a delicate business, because the proponents of the new tax cuts were, for the most part, a group distinct from the proponents of mass transit for New York City. There was no natural foundation of support in Congress for applying supply-side theory to an agency like the M.T.A. On the other hand, safe-harbor leasing was coming into the tax code fresh, and although it would later achieve a certain notoriety, it was one of the more obscure and complicated provisions of a lengthy piece of legislation—fully understood, perhaps, only by the low-profile coalition of corporate lobbyists and Republican tax theorists which had conceived it.

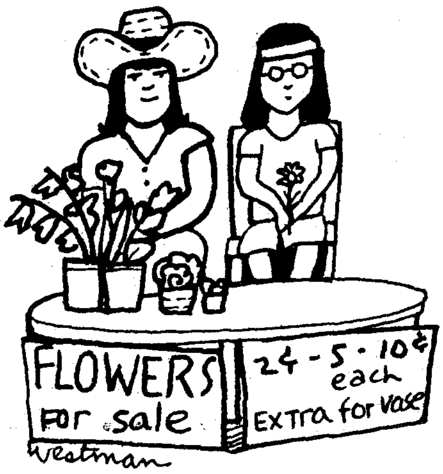
At this point, Ravitch and Steven Polan, who would be his principal emissary to Congress that year, began to get sneaky. With the help of Charles Rangel, the Democratic representative from upper Manhattan, they managed to insert a portion of the language they would need into the House Democrats' draft of the tax bill. Then, as it became clear that the Administration bill would prevail even in the House—such was the strength of the Republican tide at that hour—William Green, the Republican representative from the East Side of Manhattan, went to the White House and asked to have the Rangel morsel added to the Administration bill. Otherwise, he said, he couldn't vote for it. So in the bill eventually approved by the House the M.T.A. wound up with a provision that, Polan says, "gave us a handle to work with" in a House-Senate conference. In the Senate bill, the M.T.A. had nothing. But in the conference committee it could count on the assistance of both Rangel and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the Democratic senator from New York, who, beyond his natural interest in representing his mass-transit-riding constituents, was a personal friend of Ravitch's. Polan worked closely with Moynihan's and Rangel's staffs during these maneuvers. "I remember this very vividly," he says. "It was a closed committee, but I was standing right outside the room in case one of them wanted me. What Rangel and Moynihan did was explain to the conference committee that even if the wording of the House bill was a little fuzzy, its intent was clearly to let public transit enjoy the same new leasing mechanism as the private sector. It was an uncontroversial proposal, they said. And the conference committee went along with it." The bill in its final form made a distinction between transit agencies and other traffickers in safe-harbor leases—the former could take advantage of depreciation but not of the investment tax credit. Nevertheless, the M.T.A. stood to gain about five hundred million dollars. "So the Reagan bill included this provision even though the White House had specifically rejected our earlier proposal," Polan says. "And probably no one fully realized what we had done except Dick, myself, Moynihan, Rangel, and maybe a dozen other people."

CLOSE observers of the New York City subways will affirm that there are differences among the three lines and that, of the three, the I.R.T. is probably the worst off. I.R.T. cars are narrower and shorter than those of the B.M.T. and the I.N.D., which are interchangeable. (An I.R.T. car is nine feet wide and fifty-one feet long; a B.M.T. or I.N.D. car is ten feet wide and either sixty or seventy-five feet long.) Of a total of twenty-six hundred I.R.T. cars currently in the system, seventy-eight—the oldest subway cars still in service—date back to 1949. Eleven hundred and fourteen others were manufactured in the fifties.

In the summer of 1981, the Transit Authority was preparing to buy three hundred and twenty-five new I.R.T. cars—the first since 1964. It had chosen a model made by Kawasaki Heavy Industries of Japan, a company known on these shores for one of its less important products—motorcycles. Kawasaki was willing to make a subway car for just under eight hundred and ninety-four thousand dollars. That, at any rate, was the price quoted to Ravitch when the T.A. briefed him on the deal. Although he had not been involved in the transaction before then, he exercised his executive privilege of asking questions. How much competition had there been? Were there any other companies that might have been included in the process? Why did the T.A. have to do business by competitive bidding, anyway? Why not see if the high bidder would undercut the low bidder, or if the low bidder would go even lower? To this last inquiry came the reply that state law demanded bids and barred negotiation. In that case, said Ravitch, why not change the law? "I had an instinctive feeling that the numbers could get lower," he explains.

With the State Legislature back in session—tying up a few loose ends in the transit bills of June and July, among other things—the timing was fortunate, and the M.T.A. still had momentum from its earlier victories. The only problem with this latest idea was that it looked suspiciously like a very old one. Whatever Ravitch meant by "negotiation," it would inevitably be seen in some quarters as a return to the ways that had enriched the Tweed ring and other artful managers of the public purse in days gone by. The potential for corruption—or simply for throwing one's weight around—was tremendous. One key assemblyman had to be talked out of his objections, point by point. "In essence," Justin Feldman says, "what Dick did was to start off by saying, 'O.K., I agree with you—as a matter of public policy it's important to avoid the possibility of favoritism and fraud and so forth. Now, how do you think it will happen here? What is your concern? You're afraid of secret deals? Suppose we are required to disclose what all the negotiations have been with all the parties? You're concerned that we might not take the lowest bid? Well, if we reject any bids, why not require us to give our reasons? You're concerned that we won't negotiate with every potential bidder? Fine—why not require us to publish in advance our intention to negotiate?' And he evolved a package that took care of each of the arguments that had been raised, and left him with what he needed."

An aide to Warren Anderson commented that the power to negotiate contracts on the M.T.A.'s scale was nothing less than the power to elect a governor of New York State. That wasn't a power that Anderson was willing to cede to the chairman of the M.T.A., as a general proposition. But he was willing to do it for Ravitch, whom he trusted. So a bill allowing the M.T.A. to negotiate with suppliers was enacted in November with an amendment stipulating that it would sunset the next summer, and Ravitch began shopping for subway cars. The capital program had called for eleven hundred and fifty I.R.T. cars, not just three hundred and twenty-five, so one of the first steps the M.T.A. took was to approach the smaller deal as a prelude to the bigger one. Getting the Japanese into the picture had been a significant achievement, but Kawasaki had no serious interest in bidding on the remaining eight hundred and twenty-five cars—it already had as much work as it could handle. And without Kawasaki the competition promised to be scarce. Of the four American firms that had supplied subway cars to New York City over the last twenty years, three—the St. Louis Car Company, the American Car & Foundry Company, and the Pullman-Standard Company—had forsaken the business. (Pullman had withdrawn most recently, after a scandal involving cracked undercarriages in its R-46 cars. In December of 1980, the T.A. and the city had won a seventy-two-million-dollar judgment from Pullman and its subcontractor for the undercarriages, Rockwell International. Seven T.A. officials had later been indicted for accepting free meals and other favors from those two firms and other R-46 subcontractors.) The Budd Company, based in Troy, Michigan, was the only American manufacturer of subway cars left, and the M.T.A. did not want to negotiate with Budd alone. A promising alternative was Bombardier, a Canadian firm best known for inventing the snowmobile. But Bombardier had adopted a conservative policy with regard to the railroad-car end of its business, refusing to make a car that had not been designed and tested elsewhere. So the M.T.A. set as a condition of its deal with Kawasaki that Bombardier receive a license to manufacture cars from the Japanese design.



Vender financing was another condition. Such an arrangement was unheard-of in public transit, and New York City may not have seemed the best place to start, in view of its recent fiscal history. But to Ravitch it seemed perfectly natural: Buy now, pay later. So he asked Kawasaki not only to lower its price—which it did, by fifty thousand dollars—but to persuade the Japanese government to help with the financing. At first, the negotiators for Kawasaki said they would need a third-party guarantee—from a bank or a municipal-bond-insurance association. "And Dick was adamant that he would not do that," Polan recalls. "He said, 'We're creditworthy, we want credit, and we will not give you this car award unless you give us credit.' Their response was 'You need the cars and we're low bidder. We don't understand.' But Dick was resolute." The negotiations with Kawasaki were "exciting but tortuous," according to Polan, who held up the M.T.A.'s end along with Ravitch and Daniel Scannell. The Japanese Export-Import Bank finally "caved" to the financing request. This gave the M.T.A. the option—which, in the end, was not exercised—of waiting several years before entering the bond market. The arrangement also had value as a precedent, because, Polan says, "our goal was to get these foreign countries into a bidding war in extending us credit."

BUYING subway cars was the major business on Ravitch's calendar from the fall of 1981 through the spring of 1982, but he found time to arrive, strikeless, at a new contract with the T.W.U. By now, he and John Lawe both felt surer of their positions. Ravitch was sure, too, that he didn't want to repeat the mistakes of 1980—such as counting a twenty-minute addition to the transit workday as a significant improvement in productivity. Those twenty minutes—part of a hastily concocted productivity package upon which the M.T.A. had placed a value of ninety million dollars—"proved to be more illusory than real," he says. Carol Bellamy puts it more bluntly: "If they got a minute and a half back each day, they were lucky."

The M.T.A. went into the 1982 negotiations with an ambitious set of productivity goals. This time, however, improved productivity held a certain appeal for the union, too—as a response to the growing number of repair jobs it was losing to outside contractors. At Lawe's instigation, the two sides fashioned a method of making comparisons between the cost of doing business in-house and outside. The union agreed to abandon repair quotas in return for the chance to bid on the upcoming overhaul of three hundred R-36 cars, a job the M.T.A. had planned to farm out. The 1982 contract also included two clear gains for management—the precedent of going to binding arbitration on points that no union bargainer could be

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caught conceding, and the adoption of a three-year instead of a two-year contract term. Historically, the transit contract had come up several months before the other city contracts—which also run for two years—and the municipal unions, as a group, had found this a pleasing arrangement. Polan explains, "The transit workers had more power than probably any other city service except police. If the transit workers went out, they could hold you up. If the hospital workers go out, nobody cares, because it's poor people who go to city hospitals. If the social workers go out, it's the same thing. I think that one of the lasting but as yet unheralded achievements of Dick's tenure will be apparent this summer, because the city will set the wage, and the transit workers will follow. He knew exactly what he was doing."

A union leader might be expected to quarrel with the implication that he has been bamboozled. But John Lawe portrays this aspect of the negotiations with charming self-deprecation. Ravitch, he says, told him, " 'You know, John, the norm for this year is going to be a three-year contract for everybody. There's going to be no more than six, six, and seven for everybody' "—meaning the per-cent raises per year. "And this greenhorn accepted that. Then, lo and behold, it turned out that there was a governor's race and some unions endorsed Koch for governor, and they got away with two or three per cent more, and I was the only union in the entire city that agreed to a three-year contract—and if that isn't being responsible, and that isn't contributing to the stability of the city, I ask you, what is?"

IN the spring of 1982, negotiations began on the purchase of the remaining eight hundred and twenty-five subway cars, with three firms—Canada's Bombardier, France's Francorail (a consortium of six French companies), and Budd—competing for what would be the biggest contract for subway cars ever awarded in the United States. "This place was a zoo for weeks on end," Polan recalls. "We allocated a conference room to each subway-car vender, and other rooms to subcontractors who had major stakes in this, because not only were we trying to play off the companies against each other, we were trying to play off G.E. against Westinghouse, one of whom would get the subcontract for propulsion, which was the largest single subcontract." Repre-

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sentatives of the three principal firms stayed at different hotels, but they were periodically summoned to M.T.A. headquarters for pivotal discussions. Toward the end, according to Polan, "we had at least two if not all three of them in the building simultaneously on different floors, and Dick in one room, and lawyers in another room, and the people at Morgan Guaranty, who were using financial computer programs to advise us, in another room, and representatives of foreign governments in still other rooms. It was wild."

The subway-car negotiations came at an aggressive moment in the recent history of international trade. European exporters, subsidized by their governments, had been offering unusually generous prices and credit terms to overseas purchasers of their goods, and there was a movement afoot to restrain this kind of competition. Under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, governments were not supposed to subsidize exports through overly generous credit terms; at the time, 11.25 per cent had been set as the minimum interest to be charged. But in the heat of the M.T.A. negotiations no one seemed particularly intimidated by the GATT provisions, and, with France leading the way and Canada close behind, both countries let it be known that they would lend the M.T.A. more than half a billion dollars—or about eighty-five per cent of the total purchase price—at 9.7 per cent interest, with the money to be repaid over a ten-year period following delivery of the cars. Even Budd, the domestic entry, found a way into the export-credit game, by farming out its subcontracts on car shells, propulsion, and undercarriages to companies based in Portugal and Brazil, and then securing attractive offers of credit from officials of those economically anxious nations. In the M.T.A.'s eyes, however, this willingness to buy parts from hither and yon only cast further doubt on the dependability of a firm that already had orders for more than a thousand cars at its main plant, in Philadelphia, and that proposed to establish a new facility in upstate New York to handle much of the work it hoped to do for the M.T.A. When the final offers came in, on the morning of May 17th, the M.T.A. had effectively narrowed the choice to Bombardier and Francorail.

Then the M.T.A.'s evaluation team, human and electronic, went to work. The Bombardier and Francorail

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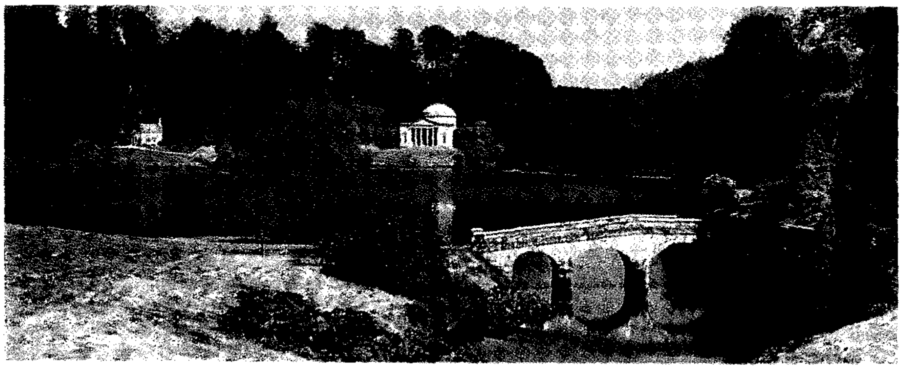

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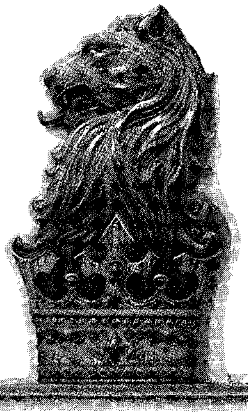

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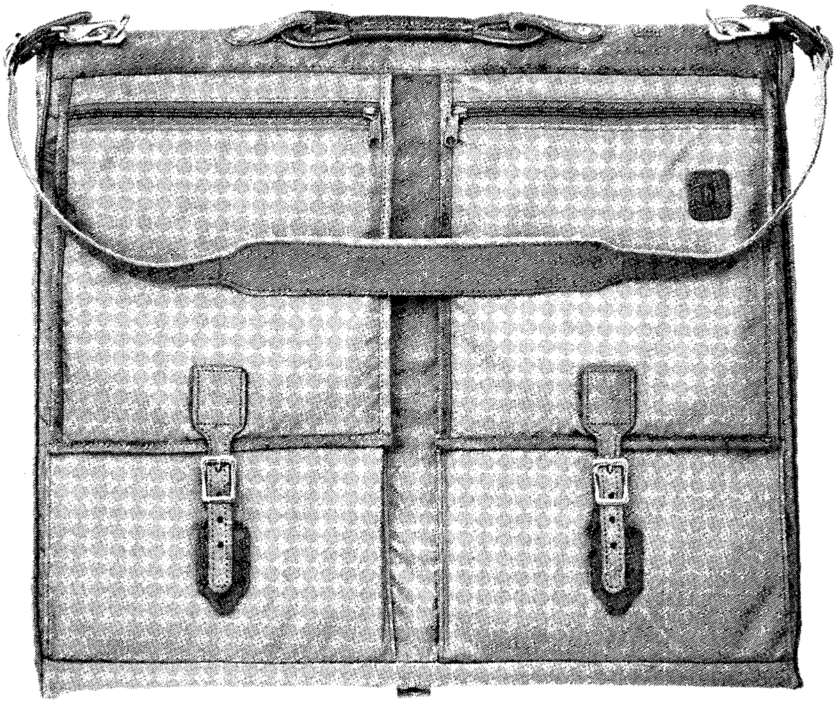

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bids were deemed to be equally attractive in financial terms—both companies would build a car for a little more than eight hundred thousand dollars (compared with Budd's offer of seven hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars a car). Bombardier, however, would be getting sixteen per cent of its components from New York State manufacturers—far more than Francorail—and state law made this a factor that had to be considered. A tentative decision, in Bombardier's favor, was reached at about seven o'clock that evening, and a few more hours were consumed in discussions of final details. Toward midnight, Bombardier's chairman, Laurent Beaudoin, was invited to M.T.A. headquarters and informed that his company had been chosen.

Ravitch was not prepared for the "Buy American" backlash the decision provoked. As he saw it, fourteen other American cities had used federal funds to buy foreign rolling stock; the M.T.A., by contrast, would simply be using federal tax benefits to facilitate an expenditure out of local funds. He had already contracted to buy three hundred and twenty-five subway cars from Japan, and, except for one query of "Are you people up there in New York *Americans*?" (from Representative Don Bailey, Democrat of Pennsylvania), the reaction had been mild. Late in the Bombardier/Francorail/Budd negotiations, there had been a cautionary phone call from Donald deKieffer, general counsel of the Office of the United States Trade Representative, reminding Ravitch about the GATT guidelines. That had spurred him to consult the law firm of Mudge Rose Guthrie & Alexander, and its opinion had been reassuring. The 11.25-per-cent floor on foreign credit would apply only if an American firm was "injured" in the process, Ravitch had been told. Since the M.T.A. had independent reasons for not going with Budd, Ravitch concluded that there was no danger on that point.

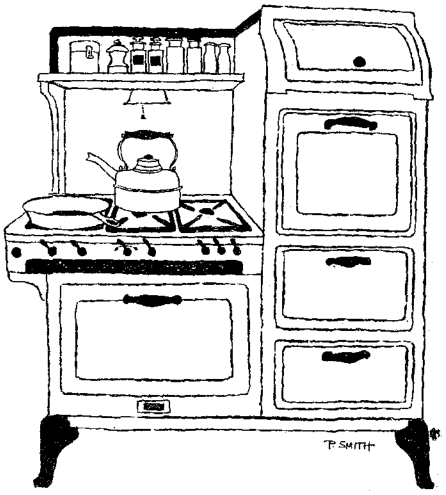
But the Bombardier deal had no sooner been disclosed than denunciations began pouring in from labor leaders, newspaper columnists, and public officials—elected, appointed, and aspiring. Mario Cuomo, running for governor, cited the subway-car purchase as a unique—and lost—opportunity to create an entirely new, New York-based industry. Cuomo was so angered by the M.T.A.'s failure to explore this "Made in New York" approach that he proposed a reorganization plan—a variation on Franklin D. Roosevelt's Supreme Court-packing proposal—to give the governor more influence over the M.T.A. board. To William Brock, the United States Trade Representative, the deal was a sour note sounded on the eve of the economic summit at Versailles, where the Administration would be pushing for a truce in the export-credit wars. To Robert Dole, the chairman of the United States Senate Finance Committee—and to others in Congress, including even some liberal Democrats and members with districts served by the M.T.A.—this purchase not only threatened to undermine American economic interests but employed federal-tax trickery, in the form of safe-harbor leasing, to do so.

"It was a highly visible transaction at a time of high unemployment and growing protectionist spirit," says Mortimer Downey, who spent a lot of time in Washington that year on the M.T.A.'s behalf. "What did we know? We wanted to buy some subway cars, and next thing we were undermining America's foreign economic policy. We were in deep, deep trouble in Washington with that deal."

Of all the enemies that the Bombardier deal made, none could be more dangerous on a practical level than Senator Dole. Nor was this the first time that Ravitch's eccentric business ways had come to Dole's attention. In the fall of 1981, the M.T.A. had announced an agreement to "lease" five hundred and ninety-eight buses and ten commuter-rail cars from Metromedia, a firm not previously known for its interest in mass transit. This was the M.T.A.'s first attempt to exploit the benefits newly written into the tax code. It was also, Polan points out, "the first time the public realized that this guy Ravitch was doing something weird—a public agency being creative—and that kind of woke people up." It certainly woke up the Senator from Kansas. He condemned the transaction as a "horror story." Ravitch, approached for comment, had a ready retort. "Shouldn't the transit system that carries people in New York be entitled to the same benefits as the railroad that hauls grain in Kansas?" he asked. Later, he regretted this little witticism, because word got back to him that it had further annoyed Dole, perhaps hardening his opposition.

The Metromedia lease was only the first of many for the M.T.A. "One of the lessons of safe-harbor leasing is that you see where the profits are in this economy," says Downey. "Who is it we've sold our tax benefits to? Metromedia, Ralph Lauren Womenswear, Topps Chewing Gum, Carvel Corporation, Grey Advertising. Most of these guys are feather merchants." The contracts were drawn up, Downey adds, so that the lessors need have no fear of being forced—if the M.T.A. should fall behind in its payments—to take actual physical custody of any vehicles. "I'm sure Ralph Lauren would be very unhappy," he says, "if a whole bunch of buses showed up at his studio."

The M.T.A., of course, was not solely responsible for making some senators rethink the matter of safe-harbor leasing. What really upset them was the discovery that a number of the most profitable companies in America were using safe-harbor leases to wipe out billions of dollars in potential taxes. In 1981, the Ford Motor Company sold more than a hundred million dollars' worth of tax benefits on tools and machinery to I.B.M. General Electric was reported to be anticipating five years of tax-free corporate life because of safe-harbor leasing. In all, from this single element of the tax law the federal treasury stood to lose from twenty-seven billion dollars (its own estimate) to sixty billion dollars (the outer range of the outside estimates) through 1986. The M.T.A.'s role in all this would be comparatively trivial. But even so—and probably to the consternation of some in Congress—it would be receiving by far the largest share of the money that would flow to the nation's mass-transit systems as a result of safe-harbor leasing, because it was preparing to buy such huge numbers of buses and subway and commuter-rail cars. Traditionally, when Congress appropriated transit funds the M.T.A. received no more than about twenty per cent of the national total, even though it carried a third of the nation's mass-transit passengers. From Ravitch's perspective, of course, this was the ultimate justification for pursuing an arrangement that might, in a larger sense, be described as a wretched excess of tax policy. As a means of subsidizing mass transit, safe-harbor leasing was grotesquely inefficient. According to a congressional analysis, the M.T.A. would come out roughly nine million six hundred thousand dollars ahead in its first transaction, while Metromedia would make about four and a half million dollars and Citibank and other intermediaries about a million four hundred thousand dollars. But neither Congress nor the Administration had been in a mood to offer a more efficient alternative. In the real world, this was the M.T.A.'s only hope of obtaining a small amount of additional federal money for desperately needed improvements in a system whose riders already paid an unusually high share of its expenses. "It wasn't my job to make philosophical, broad policy judgments," Ravitch says. "The institutional objective was to get the money from somebody other than the riders—or, at least, to try."



On May 28, 1982, Ravitch went before the Senate Finance Committee to defend the Bombardier deal. Chairman Dole was now saying that the transaction "seems to run contrary to international trade agreements"—a view shared by the irate executives of the Budd Company, who insisted that but for the Canadian government's offer of financing they would have won the contract. One committee member, H. John Heinz, Republican of Pennsylvania, whose constituents included thousands of Budd employees (and unemployed steelworkers), was demanding intervention by the Reagan Administration, which was hinting that Heinz would get his wish. The Administration, according to a parade of its trade officials who passed before the committee that day, had made "urgent representations" to both the Canadians and the French to rethink their offers, and if an informal approach failed, it was prepared to "act swiftly and effectively" under the various trade-law remedies available to it. Although Dole had called the hearing expressly to explore the international implications of the subway-car deal, his committee would soon be marking up legislation to eliminate some of the tax

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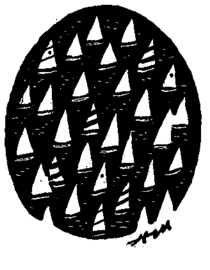
cuts from the year before, and safe-harbor leasing was at the head of nearly everybody's list of items ripe for repeal. So there was a lot riding on Ravitch's testimony, and he had been up late the night before, in a council of his top advisers, preparing it.

Ravitch began by citing the long history of neglect that the M.T.A.'s capital program was designed to address. In keeping with "the injunction of the President of the United States not to rely solely on federal funds," he said, the M.T.A. had made "the tough political and economic decision that the cost of rebuilding this system would be borne in largest part by the taxpayers and fare payers of New York." As the M.T.A. set out to modernize its subway fleet, he continued, it had tried to encourage as many companies as possible, foreign and domestic, to take part in the bidding, and it had asked for credit so as not to be forced into the bond market "at a time when tax-exempt-municipal-bond rates were at their highest in recorded history." Budd, too, had been asked to see if its parent company, the German steel producer Thyssen, would extend credit; Thyssen had declined. But the M.T.A.'s reasons for rejecting the Budd offer went far beyond financing, Ravitch said. To begin with, the apparent difference in price—Budd's seven hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars a car versus Bombardier's eight hundred and three thousand dollars—was deceptive, because the products were not strictly comparable. Budd intended, for example, to secure its undercarriages from an unproved company in Brazil; if the first samples failed to meet New York City specifications a switch to the traditional undercarriages—from Buckeye Steel Castings, of Ohio—would mean an extra twenty-three thousand dollars a car. Bombardier, by contrast, was offering the Buckeye undercarriages at no extra charge. Bombardier was also going with the Kawasaki design, "and that engineering is known to us," Ravitch said. "It would produce a car that would contain the same components and make for a consistency within our I.R.T. fleet which would reduce our maintenance expenses and simplify our inventory control." Finally, in measured terms, he alluded to doubts about Budd's reliability. The firm was a year behind schedule in deliveries to the Baltimore and Miami subways. The M.T.A. itself had almost four hundred million dollars' worth of railroad cars on order from Budd, and, Ravitch said, "I was concerned, as were my colleagues . . . about whether or not one puts all one's eggs in one basket."



When Ravitch had finished his statement, Dole praised it as "an outstanding discussion of the issues," and went on to say, "If I had your position in government, I probably wouldn't do it as well but I would try to make the same case that you have made this morning." Heinz was less courtly, as he asked why the purchase of foreign-made subway cars was "in the interests of the United States of America—not *your* interest; I understand your interest." The M.T.A. people who attended the hearing cite this as the moment when, under the greatest pressure, Ravitch did the most to defuse the hostility of the committee members, the Administration witnesses, and the other involved parties in the room. Refusing to take Heinz's question as a rhetorical one, Ravitch replied, "First of all, I think the United States has an interest in the economic survival of New York."

"We have handled that," Heinz said, apparently referring to the federal role in New York's recovery from its fiscal crisis.

"It doesn't mean that the book is closed," Ravitch countered. "Second, we have had two hundred years of history in which the question of free trade has been debated in the United States, and I presume to be no expert on that subject. I merely think it is my responsibility to look at the laws of this country and to abide by them. . . . I am not here to give a personal or institutional view on the trade policy of the United States government. I am here to suggest that we acted properly, and that the only economic consequence of cancelling this contract would be to take a benefit away from the New York taxpayers and transfer it to the Canadian taxpayers . . . because I have indicated there were substantial other reasons and valid reasons why Budd was not selected as the bidder in this case."

Although not a member of the Finance Committee, Donald W. Riegle, Jr., Democrat of Michigan, appeared as a witness to speak for the interests of the Budd Company, which had its headquarters in his state. He said it was clear to him that “in every critical respect, the Budd offer was an immeasurably better proposal for the Transit Authority and for this country,” and added that the Bombardier deal was “a clear-cut violation of the national interest of the United States, however one might measure it.” (No one in the Senate seemed to entertain the possibility that foreign credits might actually be beneficial to Americans—that insofar as other governments had subsidized their own exports they were, in effect, giving Americans money, much as if they had been made to pay reparations after losing a war. It was left to a few disgruntled members of the Canadian Parliament to express that thought.) Riegle summed up the deal as a “critical test case” that Congress should not allow to “just slide on by.”

The M.T.A. now had several overlapping worries: Congress could remove the safe-harbor provision from the tax code, thus adding hundreds of millions of dollars to the cost of buying buses and subway cars from whatever source; the Administration could find that the Bombardier deal involved an unfair subsidy from a foreign government and either cancel it outright or impose punitive duties that would make it far more expensive; and the Canadians, understandably anxious about Washington’s attitude, could decide to back away from an agreement that had yet to be put into final written form. Congress was the immediate threat, for it was already in the first throes of that minor adjustment of the Reagan tax cuts described, by its proponents, as “revenue enhancement,” and so general was the embarrassment over safe-harbor leasing that the battle lines had been drawn between repeal—Dole’s position—and a phased withdrawal that would leave many existing and contemplated deals in place. Senator David Durenberger, Republican of Minnesota, was leading this faction, with the eager support of lobbyists for the airlines, the steel companies, the paper industry, the automakers, and others who had found a nook in the law during its short life. The M.T.A.’s lobbyists fell to work alongside their corporate brethren. (“It’s rare that we get to play on their field,” Mortimer Downey says. “Usually, the corporations are over at the Finance Committee, dealing on the tax code, and we’re over at the Banking Committee or the Appropriations Committee, where the money gets authorized and spent. I don’t think some of them knew what to make of us.”)

As the vote in the Finance Committee neared, it became apparent that of the twenty senators on the committee the M.T.A. could count on two to support its narrow interest—Moynihan, of New York, and Bill Bradley, Democrat of New Jersey. “Everybody else either couldn’t care less or was opposed to us,” Steven Polan recalls. On the issue of safe-harbor leasing generally, the committee was closely split between the Dole and Durenberger views. Fortunately, the M.T.A. had something both sides wanted; namely, Moynihan and Bradley. On July 1st, the day of the vote, Polan says, he was approached by emissaries from both the Durenberger and Dole camps—the former saying, in effect, “We want to preserve this thing for transit, and we want Moynihan’s and Bradley’s votes. But we want you to know that if you go with Dole and we win, we’ll knock you out of the bill;” the latter saying, in effect, “We want Moynihan and Bradley to vote against safe-harbor leasing for everybody, and if they go with us we’ll preserve it just for transit. But if Moynihan and Bradley go with Durenberger and we prevail, we’ll knock you out of the bill.” A powwow was held in Bradley’s office, with Moynihan present, at which the two senators expressed their willingness to vote whichever way would better serve the cause of mass transit. But neither had a strong feeling about which way that might be, so a phone call was put in to Ravitch—who, Polan recollects, “was no doubt scurrying around in Albany trying to get some money.” Ravitch had been warned ahead of time that the vote might come down to such a question, and he was ready with his verdict. Even if Dole lost in committee, Ravitch said, he would still be a powerful force in deciding the fate of the bill. It was better to be in the chairman’s bill than to be forced on the chairman. “And we made this judgment much to the pain of some of the people who worked with us in Washington,” says Downey. “There are still some people from the airlines who don’t speak to me about it.”

Later, Dole found it advantageous to strike a compromise with Durenberger, granting the safe-harbor clause extended life in return for Durenberger’s vote to withhold income taxes on interest and dividends. Under this agreement, most companies could apply the safe-harbor provision to property delivered and placed in service by the end of 1982. The airlines did a little better, winning an extra year’s grace period for their airplane purchases. Public-transportation agencies, however, did a lot better. They would be able to make safe-harbor deals for all “mass commuting vehicles” delivered by 1987—the very year when Bombardier was committed to delivering the last of its subway cars to the M.T.A. Then, the Finance Committee having completed action, Ravitch received a telephone call from Dole, to whom he had been introduced by Moynihan as a pre-hearing courtesy. What Dole said, as Ravitch remembers it, was “Well, now that your interests are protected in this bill, I would expect that you’d help get it passed.” Dole was in the unusual position of trying to force higher taxes on a President of his own party who had adamantly opposed the idea, so he needed Democratic votes and big-city votes, and outside agitation from people who could help secure them. Ravitch told Dole he would be glad to oblige, not only because of the M.T.A.’s interests but also because he thought Dole’s bill was one of the best pieces of tax legislation ever proposed.

Dole’s bill, including the transit provision, passed on August 19th—although a year later, after a tremendous lobbying effort by banking interests, Congress relented on the matter of withholding taxes from interest and dividend income. Ravitch came away from the experience with a high regard for the man who only a few months before had been the biggest political threat on the M.T.A.’s horizon. Dole is “one of the most substantial people I ever met in politics” and “a master politician,” Ravitch says. “It was a privilege to watch him work.”

MEANWHILE, the Bombardier controversy had shifted into a new court of inquiry. The Budd Company had applied to the Export-

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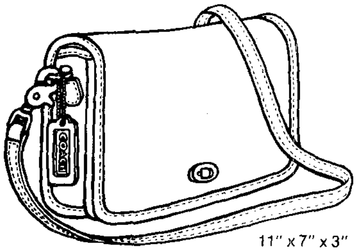

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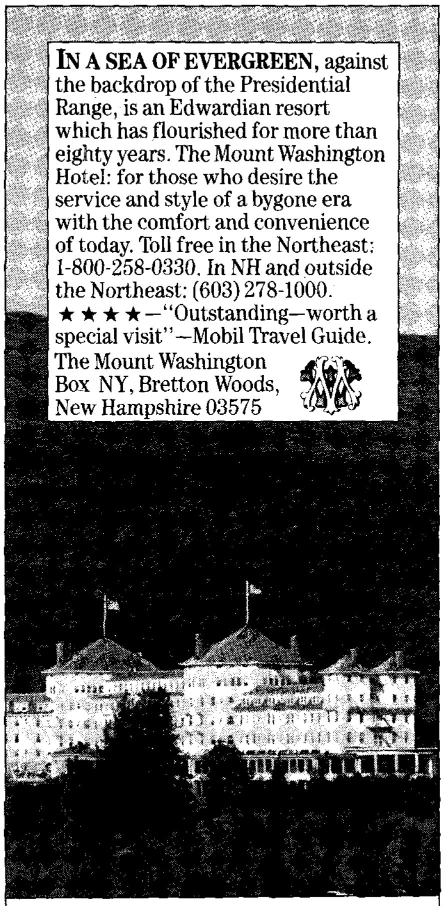

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Import Bank for credit equivalent to what the Canadians were offering Bombardier—a possibility with political as well as financial implications. Before this sort of loan could be authorized, the Treasury Department would have to conclude that Canadian subsidies had been decisive in denying Budd the subway-car contract. Such a ruling, in turn, would influence the Commerce Department, which was weighing the imposition of some ninety million dollars in countervailing duties on the M.T.A., at the behest of Budd and the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Industrial Union Department. By means of this avalanche of censure and punishment, Budd had hopes that it might yet secure a contract to make subway cars for New York City. But even if that didn't happen—and Ravitch told everybody who asked that it wouldn't—the process was bound to stir up legal problems for the M.T.A., and every adverse judgment would jeopardize its position in the ongoing battle for federal transportation money.

Ravitch is a man who likes to stay on top of things, but the Treasury's deliberations proved impossible to stay on top of. A few days before the decision was due, "Dick was steaming because he couldn't get access to the White House—he couldn't get his calls returned," Mortimer Downey says. "When his calls *were* returned, it was by low-level munchkins who offered meetings with people that you wouldn't spend your time meeting with. Nothing solid was coming through on what the government's position was going to be." Nothing solid—but a plausible rumor, which had it that Treasury Secretary Donald Regan was going to agree to lend Budd the money as "a shot across the bow" of America's aggressive competitors in trade. The rumor went further: the Treasury people were leaning toward this theoretically expensive offer because they knew they wouldn't have to follow through on it, since the M.T.A. wouldn't make a deal with Budd in any case. "It would have taken the Administration off the hook, and it would have hurt us strategically," Downey says. "The Budd Company could say, 'Our car is a good car, it's an American car, and the Secretary of the Treasury is willing to lend you the money to buy it. Why won't you do it?' And the Administration could say, 'We've played our best card, and these irrational people in New York, these unpatriotic folks, they just insisted on buying a Canadian car.' "

Ravitch had prepared a countermove, however. If the Treasury Department came through with the offer, an American subsidiary of Bombardier—created for the occasion—would apply for the same kind of loan to produce the cars entirely in the United States. Since Budd itself was owned by a West German firm and would be obtaining many of its components from abroad, the Treasury would have a hard time accepting the Budd application and then turning down Bombardier's. Perhaps it wouldn't make the offer in the first place if it knew what was coming. Ravitch insists that the "Bombardier U.S.A." option was serious and not just a bargaining ploy, but if it worked as a bargaining ploy he had no objection. As the weekend before the deadline came and the decision-makers persisted in their failure to return his phone calls, he decided to convey his intentions to the highest-placed person who would speak to him. It turned out to be "the secretary or the assistant secretary of the Cabinet," he recalls. "I felt that the stakes were so important that I had to get the truth to somebody."

On July 13th, Donald Regan ruled against the Budd application. Although Ravitch still can't confirm his suspicion that the ruling nearly went the other way, it was treated, around the M.T.A., as a narrow escape. It was also assumed to be the last word on the matter. The celebrating proved premature, however, for the case dragged on through seven more months of Commerce Department and International Trade Commission hearings before Budd, saying it had won in principle, finally agreed to drop its complaint. The next day, the unions also fell into line, assuaged by an M.T.A. promise not to buy any foreign-made subway cars through 1985. (By this time, Ravitch had already engineered a partnership between Francorail and Westinghouse to assemble two hundred and twenty-five I.N.D./B.M.T. cars at the Brooklyn Army Terminal—with shells made in

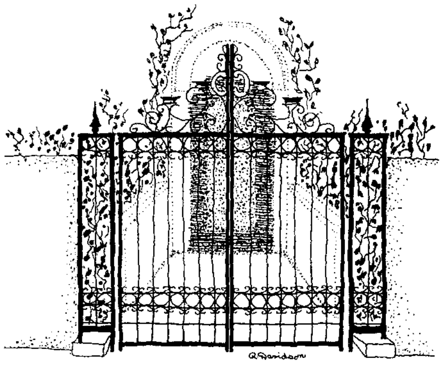
France, motors and brakes in New York.)

THROUGH much of the period when Ravitch was trying to fend off hostile elements in Washington, he was also immersed in a struggle with Wall Street. Albany had given the M.T.A. the right to sell fare-backed bonds. "But a lot of the investment-banking firms didn't think we could do it," Stephen Berger recalls, "partly because it had never been done before and partly because they were all New Yorkers and they spent all their time bitching and moaning about the subways." The skeptics wanted better coverage—some collateral more substantial than the flow of future token sales. There was also a feeling—publicly articulated by Felix Rohatyn, a senior partner at Lazard Frères in addition to serving as MAC chairman—that federal deficits had so "devastated" the municipal-bond market that agencies like the M.T.A. might have to restrain their ambitions.

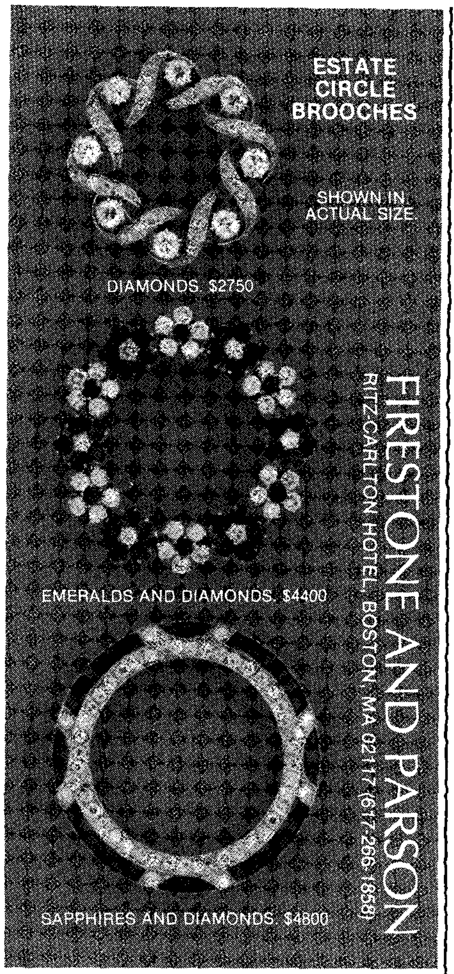
After the capital program emerged from the Legislature, Ravitch summoned the senior municipal-bond experts from about a dozen investment-banking firms to a meeting and solicited their views on the feasibility of raising the various sums of money that the M.T.A. was seeking. Robert Gerard, who was then the managing director of Dillon Read & Company, recalls, "Everybody was very sanguine about raising the one-point-one billion authorized for Triborough, and everybody was fairly sanguine about the so-called service-contract bonds"—bonds secured by annual appropriations from the state—"and nobody was very sanguine about the fare-backed bonds." The three largest firms represented at the meeting—Salomon Brothers, Merrill Lynch, and Goldman, Sachs—happened also to be the most skeptical when it came to the fare-backed bonds. After the meeting, Ravitch had a drink with Gerard and asked him for *his* opinion. ("I was convinced that this would work," Ravitch says, "but I needed the patina of an investment-banking firm to give it credibility.") Gerard remembers "swallowing hard and saying, 'Well, it's worth a shot.' " He says that a few days later "Dick basically gave me what we would call on Wall Street a 'fill or kill.' He said, 'Do you think this can be done or not?' My natural cautious instincts led me to give him a noncommittal answer, and he wasn't buying. He said, 'This is it. This is vitally important to the people of New York, to the Authority. Are you prepared to devote the resources of your firm to finding out whether this can be done, knowing that if you fail you aren't going to get paid?' And I swallowed hard again, and said yes."

Gerard brought his boss, Nicholas Brady, the chairman of Dillon Read, to a subsequent meeting with Ravitch, and, with Brady's approval, the firm went to work on the offering in the fall of 1981. One of the first steps was to commission a study to test what Gerard calls his "theory" for the bonds—that the M.T.A.'s transportation network was so important to the New York area, and the area's economy was so strong, that even without relying on government subsidies the Authority could repay the debt. Charles River Associates, an economic-consulting firm, concluded exactly that. But when the plan was put before Standard & Poor's, the bond-rating agency, someone raised the unpleasant possibility that some future generation of politicians might simply decide to let the subways go bankrupt. "Without realizing what I was saying," Gerard recalls, "I said, 'Well, we can deal with that. We'll just promise not to go bankrupt.' " His casual remark led to the enactment of a state law barring the M.T.A. from bankruptcy.

Another problem developed after Standard & Poor's issued an investment-grade rating for the fare-backed bonds, in July of 1982. The M.T.A. had not asked Moody's, the other major rating firm, to rate the bonds, and was prepared to go ahead without such a rating. But Moody's chose to prepare a rating with or without a request from the M.T.A., and in its initial deliberations it took a far dimmer view of the bonds than Standard & Poor's had. A Moody's rating below investment grade posed a serious threat. "The professionals involved were fairly down about Moody's attitude," Gerard says. "But Dick personally took over the discussions with Moody's, and carried them out over a period of about four weeks, overcoming the skepticism and making some modest adjustments on the financing side, and finally achieving an investment-grade rating. Nobody on Wall Street could have done that. There was nothing left but to attempt to see whether the market would accept the bonds—that was still the subject of healthy skepticism. We had done enough spadework so that the market knew something was coming, but none of us had any sense of whether the major institutional investors would accept a transit-revenue bond sold in New York." Gerard had suggested an initial offer of between fifty million and seventy-five million dollars as a cautious test. Ravitch wanted an offer of at least a hundred million, and, after a burst of good economic news in early October of 1982, it was decided to raise the amount to a hundred and fifty million. The bonds went on sale the day after Columbus Day. "The only fair way to characterize the market response is to describe it as a riot," Gerard says. "We had orders for over two hundred million dollars in the first two hours, and by the afternoon we were prepared to recommend to the Authority that we increase the size of the offer to two hundred and fifty million." In its original projections, the M.T.A. had envisioned interest rates of fourteen per cent or thereabouts. In the event, the first group of bonds went for an average rate of less than ten per cent. "Those bonds were literally sold on the best day in the bond market in years," Gerard says. "If the bond sale had been delayed a week, the interest rates would have been eleven or eleven and a quarter per cent. So by coming in on the day we did—something I ascribe primarily to good luck—we saved some two million a year in interest payments over the thirty-year life of the bonds."



IN his first three years as chairman of the M.T.A., Ravitch had taken two vacations of less than a week each. His workdays were long, generally spilling over into the evening, and on Saturdays he would read through papers he had brought home on Fridays. "It's probably fair to say that I got involved in a level of detail on some things that I need not have," he says, "but when I did, it was because I thought my participation would achieve a better result." From time to time, aides would urge him to catch up



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on his sleep. "But if people had to stay up all night on something it wasn't right for me to go home," he says. When the M.T.A.'s top staff did stay up all night, it was usually to contend with one of those transcendent events—a labor settlement or a fare crisis, for example—on which Ravitch knew that his reputation and his continued effectiveness would rest, and which he would later have to explain, at length, to board members, journalists, and politicians.

The job had been demanding from the start, but in the second half of 1982 the pace quickened. Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis had proposed a five-cent-a-gallon federal gasoline tax in the name of fighting the recession and repairing the nation's infrastructure (a term that had risen to sudden public prominence that election season), and the M.T.A. was battling to get as much of the tax money as possible. In the end, it got enough to increase the size of the capital program from seven billion two hundred million to eight and a half billion dollars. Congress had also passed a measure giving the M.T.A. operating control of the Harlem, Hudson, and New Haven commuter lines—collectively known as Metro-North and previously run by Conrail, a federal entity created to handle freight service. Here, too, the M.T.A. had to fight in Washington for a sixty-million-dollar transitional fund, and Ravitch had to oversee complex labor negotiations with seventeen railroad unions, which wanted to protect generous work rules as they signed on with new management. And the State Legislature was back in session, considering another tax package to prevent major fare increases. The 1982 fare crisis was, in rough outline, a replay of those that had preceded it. The only change was one of mood—a growing weariness in Albany. Ravitch had been pleading all along for a steady stream of transit-dedicated taxes, so that the M.T.A. would not have to go from one financial emergency to another. On that point, however, political resistance had proved chronic. So he had been forced to come back year after year, and some legislators, inevitably, had begun to hold this against him. The panhandler had been doing business at the same corner for too long. It was time he went away and bothered somebody else.

Ravitch, too, was weary. On New Year's Eve, he went to bed with a temperature of a hundred and four. "It was the first time I seriously said to myself, 'I have to think of when I'm going to leave as chairman,' " he says. "I was just exhausted."

Eight months later, he did submit his resignation, explaining that it was "time for me to return to the private sector and resume a more normal life with my family." He had made up his mind during a two-week vacation in Europe. "That's what happens when you let people take vacations—they have time to think," an anonymous M.T.A. staff person told the *Times*. At his final press conference, Ravitch expressed a wish for "a pill you could take to become invisible for six months." He looked forward, he said, to redressing the imbalance of his four years at the M.T.A., when his job had dominated the life of everyone in his family. He spoke of the book his wife had recently finished writing, "The Troubled Crusade: American Education, 1945-1980," and said he would now be able to join her on part of her publication tour. The reporters stood and applauded Ravitch at the press conference—an unusual occurrence. But not all of them were satisfied that he had given them the whole story. The next morning's newspapers were full of speculation that his real reason for resigning was the attitude of the new governor. Cuomo had test-fired a few rounds at the M.T.A. during his campaign, and, once in office, he had begun loading up with serious ammunition. He had moved ahead with his M.T.A.-reorganization idea, urging the Legislature to expand the board by three members—all to be named by the governor—and to have the chairman, whose term lasted six years under existing law, serve at the governor's pleasure. Ravitch had hoped to discuss these recommendations with Cuomo before they became official policy, but he had been put off. Only after the Cuomo plan was in reporters' hands had Ravitch got his meeting—an awkward one, followed by an equally awkward joint press conference the next day, with Cuomo advancing his proposals, Ravitch voicing his reservations, and both men trying to convey the impression that they had something in common besides a microphone. This get-together had happened underground, next to the shuttle tracks in Grand Central Terminal, where, according to Polan, "you could barely hear anybody, because the trains kept going in and out."

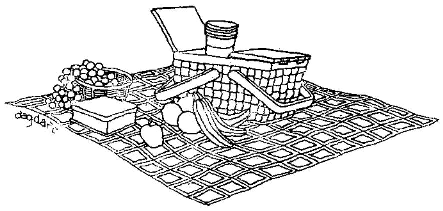
Asked to explain why an M.T.A. chairman shouldn't serve at the governor's pleasure, Ravitch says, "It's a practical matter. In order to get things done, you need the governor, the Legislature, the mayor, and the county executives—there has to be a lot of coöperation at the political level. It's part of the job to build coalitions among the people who can get things done, and it's easier to do that if you are not the agent of only one of those players."

After Ravitch announced his resignation, his accomplishments were widely praised. "I suppose that some of the management issues, the day-to-day running of the Transit Authority, didn't get the kind of attention they deserved," Robert F. Wagner, Jr., told the *Times*. "But in terms of having a vision . . . of what the system needed, putting together a plan, and overwhelming the odds, he produced one of the extraordinary legacies a public official will have left behind in the past fifty years." Mayor Koch said that it would be hard to find a successor to match Ravitch's "brilliance." Later, Koch held a reception in Ravitch's honor, and one of the guests was Hugh Carey, who nostalgically recalled that he had appointed Ravitch because he was just the sort of "independent cuss" who would be able to take on the problems of the city's transit system and get some action out of the Legislature. Events had borne him out, Carey said. Ravitch had achieved things that would never have been possible if he himself had pushed for them directly. In retrospect, Ravitch thinks that Carey could be right. "God knows whether some of those things would have got done if he had acted differently," he says.

IN 1982, the first of the five years covered by the capital program, the M.T.A. signed contracts for nearly three billion dollars in improvements—more than it had spent in the entire decade of the nineteen-seventies. The Natural Resources Defense Council, a national public-interest group that has made mass transit one of its preoccupations, prefaced a mid-1983 analysis of the progress to date by commenting, "It is rare that anyone issues a report approving of M.T.A. performance. We are pleased to issue such a report."

In a system-by-system status check, the Long Island Rail Road, under Robin Wilson—a former Trans World Airlines executive and one of Ravitch's most successful appointees—would rank first. Construction has been completed on an eleven-million-dollar diesel-car maintenance shop and is under way on a hundred-and-seventy-five-million-dollar train lay-up yard, and forty-seven million dollars has been allocated for renovating Penn Station. Despite continued delays in approval and delivery of the cars from Budd, the L.I.R.R.'s on-time performance rose from 83.6 per cent in 1980 to 89.3 per cent in 1983—principally because of improved car maintenance. Nothing so impressive has occurred on the Metro-North lines, but platforms on the upper Harlem line have been raised to accommodate electrified cars—a seventeen-million-dollar undertaking—and work is nearly finished on a twenty-six-million-dollar rehabilitation of the system's main repair shop, at Croton-on-Hudson.

As for the city's bus lines, which are supposed to receive seven hundred and sixty million dollars in capital-program money, the most conspicuous development has been a calamitous series of problems—cracked undercarriages, defective steering assemblies, and so forth—with the fleet of eight hundred and fifty-one Grumman Flxible buses. The Flxibles joined the M.T.A. at about the time Ravitch did and were yanked off the streets permanently last February, several months after Ravitch's departure. (The M.T.A. has since decided to sue the manufacturer for damages, and has itself been dunned for the federal government's share of the fleet's purchase price—fifty-six million dollars, which, according to the Urban Mass Transportation Administration, the M.T.A. must repay by July 1st.) During the same period, however, the M.T.A. bought fifteen hundred buses from General Motors; the total number of the city's buses is now around thirty-four hundred, and their average age has declined from thirteen years in 1978 to seven and a half today. Movement along the streets of New York is an unpredictable and jittery business for the best of vehicles, but within those limits the surface-transit passenger's lot has improved noticeably, and the T.A. holds out the hope of further improvement, thanks not only to the purchase of four hundred more G.M. buses but to the building or rebuilding of depots. One whole section of Brooklyn, for example, has been off-limits to the latest buses because they are larger than their predecessors—and can't be maneuvered in and out of the existing depot at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street, in Sunset Park. A new depot is scheduled to open there next month.



Below the surface, however—in the part of the system on which the M.T.A. intends to spend more than two-thirds of the capital-program money—the benefits remain obscure, to say the least. Thirty Kawasaki cars have been delivered, and the first cars from Bombardier are expected in the middle of 1985. The Kawasaki cars, during their runs on the I.R.T. lines, have variously experienced what T.A. officials describe as minor problems with the brakes and door switches—attributable not to Kawasaki but to American subcontractors. Reconstruction work has begun on the repair facilities at 207th Street and at Coney Island, and also on eight other shops and barns; and more than a hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of track, switch, and signal work has been contracted for. One of the most visible elements of the capital program—subway-station renovation—has been hung up on a dispute over accessibility for the handicapped, but the parties recently came to a tentative agreement that calls for elevators to be installed in some of the most heavily used stations.

Transit Authority officials say that subway performance hit bottom in the winter of 1980-81 and has been crawling upward ever since. They cite an increase in the mean distance between failures—from about sixty-two hundred miles to more than nine thousand. They do not cite the fact that in the early seventies trains broke down only once every fifteen thousand miles. For a while, the T.A. also reported a modest increase in on-time performance. That trend came to a jolting halt last summer when, after the year's twelfth derailment, "red tags" were placed on five hundred sections of poor track, where trains were required to proceed at ten miles an hour. On-time performance immediately fell from eighty-five per cent in May of 1983 to forty-two per cent the following August, and, despite a twenty-four-mil-

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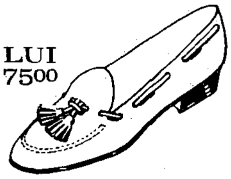

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lion-dollar corrective effort, the system was still struggling back to the eighty-five-per-cent level in the first quarter of this year.

In an optimistic moment before the red-tag crisis, Mayor Koch asserted that subway service "stinks less." The Straphangers Campaign countered with a survey concluding that it "stinks the same." A more recent Straphangers study, conducted last fall, found that a much-ballyhooed T.A. campaign to improve "passenger environment" had achieved little. According to the Straphangers, one out of four subway cars had at least one broken door, one out of three was dark or dimly lit, one out of six did not have a readable map, and one out of seven was mislabelled. The state-appointed inspector general of the M.T.A., Sidney Schwartz, issued a series of similarly dispiriting statements on more basic matters. Before the red-tag crisis, according to Schwartz, less than twenty per cent of the city's subway track was getting the required two inspections a week, and trackwalkers' reports were taking as long as three and a half months to reach management. Many subway maintenance workers were putting in less than full days—despite the avowed end of the quota system. The T.A. has not disagreed in any very telling way with these criticisms, and it has contributed some ominous figures of its own. In 1983, the subway-car-overhaul program barely met half its goal, completing two hundred and seventy cars instead of five hundred and thirty-three. Perhaps the most alarming disclosure of all, also from the T.A., was the news that, because the city's water table had risen as much as ten feet over the last thirty years, sections of subway tunnel were sitting on water rather than on ground.

Many of the subway's problems are unquantifiable in any case: peeling paint, corroding tile, closed or ill-kept restrooms, overheated or undercooled cars, flooded corridors and platforms, screeching brakes, and, above all, an astonishingly high tolerance—among both passengers and employees—for trash, dirt, graffiti, and other foreign substances and essences, which have been allowed to build to worse proportions than in probably any other major public facility in the country. New Yorkers seem to have made a pact not to demand much of each other or themselves during their time underground—to enter a state approximating suspended animation, and to stay there until they get where they are going. But the effort is never entirely successful. Like the spectacular vertical spectacle of Manhattan's skyscrapers, the dim horizontal underworld of the subways informs people's image of the city, of their fellow-citizens, and of themselves. People get a message from the subways, and they carry it with them. The capital program contemplates many sorely needed purchases. But its effectiveness in this realm seems less likely to turn on how much money is spent—or on how it is spent—than on the care with which what it buys is treated by thousands of subway workers and millions of riders. On this count, skepticism is abundantly justified. Indifference is, of all habits, the hardest to break.

When Governor Cuomo named the obligatory search committee after Ravitch's resignation, it was widely felt to be time for the M.T.A. to find a "manager"—someone who would concentrate his energies on the inner workings of the institution. The choice fell on Robert Kiley, the former head of the Boston transit system. In Boston, Kiley had cut operating expenses and asserted management's right to set work rules. His appointment was announced on October 5th, and a few days later he said that he would be "much more inclined in the early going"—more than his predecessor, he seemed to mean—"to get into the systems themselves that come under the M.T.A. umbrella." In testimony at his confirmation hearing, Kiley remarked that the eight-and-a-half-billion-dollar capital program was "very important" but "by no means the final solution to the problem—we probably need another ten billion." It sounded as if he did not fully appreciate the achievement that had preceded his arrival. On another level, however, his matter-of-factness was a tribute to the permanent value of that achievement. In three years, the unreal had become real, the real had become familiar, and the familiar had become, once again, not enough.

—James Lardner

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DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

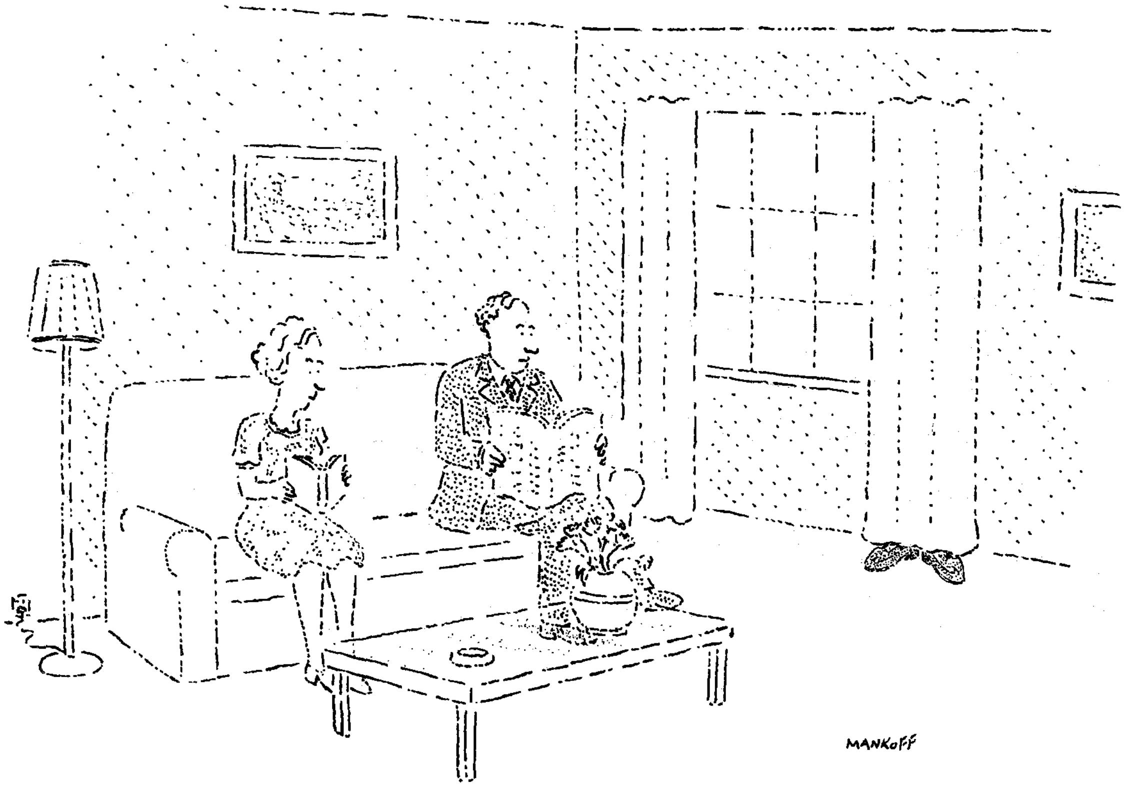
[*From the Long Island Advance*]

The bride wore the wedding gown that was previously worn by her mother and her grand- at Bryn Mawr College on June 27. Kim McKeown played the piano and Andrew Ruina played the mother.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Paean

San Antonio, with its riverside walks through the heart of the city, its flowers and trees and birds, its ethnic diversity, its comfortable hotels, and its warm climate, makes a good festival place, and the San Antonio Festival, now in its second year, is generously and exuberantly planned. Amid plays, ballets, shows, concerts of all kinds, there were five operas to be heard during its three weeks: "Carmen" (a Berlin Opera production reworked for an open-air riverside theatre), three Brittens (the English National's "Gloriana" and "Turn of the Screw," and "Noye's Fludde"), and Rossini's "Guillaume Tell." "Tell," it seems, had been unstaged in this country for over half a century, although it is not a rarity in Europe. In London, I saw four different productions in fifteen years. (Last month, for a change, Grétry's "Guillaume Tell" was done there.) But all four were much abridged and all were in translation, Italian or English. Uncut performances—perhaps the first since the opening night, at the Paris Opéra in 1829—were provided by Riccardo Muti, at Florence's 1972 Maggio Musicale, and by the 1973 Angel recording, with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, and Gabriel Bacquier. (The recorded account is "more than complete" in that it includes, as an appendix, an unpublished air for Jemmy, Tell's son, which Rossini decided not to use.) The San Antonio production was sung in an Italian translation (why not in English or in Spanish, if an original-language version presented difficulties?) and was very heavily abridged. It offered only two and a half hours of music—against the four hours of the Angel recording. "Tell" is customarily shortened, but these cuts were crippling—especially those at the start and the close of Act II (an act Donizetti declared to have been composed not by Rossini but by God) and in the finale. An admirer of Rossini's last opera was torn between pleasure that the piece had been revived at last, tolerance of the shortcomings ascribable to practical necessity, and indignation at the further, wanton injury that had been inflicted on the work.



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Witherspoon and Fugitive Financier Robert Vesco

"Tell" is an elevated, austere composition: a four-act grand opera conducted in ensembles, choruses, and recitatives, with only four solo numbers—the soprano romance "Sombre forêt," an air apiece for the soprano and the tenor, and the baritone's twenty-eight-bar "Sois immobile," as Tell warns his son to keep very still while balancing the apple on his head. And only the last of them was regularly sung: the tenor air disappeared after the first night and was not reinstated at the Opéra until 1837; the soprano's air was customarily omitted, and her romance sometimes went, too. The drama is that of a people's rebellion slowly gathering force—incident upon incident conspiring to strengthen resolve either generally or in individuals until in Act IV the storm breaks at last, both as a scenic metaphor and in the patriots' hearts. Austrian tyranny is overthrown. And then, as Desmond Shawe-Taylor has put it:

> The last pages of "William Tell" are among the great inspirations of operatic music. The storm has cleared away, and an immense view opens up: in the distance, snowy peaks glisten in the sunshine. A single motive (suggesting the *ranz des vaches*) is passed upward from horn to woodwind, moving through numerous keys both major and minor, while the characters contemplate the scene, their hearts filled with joy, and at last unite their voices in a great paean to liberty. After this apotheosis, it is almost understandable that Rossini should never have written another line for the theatre.

In liberal Tuscany, "Tell" could be performed (in 1831) in straight Italian translation, but in Hapsburg-ruled Milan the tale of Hapsburg oppression was safely distanced to Scotland, as "Guglielmo Vallace," and in papal Rome "Tell" became "Rodolfo di Sterlinga" and "Giuda Maccabeo." This opera, composed during the closing stages of the Greek War of Independence, while in Italy the Risorgimento was stirring, can still chime with what we read in newspapers each day. I'm not suggesting that Frank Corsaro, the director of the San Antonio production, should have relocated the action in San Salvador, Manila, Warsaw, or Johannesburg—only that he should have perceived more clearly what the opera is about and how its drama is paced. Act II ends

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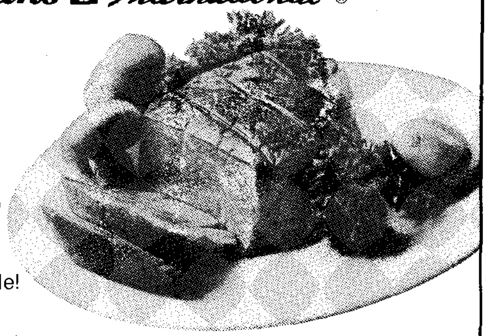

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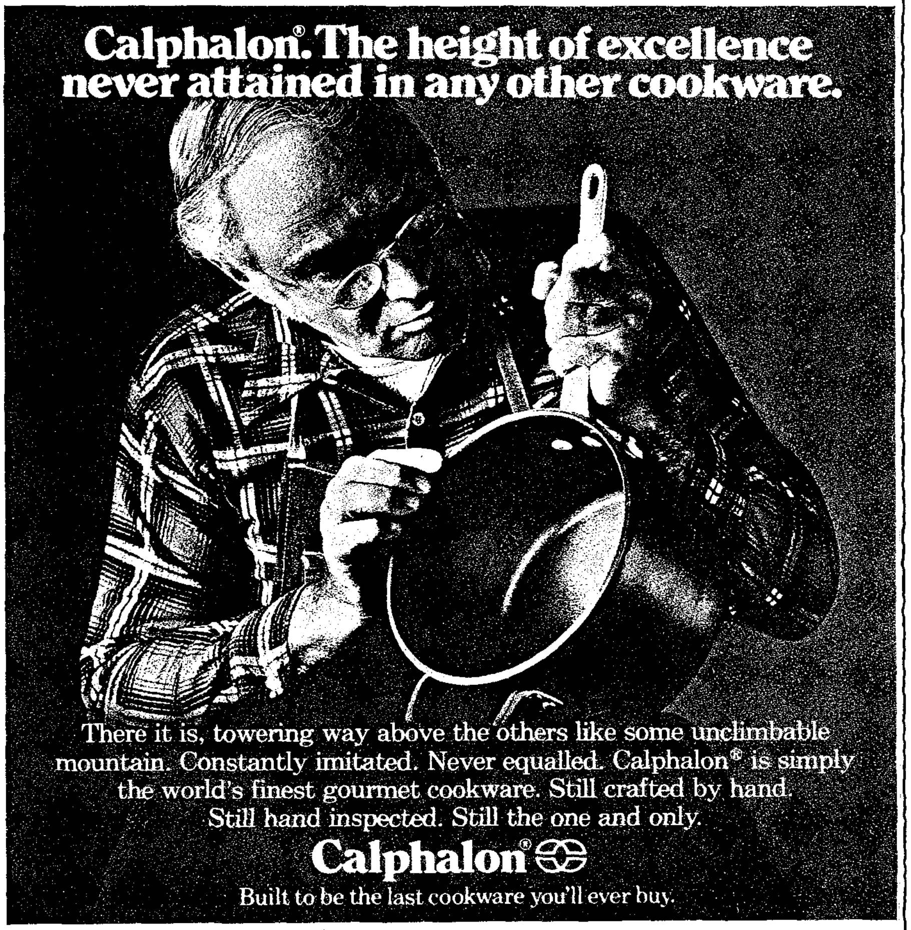

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with a secret assembly—the men of Unterwalden, the men of Schwyz preceded by a cautious horn call, the men of Uri accompanied in their passage across the lake by a soft-lapping cello melody—and a conjuration of the cantons, resolving to rise when a signal fire flares out. Mr. Corsaro ended it with a Swiss-Austrian skirmish. Act III ends with the populace crying imprecations on Gessler, the Austrian governor, but restrained from armed defiance by his threat to kill Tell on the spot. Mr. Corsaro ended it with a Swiss-Austrian skirmish. And thus he leached out tension that should mount until in Act IV, at the height of the tempest, Jemmy gives the signal for rebellion by setting Tell's house ablaze. Had Mr. Corsaro cast more than a perfunctory glance at the libretto? In Act I, Tell saves a patriot's life by rowing him across the lake while his pursuers stand baffled on the shore; in Mr. Corsaro's version the pursuers themselves arrived by boat, and the episode lost its point. In Act III, there is an entrance for Princess Mathilde, come to put a stop to Gessler's atrocious behavior; Mr. Corsaro brought her on at the start of the scene, and she sat there enthroned, mute, making ineffectual moues of distaste, until the moment for her intervention arrived. Earlier, there's a striking tableau: Gessler has ordered the Swiss to bow down to his hat, set up on a pike, and at the end of the dancing they do so—all except two who remain standing, Tell and Jemmy. And that's what brings about the apple-shooting episode. There was no such tableau in Mr. Corsaro's staging. On the simplest level of theatrecraft, the shooting of the apple off Jemmy's head was muffed; it's a stage trick I've seen brought off in a town-hall production in a way that made the audience gasp.

The evening began well, for the opera was presented in the Majestic Theatre, a late-twenties extravaganza by John Eberson (known in New York for his Loews Paradise, on the Grand Concourse—a house now unhappily "quadded," and ruined). The Majestic went dark in the mid-seventies and was rescued in the early eighties by the Pace Management Corporation, of Houston—to join the lengthening list of show palaces happily saved for the arts. The audience sits in a Hispano-Moresque courtyard surrounded by towers, turrets, and balconies. The ceiling simulates a deep-blue night sky with twinkling stars. Doves perch on the balustrades. Cypresses rise against the dusk. The Majestic originally held some thirty-seven hundred. Now (the "colored balcony," with its separate entrance, once a regular feature of Southern theatres, has been closed off) it holds about a thousand less. It's a place made for a Sarah Caldwell production of "La Favorite" or "Il Trovatore." Alhambran enchantments play no part in "Tell," however; the stars were switched out when the opera began. The orchestra pit is long but narrow; five double-basses were stationed outside it on the house floor, to the left, and the harp and the percussion battery to the right. The conductor, Carlo Franci, presided from the house side of the pit rail. But the sound was full-bodied and the balance was fine where I sat, toward the front of the main balcony. The overture was well played. Later, Mr. Franci tended to hold his singers to the beat in places where expressive phrasing was called for. He was efficient but unyielding. Franco Colavecchia's décor was skillful—the boat service on Lake Lucerne was frequent—but not picturesque. The 1829 designers visited Switzerland to seek authentic inspiration.

"Tell" is hard to cast. Of the three principals, only Giorgio Zancanaro, in the title role, reached an acceptable festival standard. Margaret Pent, the Mathilde, and Giuliano Ciannella, the Arnold, were taxed beyond their resources. (Miss Pent included Mathilde's air—at any rate, its first movement—which I had never heard onstage before; it had been shifted from Act III to Act IV.) Harolyn Blackwell was a bright, clear Jemmy. The chorus—most of it from Bloomington, Indiana—was small (thirty-eight voices) but sang strongly. I'd be prepared to commend the show blandly as a brave stab at a difficult opera had I not seen "Tell" productions by even more modest forces which realized the innate grandeur of the work—and had not San Antonio itself, in a "Rienzi" seven years ago, shown that it can do grand opera in a grand way. "Guillaume Tell" has merits that were unrevealed here. Much more could be written about it; Eve Queler's Carnegie Hall concert performance in November should provide a chance for that.

—ANDREW PORTER

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WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Oneonta (N.Y.) Daily Star*]

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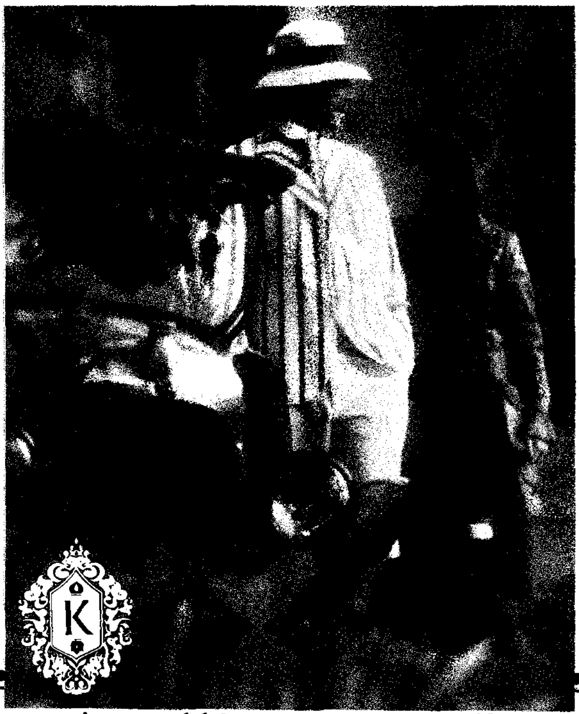

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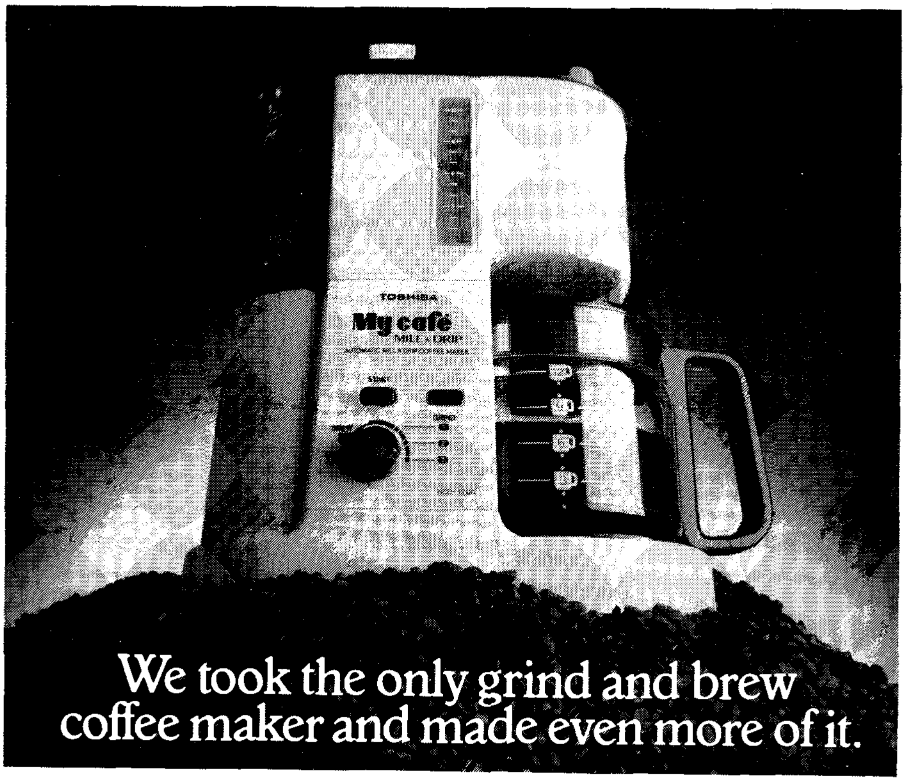
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A POLITICAL JOURNAL

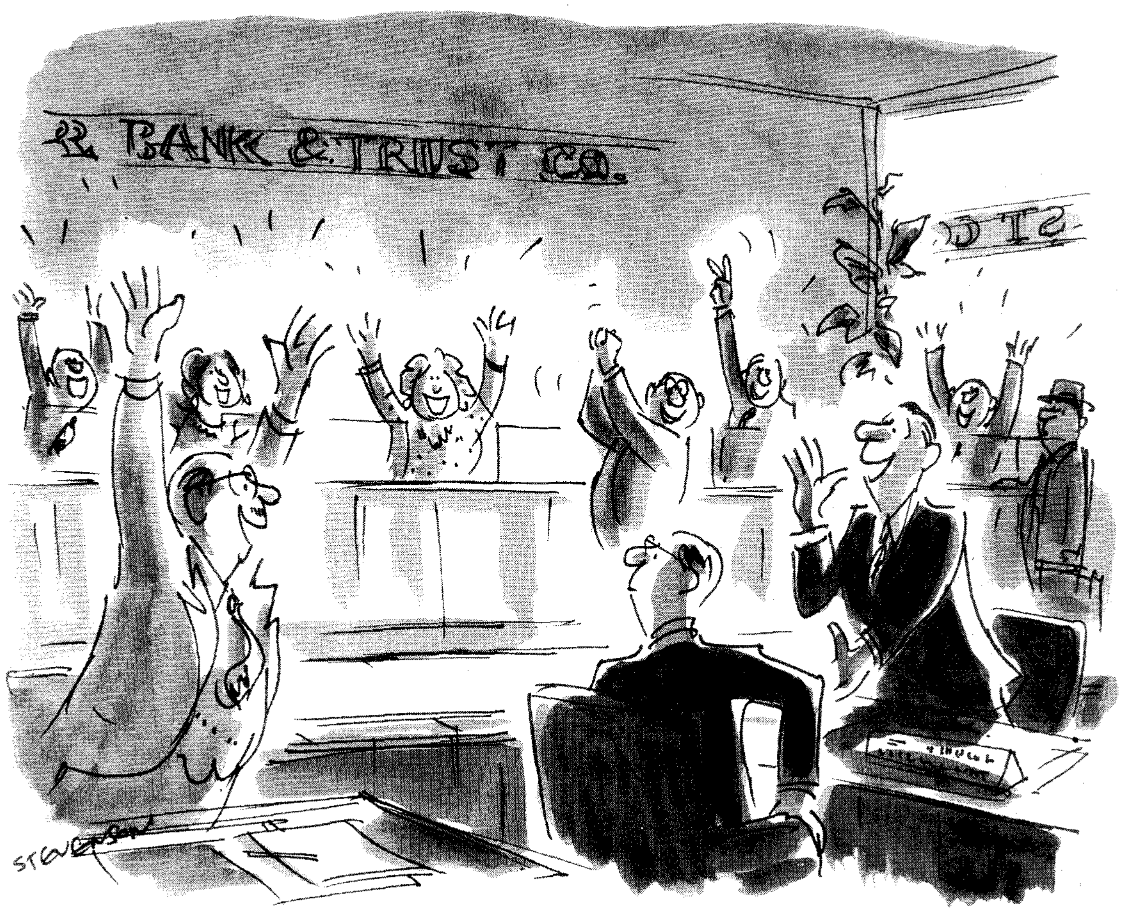
MAY 30

BELMAR, NEW JERSEY. At nine-thirty on this cold and rainy morning, Gary Hart, wearing a dark-blue parka, is standing under an awning on a dock, denouncing sludge. He has just returned from a boat trip, which he took to inspect—or, more to the point, to have the cameras record him as inspecting—the largest ocean dump site off the coast of New Jersey. But the driving rain and choppy water caused his expedition to turn back, and now, surrounded by some environmentalists, the mayor of Belmar, and some of his delegates for next Tuesday's primary, Hart says, "I have throughout this campaign called for a new environmental decade," and says that he will not only reverse the Reagan Administration policies but offer new approaches. "Acid rain must end and will end under a Hart Administration in the nineteen-eighties," he says, with apparent conviction. He also says that he will end federal subsidies for nuclear power plants. Walter Mondale has gone further, calling, in Pennsylvania, for the closing down of the Three Mile Island nuclear plant and, in California, for the closing of the Diablo Canyon nuclear plant, which, among other things, sits atop an earthquake fault line. When Mondale called for the closing of the Diablo Canyon plant, he was booed by union members fearful of losing their jobs—which, from his campaign's point of view, was all to the good, since it demonstrated that Mondale and labor are not always in accord. Now Hart pledges to "abolish ocean dumping as soon as it feasibly can be done," and says he supports tighter federal restrictions on ocean dumping. He refers often to "the Hart Administration." He says, "This is a tragedy we're seeing here," referring to a species of fish that has been driven from this commercial-fishing area, and he denounces "the callous, indifferent dumping of toxic materials." Perhaps because of the terrible weather, Hart cuts his remarks short. He was supposed to call for the taxing of polluters—one of his "new ideas," and a controversial one—but, according to an aide, he forgot. Earlier this morning, he was to stop at a diner en route here—a stop that was laid on by his advance people late last night—but when the entourage arrived at the diner no one was there, so it went on.

Once again, and now for the last time this year, the voters have it within their power to send this nomination contest in one direction or the other, and by now we have learned that the outcomes are usually determined by swings of opinion at the end. So no one can be sure what will happen next Tuesday, June 5th, when the final round of primaries is held—here in New Jersey, and in California, West Virginia, New Mexico, and South Dakota, with a total of 486 delegates at stake. New Jersey and California count for the most not simply because they have the largest pools of delegates but also because the end of this struggle is both a numerical and a psychological contest. Numerically, Mondale is well ahead in the delegate count—as of yesterday morning, he had 1,644, Hart had 964, and Jesse Jackson had 308—and Mondale's campaign has been working feverishly, almost frantically, to reach its stated goal of at least 1,750 delegates by next Monday, thus putting Mondale in a position to obtain the 1,967 necessary for the nomination as a result of Tuesday's contests. But the Mondale people, while confident that they will win the necessary number of delegates next week, both from Tuesday's voting and from getting the support of other delegates who will be selected in the course of the week, or from those who have already been selected, know that they need to win the psychological battle as well as the numerical one. They are confident of winning the nomination, but they know that if Mondale should lose both New Jersey and California next week he would, even with a sufficient number of delegates, be in for a turbulent pre-Convention period and a turbulent Convention. If Mondale should win both states, both the Mondale and the Hart people agree, Hart will not have much of a case. The Hart people say that if Mondale wins New Jersey and Hart wins California Hart will press on. In the eventuality of either Mondale losses in both states or a split decision, the Hart people, as of now, plan to argue that Mondale has lost the majority of the contests since April 10th, when he won Pennsylvania (Hart won the Idaho caucuses last week), and that Hart has won more contests over all, and, if the numbers bear them out, that Hart has won more of the popular votes than Mondale has. The number-of-states argument is somewhat misleading, because Mondale did not contest several states, particularly Western ones with small numbers of delegates, and many of the states Hart won go Republican in November.

A Hart adviser said to me yesterday, "To imagine the Party nominating Mondale under those circumstances is, if not unimaginable, unthinkable." He added, "If we win California and come respectably close in New Jersey, where we started off behind, then everything we set out to achieve will be done, and it's a question of whether we can take the nomination away." The Mondale people are convinced not only that Hart will not succeed in winning the nomination but also that the Convention will not turn to someone else. While the delegates this year are not bound to support the candidate in whose name they were selected, they are not the equivalent of free-floating voters: they have been chosen by the campaigns, especially the Mondale campaign, with care. Their allegiances are not easily transferrable. The Mondale people and others believe that if there were an anti-Mondale revolt within the Party it will have been set off by a collective decision by Party leaders—House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, A.F.L.-C.I.O. President Lane Kirkland, and others—that Mondale was not only not electable but that his candidacy would do untold damage to the Party in November. It is also assumed by the Mondale people, and others, that such is the dislike of Hart within the Party, or so great are the doubts about him, that he would not be seen as a suitable alternative, and that trying to nominate someone who has not run would be seen as inviting great disruption. So, this thinking goes, if Mondale does less than very well on Tuesday there may be a period of flurry, and even chaos, but in the end the Party will settle on Mondale. The Hart people, of course, do not accept this logic.

As of now, the polls show Mondale to be ahead in New Jersey, but not beyond reach. Hart has several factors working in his favor in this state: independents can vote in the primary (only Democrats can vote in California); the state prides itself on its new high-tech industries; New Jersey is highly suburban, relatively affluent, and has low unemployment; Hart has more of the Party structure (including the state chairman) in his favor here than he has had in other important states; and New Jersey voted Republican in 1976 and 1980, and voted against the Democratic front-runner, Jimmy Carter, in the last two nomination contests. Jackson, as he has done all along, is likely to take a substantial proportion of the black vote that would have otherwise gone to Mondale. Since Mondale, despite all this, has been "expected" to win New Jersey, his defeat here would be very damaging. Mondale is expected to do well in West Virginia, and recently won the endorsement of its governor, Jay Rockefeller, but has essentially skipped South Dakota and New Mexico.

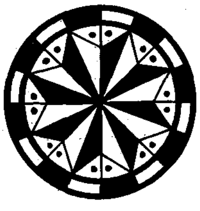


"Mr. Winthrop here wonders if he should have confidence in our bank. Tell him, gang!"

In California, the polls show Mondale and Hart to be about dead even at the moment, but because of the way that primary was set up—in order to help Alan Cranston, who has long since dropped out of the race—the contest is more complicated than in the other states. The voting will be simply for delegate slates in the state's forty-five congressional districts, and the candidate with a plurality in a given district is likely to win all its delegates, since people aren't expected to split their votes. Victories in some of the districts are more valuable than in others, because they have more delegates; delegates are apportioned according to the Democratic turnout in the last two elections. The general assumption is that Hart is strong in the high-tech area of Silicon Valley, south of San Francisco, and in some parts of San Francisco; that Mondale is strong in areas dominated by Hispanics and by traditional Democrats (eighteen congressional districts have a Hispanic population of twenty per cent or more); that Jackson will carry the four districts whose populations are more than twenty per cent black; and that many districts are up for grabs. There are four congressional districts in the Los Angeles area with a heavily Jewish population, which might be expected to go for Mondale, but the congressmen from three of them endorsed Hart in early March, at the height of his post-New Hampshire crest, and have the makings of the only political machine in the state. However, according to several reports, these congressmen have been disappointed in Hart's performance since their endorsement of him—in particular his failure to attract Jewish support in New York and, more recently, his suggestion that he might accept Jackson as his running mate. Hart, who made the statement during a television interview in Los Angeles, hedged his reply by saying that Jackson would have to change his views on the Middle East "substantially," but such are the tensions between many blacks and Jews as a result of Jackson's campaign that Hart's amendment was of little help. (New Jersey has a substantial Jewish population as well.)

Hart has been generally expected to win California (an expectation that Hart shares), but the Mondale people say that he will not necessarily do so, and that even if he does Mondale will extract a large number of delegates from the state. The most recent poll published by the California pollster Mervin Field indicated that Mondale was leading Hart by two points, and a poll taken by the Mondale campaign over the weekend of May 19th-20th indicated that Mondale was one point behind. These numbers are so close as to be within the statistical margin of error. Moreover, the poll numbers give no indication of how the delegates will be allocated. While California is often considered the land of hot tubs and high tech, the Mondale people say that labor, along with ethnic groups and other minorities, has a strong presence in the state. Mickey Kantor, a Los Angeles lawyer who has been a major figure in the California Democratic Party and is running Mondale's campaign there, says, "If you did a poll in the cocktail lounge of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, we'd lose, but there are over a million members of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in the state, and while labor may not be as strong as it is in some other states it is working hard for Mondale." He adds that senior citizens' groups, teachers' organizations, and women's groups are working for Mondale. Hart has a large group of volunteers working for him. Moreover, there is a view, shared by even some Mondale supporters, that California is simply not Mondale's natural habitat. It is a cliché but true that the state is accustomed to media politics rather than organizational politics, and Mondale is still not an accomplished media politician. Hart, who is hip and can be loose, seems more suited to the California style than Mondale, whose public persona is more buttoned up than he is—but the public persona is what the voters see. California tends to go for politicians with flair—Jerry Brown, Ronald Reagan—and "flair" is not a word one associates with Mondale. (Hart has the support of a number of movie stars.) There are exceptions to these generalizations, of course, but it is also a fact that California, like New Jersey, has been contrary in its Democratic primary politics. It voted for insurgency candidates in 1968 and 1972 (Robert Kennedy and George McGovern), and since 1972 it has not voted for the person who became the nominee of the Party. Hart has always assumed that California would be hospitable to his candidacy, and when I interviewed him in New Hampshire in mid-February, before Iowa or New Hampshire voted, he said he was certain that he would meet Mondale in the California primary.

Because of the importance of New Jersey, both candidates have placed their top organizers here (Mondale even has his campaign manager and his political director here), and both have added to the time they originally planned to spend here. Mondale, having extended his latest visit, left yesterday (his campaign didn't want to leave Hart alone in the state too much), and Hart will be flying to California this afternoon. Hart's campaign manager in the state, Paul Bograd (he organized Connecticut and Ohio for Hart), said to me this morning that Hart had been doing nicely here until Friday, when he joked at a fund-raiser in California that "the good news" for his wife, Lee, "is she campaigns in California and I campaign in New Jersey," and went on to say, after Lee Hart said that she had held a koala bear, "I won't tell you what I got to hold—samples from a toxic-waste dump." The joking may seem like a small matter in the great scheme of things, but it offended New Jerseyans, who don't find New Jersey jokes amusing; it raised another question about Hart's judgment; and it dominated the news about Hart's campaign in New Jersey for several days. One of the puzzling aspects of the episode is why Hart did not apologize and get it over with; instead, he said that the remarks had been misrepresented, and that Mondale and the Republican governor of the state, Thomas Kean, were trying to exploit the matter. Of course they were—inevitably. Hart's errors in this campaign—and there have been several damaging ones—seem to stem from both faulty judgment and inexperience. Mondale has, after all, been around the track several times. He was something of a national figure when Carter chose him as Vice-President in 1976, and this is his third national campaign. For Hart, it's the first time out; still, he has been in politics in some form since 1972, and must know some basics—such as what you say about New Jersey in California is likely to be reported in New Jersey.



Hart's ads for New Jersey, shot at the Meadowlands sports complex, stress his identification with New Jersey's progress. He tells a group of citizens in one of the ads: "You have built the bridge between the past and the future. . . . Now this country has to get busy and do the same thing that you've done here in New Jersey." In another, he says, "New Jersey's on the cutting edge of change. . . . It's not like New York. It's not like Pennsylvania. This state really *is* moving forward." (Bograd tells me that it is significant that the ads show the New York skyline in the background, to symbolize the distance, and difference, between New York and New Jersey.) Another ad, reminiscent of one that Hart ran in Ohio, has a woman saying, "We've done it ourselves. We had to overcome Carter/Mondale high interest rates and Carter/Mondale inflation," and a man saying, "Walter Mondale had his chance, and because of his inability and Jimmy Carter's inability to lead this country, we've winded up with Ronald Reagan. It's time for a change." Over the weekend, Hart posed for an ad walking along a California beach, evoking memories of Robert Kennedy. One of Hart's California ads will show the beach scene and Hart talking to a crowd, with the sound of a heartbeat in the background—to demonstrate excitement, momentum. Another ad the Hart campaign is running in California, which it calls its "inoculation" ad, shows the text of Mondale's lavish praise of Hart when he was helping Hart in his 1980 reëlection effort.

The Mondale campaign is acting on the conclusions it drew from Mondale's loss to Hart in Ohio: that Mondale must take Hart on directly and consistently, and must try to dominate the agenda with his issues. While Hart has been trying to get the debate onto the question of whether he or Mondale has a better vision for the future, Mondale, in both New Jersey and California, has attacked Hart for missing hearings on, not participating in the drafting of, and not voting on the question of passage of the bill, passed in 1980, to establish a "superfund" to clean up toxic-waste sites. Most of the money for the fund was to come from taxes on companies that produce or import petroleum-based chemicals, thus making the legislation highly controversial among oil and chemical companies, which are heavily represented in Colorado, and which contributed large sums of money to defeat the bill's main supporters in the 1980 elections, when Hart was up for reëlection. (Hart's aides have pointed out that the bill passed the Senate overwhelmingly, and Hart's vote was not needed, and that Hart was present in the Senate for critical votes on the subject. The Hart campaign has also said that Mondale was simply being negative.) Mondale's attack followed a claim by Hart that he had been a major initiator of legislation in this area and Mondale had not. The toxic-waste issue is also important in California, and in recent weeks toxic-waste dumps have been a major feature of this campaign. The other issue Mondale has stressed is Hart's support of the nuclear build-down, saying, as he has since the attacks on Hart began after New Hampshire, that Hart has been inconsistent—supporting the freeze late, and supporting the build-down, which had been offered as an alternative to the freeze and which could lead to a qualitative arms race. Why Hart, who has been a strong supporter of arms control, supported the build-down has never been clear. In both of these instances, Mondale's attacks had several concurrent purposes: to raise doubts about Hart on these issues in the minds of important activist groups (which would include both Democrats and independents); to raise a broader question about Hart's consistency and steadiness, his readiness to be President; to throw Hart off stride and on the defensive. That Hart is irritated by the attacks, and displays his irritation, does not displease the Mondale people.

NOW, at twelve-forty, Hart is marching arm in arm with leaders of a nuclear-freeze voter-registration drive down two blocks of Raritan Avenue, in Highland Park, New Jersey. (A solar eclipse is taking place, but the sky has been so gray all morning that it's hard to tell the difference.) This mini-march will provide more good material for television. A little earlier, Hart made a brief arms-control talk in the auditorium of St. Paul's School here. Hart has become quite accomplished in his public appearances: he projects his voice well, and speaks with strength, clarity, and apparent conviction. Though tired, he looks good; and in his ads he looks very good—Hart's cheekbones are an excellent television asset. In his talk, Hart endorsed the freeze, and said, "As President of the United States I intend to negotiate that agreement." He was applauded enthusiastically; the assurance with which he stated his case seemed to reduce Mondale's argument about the build-down to a quibble. Then Hart restated a proposal he had offered earlier in the year, calling for a freeze on the production of plutonium. He also said that his arms-control agenda "as senator and as the next President" included a moratorium on the testing of nuclear weapons; the negotiation of a test-ban treaty; a moratorium on the testing of anti-satellite weapons; and negotiation of a treaty banning weapons in space. (He and Mondale are agreed on these things.) Hart also cited his proposal for establishing a crisis-monitoring center with the Soviet Union, "so that neither side accidentally starts World War III." He said that he would seek a reduction of fifty per cent or more in multiple-warhead land-based missiles, and he pledged "a unilateral step by myself as the next President to cancel the MX missile and the B-1 bomber." With each of his pledges, he was applauded strongly. (Hart has repeated his support for the build-down, saying that for every new weapons system that was deployed two weapons systems would have to be removed. This is incorrect: two warheads would have to be removed for every new warhead deployed.) Hart didn't go on with his statement very much, and seemed to cut it short abruptly. Hart has talked, with varying degrees of specificity and vagueness, about what he is for at the same time that he has campaigned against "the old ways." He has not been very clear about which old ways he is rejecting, nor has Mondale done much to challenge Hart—except episodically—on the "new-old" issue. Hart has taken some rough shots at Mondale on other subjects—Lebanon, Iran, Central America, "special interests," and, of course, delegate committees—but has managed to come across as sounding other notes as well. Mondale has talked about things other than Hart's record, but not in a way that has got through. He made some substantive and "theme" speeches in the period leading up to the Ohio primary, but the result of that primary suggested to his advisers that another course was required. The Mondale campaign, not unlike other campaigns (especially those with a crisis on their hands), tends to think tactically, in terms of the immediate payoff, of what will work for next Tuesday. This has paid off many times, but at a price to Mondale.

ON the Hart plane, en route to California. This is the third coast-to-coast trip for Hart within the last six days. The flight, on a crowded DC-9, is to take about seven hours, including a refuelling stop in St. Louis. Much of Hart's campaign entourage is on the plane. His campaign organization is more than a little chaotic: a number of people, almost all of them from the McGovern campaign of 1972, joined it after Hart's success in New Hampshire—having until then been sitting on the sidelines, assuming Hart would go nowhere, or frying other fish. The newcomers fight with those who were there before New Hampshire, and sometimes with each other. Hart's law-school friend Oliver Henkel took on the job of manager of the Hart campaign last year when no one else would, giving up his law practice in Cleveland and living in a basement apartment on Capitol Hill, away from his family. Henkel is a decent man but politically inexperienced, and the newcomers' warfare with him has been played out in the press, often in a way humiliating to Henkel. This has been going on for months now, but Hart has neither faced it nor dealt with it. So the Hart campaign is a hydra-headed thing, with many voices, and decisions are arrived at only with difficulty. Another striking thing about the Hart

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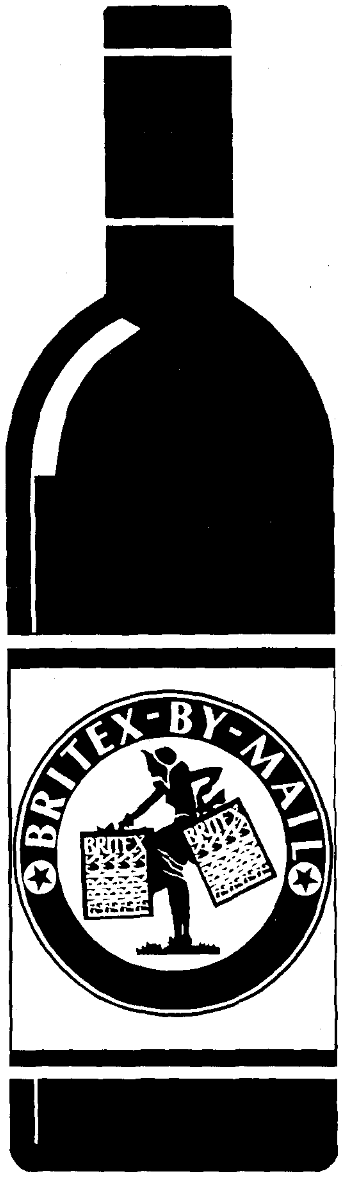

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campaign is that there are people associated with it who speak about Hart disparagingly or talk about him in troubled, and troubling, terms. This is the worry, and the dilemma, about Hart. He is a man of some charm and of intelligence, but it is, with a few exceptions, the people who know the most about him who raise the most serious questions about his candidacy; they are the ones who question whether Hart is mature enough, settled enough, and open enough with other people to be President. This is unusual. There are, to be sure, people around Hart who are devoted to him, but the number of detached outriders, and of previous and current doubters, is noticeable.

On the plane, Hart wears a blue boating cap with gold braid and "Captain" printed on it in gold, which he received on the boat trip this morning; during the flight he confers with his advisers, reads a biography of Andrew Jackson, and kids around with the television technicians in the back of the plane. He looks better than he did in mid-campaign: there is more color in his face, and he seems more relaxed. At times, it seems almost as if he were in a state of exhilaration despite the terrible wearingness of this campaign. He has come further than just about anyone—except, according to Hart, himself—expected, and, no matter what happens from here on, he has done very well. For all the drain and strain, there is considerable satisfaction in being the object of so much attention and applause; it undoubtedly beats sitting in subcommittee meetings and going to the Senate floor to vote; there is undoubtedly satisfaction in standing out from one's peers. Others who might have run, or might run in the future, are sitting in subcommittee meetings and going to the Senate floor to vote—and wondering whether Hart has preëmpted them for some time to come. Hart has become something of a conspicuous cutup in recent weeks: insisting on going dancing at Gilley's, a famous bar outside Houston (his aides dissuaded him from riding a mechanical bull); shooting the rapids in Oregon, à la Robert Kennedy, and having to be dissuaded from attempting the most dangerous waters (he remarked to a reporter, "I love danger"); and, on plane trips, engaging in pillow fights and "sky-surfing"—putting his feet on plastic emergency-information cards and, as the plane takes off, sliding down the aisle. Mark Hogan, a friend of Hart's from Colorado, who has been lieutenant governor of the state and chairman of the state Democratic Party, and who has been travelling with Hart since mid-March to lend a sort of gray-haired presence, says that this behavior is both a release from the discipline and strain of campaigning and a political tactic. Hogan says, "I think it bothered Gary that he was considered cold and aloof, so he was willing to go a bit further to show that he's not cold and aloof—putting on a mustache, and so on. It's hard for the press, if they've been on the plane, to write about him as a stuffed shirt."

Conversations with the Hart entourage on the plane make it clear that, as of now, unless Hart does badly next Tuesday, and even if Mondale has enough delegates for the nomination as of then, they will persevere. Hogan says, "If we win both California and New Jersey, it's really not going to matter how many delegates Mondale claims. At that point, we'll be dealing with a relatively small number of politically savvy people, and Mondale is not going to be able to hold them. All we have to do is legitimately deny Mondale a first-ballot victory, and he begins immediately to lose ground and we begin immediately to gain ground. Mondale knows that; it's the reason he's scrambling as frantically as he is. Mondale now has to win New Jersey, and if it comes out anything close to a tie that's as good as a win for us—it's easier for us to explain than for Mondale." Hogan says that if Hart wins California but not New Jersey "then we go out and make an absolutely brilliant case on what we have done and, more important, what Mondale hasn't been able to do and how Mondale can't win the election." He says, "Our argument is the same either way: the Mondale people have to realize that the nomination toward which he is scraping and struggling is not worth as much to him, because he has not been able to win it with the juggernaut, as advertised. Yet if Gary wins it he's Gary the Giant-Killer. If Gary gets the nomination, the Republicans really have got a problem. I think our bigger problem is the nomination, not the election in the fall."

I ask Hogan what happens if Hart loses both big states on Tuesday.

He replies, "Then we have a very difficult case to make, because we don't have the momentum. We will want to analyze what we lost, how we lost, did we really lose. It's a crazy enough year that I wouldn't rule anything out, but it would be hard to know what our selling points would be in that situation." He adds, "If we get hit between the eyes on June 5th, then it will be a question of what the political reaction is, and we'd think about how to affect the platform and the rules and to have a major impact on the Convention—and start planning for 1988."

John McEvoy, a Washington attorney who had been an adviser to Hart for some time and took on a major role after the Pennsylvania primary, says, "If there is a split on the fifth, it's the same as winning both." When I asked him why, he replied, "Why not? Campaigns go on until there's no hope or no money." (Hart's campaign is in fact somewhere between four and five million dollars in debt, and at the same time that Hart is trying to raise the money to pay it off he will have to begin raising money for his Senate-reëlection race in 1986. Mondale has a debt of about two and a half million dollars and, when the costs of going to the Convention—staff members have been asked to pay their own way—and of the activities required to raise money for paying off the debt are taken into account, is nearing the legal spending ceiling. One reason Mondale is in this situation is that his campaign spent so much money last year—about ten million dollars, or nearly half the full amount allowed—on the assumption that this year's struggle would not take long.) In response to a question about whether Hart might run the risk of being seen as a Party-wrecker, McEvoy says, "There's a real problem of the guy who is declared to be ahead—it's the fourth time this year the press will have claimed him the winner—saying the other guy should quit. Walter Mondale will have won fewer states, probably fewer popular votes, and is under the shadow of a Federal Election Commission ruling on the delegate committees. There's another problem, in terms of what this campaign is all about—new leadership, advancing new ideas. At what point do you give that up? The campaign has gone too far and too long to stop." He adds, "To quit on the basis of a less than conclusive outcome is to say that everything we've been building in the last two years should be abandoned." Hart's advisers are now drawing up plans for the period between June 5th and the Convention: plans for Hart to call on members of Congress to seek their support; to call unpledged "superdelegates"—elected and Party officials who will attend the Convention and who may or may not have made a commitment to a candidate (Mondale has by far the most commitments from this group); to attend state conventions where the final stages of the delegate-selection process will be carried out; to make a lot of telephone calls.

From the way the Hart people describe the struggle that is going on, it becomes clear that two things are taking place at once. One is the contest for who will be the Democratic nominee; the other is a struggle for a new order as opposed to the old order. Labor's angry attacks on Hart (for having criticized Mondale's backing by labor) reinforce this view. As the Hart people see it, it is a contest of who will establish the national agenda, and they say that Hart is not going to give up that role lightly. One of Hart's advisers says, "It's not just a contest between two constituencies; it's about the future agenda. It's not a question of which side wins; it's whether the Party goes with what hasn't worked before." The fact that some key Hart people see things this way suggests the nature of the struggle that lies ahead no matter what happens on the fifth. Also, in fighting to change the rules, as they may well do, Hart and Jackson will be fighting to break the power of those who set those rules—the Party establishment. The fight, then, is over power within the Party from here out. There is also something of a cultural war going on: Mondale and Hart do represent two different political styles and bases; their followings are essentially different. The parallels between the contest in California this year and the one that took place there in 1972 are almost eerie. Then it was McGovern, supported by peace activists and other insurgency forces, against Humphrey, backed by the Party establishment, including labor. Now it is Hart, McGovern's campaign manager, surrounded by a number of McGovernites and backed by a number of insurgents, against Mondale, Humphrey's protégé, backed by labor and the Party establishment. (The California contest, which McGovern won, was followed by a challenge at the Convention of the rules for the contest—but that time the Humphrey forces challenged the rules, and the McGovern forces, led by Hart, successfully defended the status quo.)

Hart has continued to attack Mondale on the use of delegate committees, raising the stakes. He has asked that Mondale have the proceedings before the F.E.C. opened, and expedited. (According to lawyers familiar with the federal election-spending laws, it is not within Mondale's power to expedite the proceedings; and while the statute says that the proceedings are to be closed unless the respondent asks that they be opened, no respondent has ever done so, and none is likely to.) He has asked why Mondale has not yet returned the money to political-action committees that contributed to the delegate committees, as Mondale has said he would—perhaps unaware that Mondale cannot legally do this without clearance by the F.E.C. (When I asked one of Hart's advisers whether he was aware that Mondale could not return the money without F.E.C. clearance, he said that he was not—but suggested that this would not deter the campaign from pressing the point.) Mondale has placed four hundred thousand dollars in escrow, to be repaid when the arrangements have been worked out with the F.E.C. Hart has also suggested that the Justice Department might launch an investigation of the matter if Mondale is nominated and thus create a serious problem for the Party in the fall. This is considered highly unlikely, unless the Reagan Administration, which has assiduously avoided an investigation of how campaign documents got from the Carter camp to the Reagan camp in 1980, wants to open a proceeding that would be obviously political and could backfire. Hart has an issue, and he is pushing it for all it's worth; he is going overboard, but at times like this campaigns don't always recognize limits. Recently, Henkel told me that the campaign's count of what it terms "tainted delegates"—delegates elected with the help of delegate-committee funds—is 669. It is counting any delegate elected in a district where there was a delegate committee, no matter how it was formed or managed. Even calling the delegates "tainted" is pressing the point a bit far; it suggests that the Mondale delegates helped by

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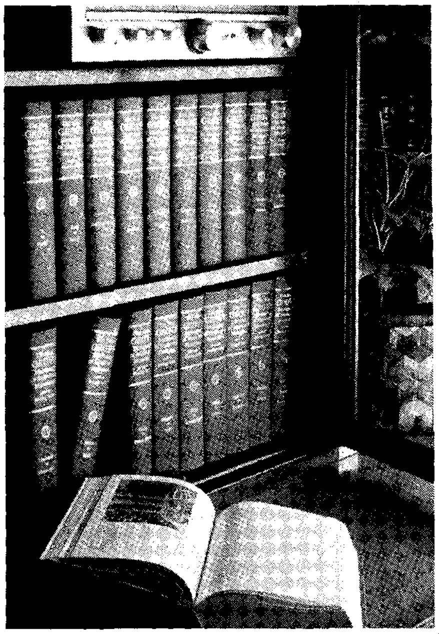

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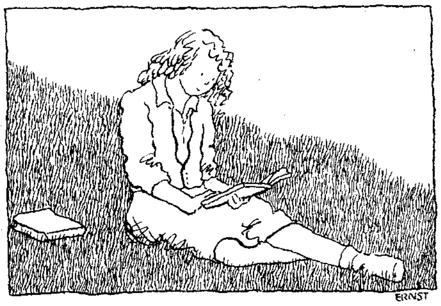
delegate committees would not otherwise have been elected, a conclusion that election-law experts think is way out of proportion to the facts. The Hart campaign has hinted broadly that these delegates may be challenged in the Credentials Committee or at the Convention. Delegate committees have been used before and are not illegal per se, of course—though the Hart campaign has by now spread the impression that they are—and while the Mondale campaign undoubtedly stretched, and perhaps broke, the law, this does not mean that delegates selected thereby were illegally selected. Moreover, the Hart campaign has already missed the deadline for filing complaints against most of these delegates—though it will probably protest the deadline rule as well. On one occasion, Hart suggested that he might not challenge the "tainted" delegates but that "someone" would. One Hart adviser has said to me, knowingly, that Jackson was getting "some very good legal advice" for making a number of challenges on rules and delegate selection. He added, "It seems there are areas of community of interests on procedural questions, where events link the courses of those two candidates"—Hart and Jackson. "As we move to the Convention, a lot of things may happen that haven't occurred to people yet."

Miles Rubin, a wealthy businessman who worked in the McGovern campaign, has been helping Hart raise money and is working on plans for the post-primary period, including plans to try to wrest the nomination from Mondale. Through a combination of disorganization and circumstance, the Hart campaign has done little to try to add to Hart's delegate total by obtaining the support of unpledged or uncommitted delegates. The circumstance is that it doesn't have a very strong case to make as yet, but hopes to have one after June 5th. The Hart campaign has compiled lists of potential endorsers (even if they have endorsed Mondale), and is making calls. Fritz Hollings, who endorsed Hart after he dropped out of the race, is said to be helpful. Senators and congressmen who have endorsed Hart, and Democratic financial contributors, have been asked to make calls. A memo was prepared, to go out over the names of Senator Christopher Dodd, of Connecticut, and Representative Timothy Wirth, of Colorado, both of whom support Hart, to Senate and House members, saying that Hart will want to see them after the fifth, and citing selected poll data from some states indicating that Hart is stronger in them than Mondale. (One of the states is Iowa, which Mondale, of course, won in February.) Governors' past advisers or financial contributors have been asked to call governors. Hart himself has made calls while he has been on the road. The recipients of the calls usually want to know the delegate tally, and Hart usually replies that he is convinced that he will win California and New Jersey and that as a result Mondale will not be able to win the nomination. Hart has picked up only a few delegates through this procedure; political figures, being realists, are looking at the delegate tallies and waiting to see what happens on June 5th. The Hart people say that there are a number of people committed to Mondale who are now uncomfortable with their commitment and may move after the fifth.

KATHY BUSHKIN, Hart's press secretary, divides what Hart has been through into four phases: "Everything up to New Hampshire, which was a struggle—a struggle for money, name recognition, endorsements, everything." She continues, "Then there was the tidal-wave period after New Hampshire, when everything came almost too easily—name recognition, attention, new support." And, she agreed, new friends. "Then came a rocky period, as we settled in. I think it was inevitable: you couldn't stay on the wave forever, and Mondale realized that the only way to stop our nomination was to be as negative as he was, and when Gary was unknown the negative had an effect. Now we're in the post-Ohio period, in which we've regained our message, our footing, and our ability to shape the news, and we're back on the offensive." Mrs. Bushkin says that Hart "is a much better candidate today—he looks better, he sounds better." She adds, "The process caused that."

The nominating process is much maligned, and for good reasons: it is too long, too expensive, and rewards some of the wrong qualities. But it does have its plusses: we learn things about the candidates that under much more protected circumstances we might not find out in time; the candidates learn more about the country, and are tested in some useful ways. All three of the candidates now remaining seem to have grown in the course of the year. All the proposals for change have their drawbacks, too, and every adjustment leads to readjustments. The British system, in which the leaders, who are chosen by their parties, emerge from Parliamentary and Cabinet experience, and elections take about three weeks, might be nice, but it is out of the question. Party activists in both parties wouldn't stand for it—and even in Britain there is growing pressure by party activists for more power. The oft-proposed idea of grouping the contests by regions and having four major contests would give even more reward to the candidate who can make a media splash. One big problem is that the system tends to reward those who have the time (years) to prepare the ground for running, yet it is hard to think of a law that would prevent a would-be candidate from traipsing around Iowa a year or more before the caucuses. Former President Gerald Ford has made the interesting proposal that candidates be prohibited from raising money before the election year. There may be technical, and even constitutional, problems with this, but Ford is getting at an important point. The truth is that there is no perfect system, and that the democratic impulses that have spawned our system aren't going to go away. It is also true, for all the deriding of candidates, that the process demands certain real skills—whether they are Ronald Reagan's skills or Walter Mondale's skills or Gary Hart's skills. It is not a sport for amateurs.

Kathy Bushkin says that Hart is genuinely angry at Mondale for two reasons: he thinks that Mondale doesn't really believe the things he is saying about Hart, and he objects to the kinds of issues Mondale has chosen to attack on. She says, "It hasn't been Mondale saying he doesn't like Gary's proposal for individual training accounts. It's Mondale saying Gary doesn't believe in civil rights or arms control; that cuts Gary deep. It created that look on his face in the New York debate"—a look of cold anger. She says, "Those things rile him. He risked a lot in fighting for SALT II—it



wasn't popular in Colorado. He has a good record on civil rights. To Gary, what Mondale has done goes pretty far in personal attacks."

To Mondale, such criticisms of Hart are valid, and part of the political rough-and-tumble; to Hart, they are invalid and unacceptable. And by criticizing Mondale's "negativism" the Hart campaign is trying to turn Mondale's attacks back on him, and make the attacking itself an issue.

IN the early evening, after the refuelling stop, I have an interview with Hart on the plane. I ask him why he seems more relaxed now than he was earlier in the campaign.

"I think there's a little different rhythm to it now," he replies. "We've gotten some control of the schedule and I've gotten adjusted psychologically to my opponent's style."

I ask him if he is angry at Mondale.

" 'Disappointed' is, I think, the better word," Hart says. "Part of it is, I think, the fact that we know each other. Had we not known each other—Or maybe what has happened here is that I presumed a friendship that never existed. Either I presumed a friendship that never was or he is behaving in a way that is not consistent with a friendship. I make that statement discounting for politics—this is not politics as usual. And I discount for generational politics. I may have just misunderstood who Fritz Mondale was. I've given him every benefit of the doubt. It wasn't until a couple of weeks ago that I concluded he was consciously misstating facts."

I ask Hart why he has always believed he would get the nomination.

He replies, "I don't know—probably for the same reason I thought George McGovern would get the nomination in 1972; the same reason I thought I'd win the Senate campaign. It's intuitive. I thought McGovern would inherit Eugene McCarthy's and Robert Kennedy's constituencies. I travelled across the country in 1981 and 1982 and knew that we couldn't go back—that the Party couldn't proceed with Edward Kennedy and Walter Mondale. I knew there were enough people out there in the Party who were looking for something new, and if no one else in the nineteen-seventies class got into the race I would inherit that. I thought that Mondale would be the established leader, and I would be the new approach. I thought that from 1983."

I ask Hart if he has given any thought to being in the position, or being seen to be in the position, of hurting the Party.

He replies, "I can't hypothesize anything but that the contest will go to the Convention and I'll win on the first ballot. I can't mentally put myself in any other frame of mind. Maybe I could on June 6th, but I expect to be strengthened on June 6th. Clearly, something is going on in the Party. There was a lot of evidence in February-March and in May-June that people don't want Mondale, that this candidacy offers something in terms of electability and governance."

Hart says he doesn't think a protracted fight will necessarily be damaging, "because this is not an ideological fight." He adds, "It's between two types of candidates—the more beholden versus the less beholden. The constituency groups can't be unhappy with me at the top of the ticket. We don't disagree on the merits of most of the issues. I don't have the disagreements with labor that George McGovern did. I'm not concerned about dividing the Party. If anyone has divided the Party, it's Walter Mondale. He started attacking me February 29th"—the day after the New Hampshire primary—"and after Super Tuesday, March 13th, he became Fighting Fritz—good old Fighting Fritz. My candidacy represents half or nearly half of the Party, or maybe more than half of the Party. Why aren't *his* attacks dividing the Party? Party people are supporting me, too."

In reply to a question about how he sees the year thus far, Hart says, "We've done, if I may say so, extraordinary things in three months. We've turned the Democratic Party around. I don't think it will be the same again."

Even if, I ask, Mondale gets the nomination by what Hart sees as the old ways, and with the backing of the Party establishment?

He replies, "A lot of people are empowered now who weren't interested—who thought it would be a Mondale-Glenn race. Lots and lots of people have said they have got involved for the first time, or for the first time since Bobby Kennedy was killed. I've won at least half the states. The base has been broadened, geographically and economically. We've brought in independent people and people who might have joined a third party. The leadership of the Party will change, either in 1988 or in 1984—I think 1984, because that's the only way we can win the election. The issue of

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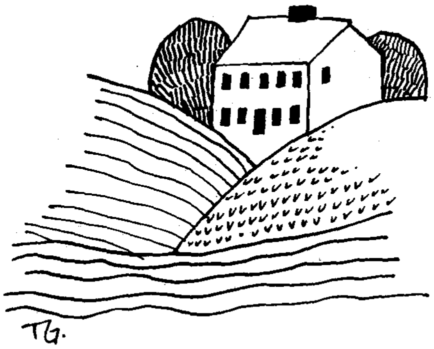
electability—of how to beat Reagan—will dominate the next six weeks. I think that after June 5th I'm going to run stronger in the polls than Mondale against Reagan, and the uncommitted delegates are going to have to face that fact."

Fresno, California. We arrived here at 6:30 P.M. Pacific Daylight Time, or 9:30 P.M. Eastern Time—about a half hour late. It's a hundred and three degrees here—a sharp change from the weather in New Jersey. This agricultural center, midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, is considered a tossup area. Toward the end of the flight, Hart rebelled against his heavy schedule in the next few days, and his attendance at some fund-raisers has been cancelled. At a rally of about seven hundred people, Hart, looking remarkably refreshed, gives his stump speech. Flirting a bit with danger, it seems, under the circumstances, he refers to having been in New Jersey this morning and says, "Coming from that cold climate to this warm reception, we appreciate it very much." Then he tells the audience, "The Democratic Party in 1984 must offer this country new leadership and a new vision for the nineteen-eighties to win this election and to send Ronald Reagan back to his ranch for good." He receives enthusiastic applause. His voice rings out. He has become a much better speaker since the early days in New Hampshire. An adviser says that Hart is very tired and not as good as he can be at these events, but he seems to be quite effective. He says, to frequent cheers, "We must not give this President four more years to turn back on civil rights for all minority citizens and on equal rights for the women of this country. We must not let this President have four more years to sell off this nation's environment to the highest bidder. We must not let this President have four more years to wreck the agricultural economy of this county and this state. Most of all, we cannot let this President have four more years of control over the issues of war and peace." Then he says, "We must not send our sons to die without cause in Lebanon, or serve as bodyguards for dictators in Central America." He has been saying this for some time, even though the question has arisen of what Central American countries he is referring to. "This nation is too young to turn back and fail," he says. "We must resist the old policies that have failed us in the past; resist the temptation of protectionist trade legislation." He calls for more spending for education and training and for "school lunches for poor children and guaranteed student loans for students going to college." He goes on, "And when I debate Mr. Reagan next fall"—to laughter and cheers from the audience—"and he says 'Senator Hart, how do you intend to pay for these education programs and these farm programs?' I intend to say 'Mr. Reagan, by cancelling the MX missile and the B-1 bomber.' " Hart has proposed a number of other things as well, and cancelling those weapons won't pay for them. Hart's pledges outrun his revenues, but no one seems to care about this sort of question anymore. Now he calls for a nuclear freeze and an end to the arms race. "Let's have a foreign policy in the nineteen-eighties that makes sense," he says. "This country has an interest in Central America and the Third World, but we will not achieve those interests or support the goals and values of this nation and the wishes of those people by deploying Marines and combat forces. Let's send to Central America doctors and nurses." He concludes, "I am here this afternoon to ask for your help, not just for a candidate, not just for a candidacy or a campaign, but for this community and for this state and for this nation and for the future of mankind in the nineteen-eighties and beyond." Hart is now following advice that Patrick Caddell, the pollster, gave him after he lost the Pennsylvania primary—to make his candidacy into a cause. "This campaign is about the future of America," Hart tells the crowd.

Hart then takes questions from the audience, and the questions come from people who represent constituency groups—the elderly, veterans, Indians, Hispanics, women. Perhaps this is no accident. In each case, Hart says he is for what the questioner is seeking, just as this morning he told environmentalists and peace activists what they wanted to hear. Hart, because of his style, and because he has asserted that he does not represent "the old ways," can get away with this; Mondale can't.



Back on the plane, Hart's advisers have been handed a copy of today's Los Angeles *Times*, in which the lead story carries the headline "HART, JACKSON CAMPS JOIN TO STOP MONDALE" and goes on to describe, with quotes from Henkel, how Hart and Jackson forces have coöperated in various states as they complete their delegate-selection process. The reaction of the advisers is a clap of hands to foreheads.

Los Angeles. The Biltmore Hotel. Hart is at a fund-raiser attended mainly by young entrepreneurs and people who work in high-tech industries, with about eight tables taken by the gay community, where Hart has strong support, and with a sprinkling of show-business people. Hart's good friend Warren Beatty is here, and so are Debra Winger and Marsha Mason. Among the entertainers performing at the fund-raiser are Ronee Blakley and Burt Bacharach and Carole Bayer Sager. (Among other stars who support Hart are Robert Redford, Jack Nicholson, and Goldie Hawn.) Finally, shortly before eleven, Hart is introduced. Lee Hart and their daughter, Andrea, are on the stage with him. Hart says, "I want to begin this evening by saying I love New Jersey"—he is flirting with danger again—"and I love California." When Hart says these things, he punctuates them with a short, gigglelike laugh that sometimes comes out when he tries to be funny. Hart, giggling again, says that his son, John, is attending a prom in Oklahoma—"He loves Oklahoma." Then he gives a few lines from his stump speech, describing the race as between the future and the past, saying that he has a vision for the future that is very different from Ronald Reagan's: "It is a vision that has propelled me and many of you to support candidates like John Kennedy in 1960, Robert Kennedy in 1968, George McGovern in 1972, and other candidates throughout our adult lives that we felt offered the best hope and promise for this nation's future." He talks about cleaning up toxic waste and cancelling the MX and achieving true equality for women, and says that he wants a foreign policy that "instead of sending Marines and combat forces into Central America sends doctors and nurses and teachers and agricultural experts." He speaks slowly and is obviously very tired, and he keeps his remarks brief. He doesn't particularly invigorate this audience; perhaps he's simply too worn out. He concludes, talking more about his vision, "No single individual can do that, no single political party can do that. But the American people can do that and we will do it. And we'll start by winning this nomination in San Francisco and winning this election next fall, for all the people of this country once again to have confidence in their government and participate in the issues that affect their lives. That's what this election is about. It's about our future and we are going to win."

MAY 31

LOS ANGELES. Early this morning, Walter Mondale took the ferry from Tiburon, in Marin County, across the bay to San Francisco (a good photo opportunity); then he campaigned in Fresno, where Hart was yesterday; and now he is appearing at a labor rally here. His first stop in Los Angeles this afternoon was at the Martin Luther King, Jr., Hospital, in Watts. Mickey Kantor says that though the district is one-third black, it has a large Hispanic population, and that Mondale's support by Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, a black, and Kenneth Hahn, the Los Angeles County Supervisor from the Watts area and a popular white, gives him a chance there. (Mondale is also supported by Dianne Feinstein, the mayor of San Francisco.) Mondale is far beyond exhaustion now, and, like Hart, is rebelling at the heaviness of his schedule. Mondale has shown more stamina and resilience than anyone, perhaps including Mondale himself, thought he had, but he seems now to be near the end of his rope. He and Hart are in different situations, professionally and emotionally, which may be why, though both are worn out, the toll seems greater on Mondale at the moment. Mondale has been at it longer than Hart, has had a different experience this year, and has more at stake. For Mondale, who expected to win, and thought he had the nomination wrapped up a couple of times, the defeats were a blow. He kept coming back, but it took a tremendous effort. As he told me in an interview in March, his dignity and self-respect and future peace of mind required that he put everything he had into the fight, not be seen as a quitter. He felt strongly about emerging from the contest with a reputation his children would be proud of. The label "quitter" had been applied to him, and he was determined to peel it off. There was a time, after New Hampshire, when his advisers were gloomier about his prospects than he allowed himself to be. If he does not win the nomination, which he has been aiming for, in various forms, for ten years, this will be the end of his political career. For Hart, who has done better than had been expected, this race has to be a satisfying one no matter how it turns out. And Hart can look at this as the beginning of big things, not the end. Mondale, despite his fatigue, pulled himself together for the event at the Martin Luther King, Jr., Hospital, speaking with feeling about his commitment to civil rights, and attacking Reagan's record. The fact that Jackson is in the race, winning black votes that Mondale had expected to win, and denying him the decisive victory margins he would have otherwise had, must bother Mondale, but, if so, this is something he can't mention.

Now, at shortly after six, at a union hall in the garment district, in the south-central part of Los Angeles, as Mondale waits offstage, Lane Kirkland fires up a crowd of several hundred union members, excoriating both Reagan and Hart. Kirkland is an unusual man: he is sophisticated, an intellectual, and he and his wife, Irena, travel in Washington's most fashionable social circles. In conversation, Kirkland talks quietly, with a soft South Carolina accent. But he didn't get to the top of the labor movement without being tough or knowing how to talk to his people, and now he is laying it on hard. (He started out in the merchant marine, and is a member of the Masters, Mates, and Pilots union.) Kirkland has a problem: in lining up the A.F.L.-C.I.O. behind Mondale, for the federation's first pre-Convention endorsement of a Presidential candidate, he took a big risk—though the move perhaps seemed less risky at the time than it did at various points this year. The theory was to consolidate labor's strength within the Democratic Party, to try to get a nominee it liked (it hasn't had one since Hubert Humphrey) and who would, if he won, give it, at the least, a voice (labor had a rocky relationship with Carter). The risk, of course, was that if Mondale lost, labor would be shown to be powerless. A secondary risk, which was probably not foreseen, in-

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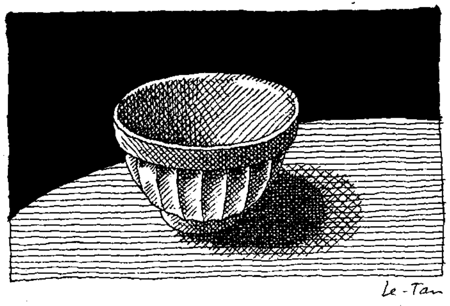
volved the fact that organized labor has a negative image, and its endorsement could be viewed as a liability. That Kirkland is angry that some of Mondale's opponents tried to turn the labor endorsement—which they, too, sought—into a liability for Mondale, and that he is very angry at Hart in particular, cannot be in question from the way he talks here today. (This makes Hart's suggestion to me that he could receive labor's support as the nominee seem a bit unrealistic.)

"None of us thought it would be easy," Kirkland tells the workers. "The attacks on Fritz Mondale have become attacks on the American trade-union movement—on you and the members you represent. That means that more than ever Fritz's fight is our fight, a fight for our legitimate place in this nation's political life." Kirkland says, "Now, we always knew that if Fritz Mondale won the Democratic nomination with our support Ronald Reagan would assail him as the tool of the labor bosses—that is a sure and certain crowd-pleaser." He continues, his big voice filling the hall, "But who would have thought that labor-baiting would become a major theme of another Democratic candidate, Gary Hart—the man who has himself supped most generously in the past at labor's table?" He says, "Now we have a candidate for President named Gary Hart who can't tell the difference between the friends of the Party that he wants to lead and its enemies. . . . His only new idea as far as I've been able to see is his novel doctrine of anti-labor liberalism." He says that Hart is "faithless to the constituencies he has offered himself to in the past," that Hart had come before the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s executive council and "praised us for our forward-looking policies and asked for our support." Rhetorically, he asks Hart, "When you sought and accepted over a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars in labor contributions to your last Senate campaign, did you become an indentured servant to labor?" And he continues, "Mr. Hart should promptly return all the money we gave him in 1980." Mondale, says Kirkland, "is not contrived of silicon and microchips." He says, "The question has been raised during the course of this campaign in snide and accusing tones as to what price labor shall put on its support," and he says, "The only price is that the President"—and he paraphrases the oath of office.

Mondale comes on to big cheers. Tom Bradley and various California labor leaders are with him, and a band plays "Happy Days Are Here Again." This is good, old-fashioned Democratic politics, and Mondale is clearly at home. Whether these will have been happy days or the last hurrah won't be known for months. Mondale has for some time been suggesting an analogy between his candidacy and that of Harry Truman, and now someone in the crowd calls out "Give 'em hell, Fritz," and Mondale, evoking Truman, responds, "No, I will tell them the truth and they will think it's hell." Mondale tells the labor crowd, "I am proud to have your support. I'm proud to carry your endorsement into this nomination campaign, into the Democratic Convention, and into the White House." He receives big cheers from the labor people. "I *need your help*," he tells them, appearing very much to mean it, and, of course, he does. "This is your country as much as it is anybody else's," he tells them. "We've got a President who doesn't think you count," he says. Blue-collar workers will be a much fought-over group in the fall election. But first, the nomination. "One of my opponents says you're a special interest," Mondale says, and, like Kirkland, he points out that Hart was willing to take labor's money for his 1980 Senate race, and sought the A.F.L.-C.I.O. endorsement for the Presidential campaign. Then Mondale, jacket off, voice at full throttle, goes through a litany of things he stands for, preceding each one with "I'm *a person who believes*," and he talks about jobs, health and safety in the workplace, the right to strike, "and the right to be received with dignity and respect—" Here he is interrupted by loud applause and cheers. The list goes on: Social Security, civil rights, the Equal Rights Amendment. Mondale's programmatic mind is at work. He knows what the constituency groups want, and he shares most of their goals. The question remains of how Mondale would handle the hard trade-offs that have to be made. He insists that having these groups' support will enable him to deal with them. And the big question about labor is whether, if Mondale is elected, it will overreach. It is not only some of the people around Hart who are concerned that labor is seeking too large a role in the Party.



Mondale continues his litany: "I'm a person who believes that our future is to be found in our children and that a mind is a terrible thing to waste. . . . I'm a person who believes in protecting the beauty of our land and the purity of our air and water." Now he says, face red from the effort, "Those are my special interests, and if they are special interests count me in." Mondale has been developing this line of argument all year, and if he is nominated we can expect to hear more of it. Some of his own supporters, somewhat disappointed with his campaign, say that Mondale need never have got on the defensive on this question, that the campaign has been conducted in a way that accentuated his vulnerabilities: his at least perceived oversolicitousness toward the interest groups; his being seen as an old-style pol; his perceived inability to reach out to certain constituencies; his not being seen as very interesting or up-to-date. The irony is that Mondale has come across as a known quantity, old hat, in large part because, through a combination of his own inhibitions and his campaign's sense of the short-term tactical requirements, certain aspects of him have remained largely out of view. He has shown endurance, but people seem yet to be convinced that he has strength. He does fine in this kind of setting, but he has yet to get across to the general audience what he is for. He has yet to crystallize and communicate his themes. The short-term tactics have got him through a crisis, but they haven't laid the groundwork for the longer run. He has yet to project that elusive quality, leadership—presenting yourself in such a way that people want to follow you.

Now Mondale does something he's good at—expresses indignation. He says, "In Reagan's America, if you're rich they give you tax cuts, if you're poor they give you cheese. If you're sick, they make you pay more. If you're old, they call a fixed income a fortune. If you're a woman, they blame you for unemployment. If you're Hispanic, they say you enjoy overcrowded housing." This is a new one on his list: he is referring to a recent statement by the Under-Secretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development that Hispanic families live in overcrowded housing because that is "a cultural preference." Mondale continues his list: "If you're hungry, they call you a hustler, and if you're homeless they say you want it that way." He says, "Mr. Reagan, you don't understand what's going on in this country with people of average income. This country is not some kind of jungle where just the richest and the fittest, whatever that means, prosper; this is the United States of America, and this nation is a community, a family, in which we care for one another." He says that he wants to get the deficits down and help the economy grow, to rectify the trade deficit. He mentions, as he did earlier this year, that currencies are out of line. "We need a President willing to stand up for American workers and American—" Once again the crowd drowns him out with its cheers. He urges the crowd, as he has done with other labor audiences, to "elect someone who will remember who put him there." He says, "Elect someone who realizes that a President is not an elected king of America. He's elected a public servant who works for the people of this country. Elect someone who understands not just what Lincoln said, but believes it," and he quotes, as he has all year, Lincoln's saying this is a government of, by, and for the people. His voice reaching full volume, a shout, he says, "You're looking at the person who *his whole life* has fought on behalf of working people in this country." Then he makes the audience laugh as he goes through a description of the cushioned life at the White House, and he says, his voice rising with indignation again, that Presidents can forget that there are people who are unemployed, that there are children who aren't getting an education, that there are people being discriminated against, that there are people who are ill and can't get medical care, that there are toxic-waste dumps. He says—no, shouts—"There are problems in this country that require a President's leadership, but Presidents cannot lead if they don't know what's going on in the life of the average American."

THE Mondale campaign is on a two-track course now: while Mondale is out on the road trying to win delegates through the primary contests that remain, his top aides are back in Washington working almost around the clock to obtain the support of still more of the "superdelegates"—five hundred and sixty-eight members of Congress and other Party officials, from whom Mondale already has sizable support—and of delegates who were elected uncommitted or on behalf of a candidate who has dropped out of the race. The campaign has also been working to win the support of delegates in the states still completing their delegate-selection process. The effort has been a frenzied one, and was set off by Mondale's loss in Ohio, on May 8th, which came as a surprise to the Mondale camp. At that point, in an effort to make Mondale's nomination "inevitable" once again, his campaign chairman, James Johnson, announced that Mondale would have from 1,750 to 1,800 delegates by June 4th, and would receive enough from the balloting on the fifth to have the 1,967 needed for the nomination. This was something of a gamble. From that moment on, Johnson and Tom Donilon, a deputy campaign manager, aided by eight campaign workers (more were added later) pulled in from the road in the course of the campaign and set to the task of tracking the delegates, have been giving their all to making the prediction come true—an exercise that has not been easy. Donilon, who is twenty-nine, was the boy-wonder chief delegate-counter for the Carter campaign in 1980. He had been working on, among other things, making sure that Mondale's delegates would be in line at the Convention, but after Ohio the effort backed up to one of making sure there would be enough Mondale delegates at the Convention. Since May 8th, Mondale has picked up a hundred and fifty delegates, only thirty of them in the three contests that have been held since then (Oregon, Nebraska, and Idaho), which Mondale did not contend in and lost. Some of the delegates Mondale has picked up were in caucus states, such as Virginia and Alaska, which were finishing their delegate-selection process. Others came from the superdelegates chosen in such states as New York and Ohio. (The Hart forces were irritated that though Hart won the Ohio primary—by two points—Mondale received nine of the ten superdelegates available in the state.)

But the most wearing exercise for the Mondale people has been the phoning and cajoling to get a delegate here, a congressman there, a bloc of uncommitted delegates in one state or a group of, say, Glenn delegates some-

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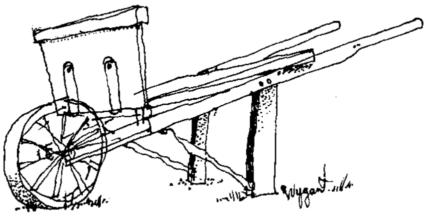
where else. Johnson makes calls, Mondale makes calls, allies make calls. Johnson and Donilon met with the political directors of the unions and made assignments. When I visited Johnson in his office last week, he ticked off various states where he hoped to pick up specific numbers of votes: in Alabama, seven Glenn delegates, plus some unpledged delegates; in South Carolina, a potential twelve uncommitted delegates; in Georgia, a potential twelve unpledged superdelegates. In Kentucky, Governor Martha Layne Collins was holding a block of fifteen uncommitted delegates. Mrs. Collins will chair the Democratic Convention, so she is neutral, and apparently believes that taking uncommitted delegates to the Convention will enhance her influence, but Robert Strauss and Senator Wendell Ford, of Kentucky, are trying to persuade Mrs. Collins to release her delegates. Grant Sawyer, a former governor of Nevada, was sought out by a Democratic senator, by Strauss, and by an official of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., to see if he could persuade the current governor of Nevada, Richard Bryan, to endorse Mondale and deliver three delegates. Senators Thomas Eagleton, of Missouri, and Paul Sarbanes, of Maryland, have made calls on Mondale's behalf, and so have leaders of various labor organizations and of women's groups. Donna Small, a delegate from Montana who is uncommitted, has been called on Mondale's behalf by the lieutenant governor of the state and, after the Mondale people learned that she was a nurse, by Judy Goldsmith, the president of the National Organization for Women. Labor leaders have called a certain senator who would not commit to Mondale, and after this Johnson met with him several times. The senator eventually committed. A certain congressman who is holding out—says he likes Mondale and voted for him in his state but won't commit—has been called on by Johnson and has been reached by one of his major contributors. He continues to hold out. Some senators don't want to choose sides when they are up for reëlection. Some politicians are simply concerned that by choosing sides they might jeopardize their political future. Some white elected officials tell the Mondale people they will support Mondale at the Convention but cannot announce this publicly, because they need black support. A major Mondale fund raiser who is a friend of a former governor of Wyoming is helping to get the support of that state's Party chair and vice-chair. Jane Paxton, a delegate in Maine who is a teacher, has been called by George Mitchell, a Maine senator; by Judy Goldsmith; and by Mary Futrell, the president of the National Education Association. Johnson said, "We've just got every angle going on every person we can, and we're going full tilt." Strauss, who was Special Trade Representative in the Carter Administration, called a delegate concerned about Mondale's support of domestic-content legislation. Eagleton, a Catholic, called two uncommitted delegates in North Dakota who support right-to-life legislation. Hubert Humphrey's son Skip, who is now the attorney general of Minnesota, was to go to Fargo to meet with five uncommitted North Dakota delegates. Johnson has gone to Texas to see Governor Mark White, who is uncommitted, and is planning to go to Florida to see Governor Bob Graham, who is holding about seven delegates (it is unclear how many he can bring with his endorsement)—unpledged, uncommitted, or pledged to John Glenn or Reubin Askew. Johnson, usually a very low-key man, said, "Christ, I'd go anywhere for two delegates at this point." Roland Burris, who is the state comptroller of Illinois and whom the Carter forces had to spend some time placating during the Carter-Kennedy fight in 1980, is holding out for what he considers a satisfactory role in the general-election campaign. Another Illinois state official felt that he had been left out of an important meeting, so Mondale had to call him, and he came around. Brad Dye, the lieutenant governor of Mississippi, has come in for a lot of attention. Mississippi has twelve uncommitted delegates. Johnson spoke with Dye about a dozen times in the last week, and Mondale spoke with him twice. Dye has pledged to support Mondale, and is now working to obtain the support of the other delegates. At Dye's suggestion, Mondale called the state auditor of Mississippi. Dye also called Johnson and said he would need to characterize Mondale's health and education positions to a certain delegate, and Johnson told him what he could say. Dye called Johnson on another occasion and said that one delegate wanted to pass along his opinion about who should be selected as Vice-President. At Dye's suggestion, Mondale called another Mississippi delegate. To obtain as many of the seven Glenn delegates in Alabama as possible, the Mondale campaign is working through Bill Baxley, the lieutenant governor, who headed the Glenn campaign in the state. Baxley had told Mondale that he would be for him if his candidacy looked strong. If a Mondale state leader suggested putting someone on the delegation who would support Mondale at the Convention but not before, the Mondale people told the leader to find someone else. This past Tuesday, Johnson, who had worked throughout the Memorial Day weekend with Donilon and other delegate searchers, said that Mondale had just received a commitment from Mark White, and that Brad Dye would be announcing his support that day, carrying with him eight other delegates from Mississippi. "I got six delegates last night," he said, sounding triumphant—a governor, a state chair, a state vice-chair, and some uncommitteds.



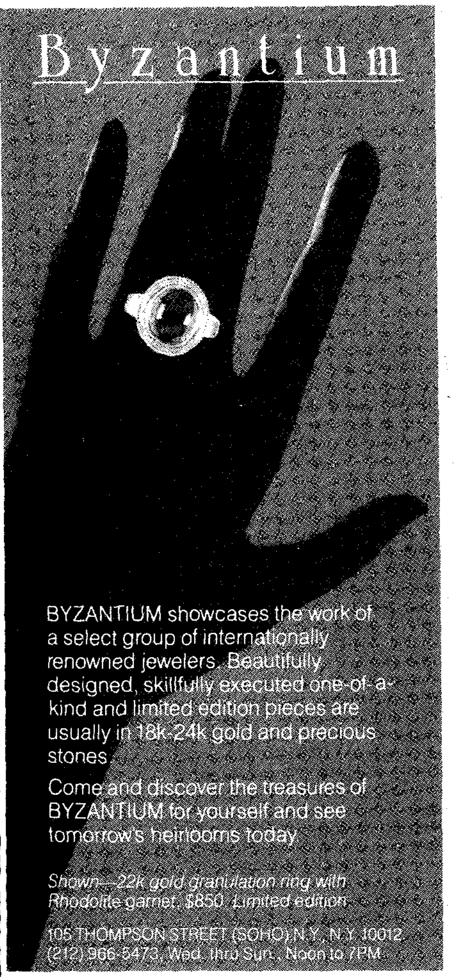
There was a bit of confusion in the Mondale camp over when, exactly, it hoped to have enough delegates for the nomination. While Johnson said as of the voting on the fifth, Mondale on a couple of occasions said as of the Convention. Mondale's aides say that there was no great significance to this—that it was simply a result of Mondale's fatigue—and finally Mondale settled the matter by saying he would announce that he had enough delegates at 11:59 A.M., Central Daylight Time, on June 6th. (The results from California would come in late.) Donilon spends hours with the delegate-counters from the wire services, the New York *Times*, and the networks, because the Mondale campaign obviously doesn't want to be in the position of announcing that it has a sufficient number of delegates only to have the news services disagree. (U.P.I. has been more conservative than other delegate-counters, and does not agree with, among other things, the Mondale campaign's estimates of how many delegates it will get out of Texas and a few other caucus states.) Each time a delegate is obtained, the name is given to the news services, who call the delegate to check out the commitment. In some instances, an official will make a private commitment—allowing his or her name to be given to the news services, and agreeing to confirm it, but not to make it public. Mondale also took to saying that he would win New Jersey and California—a shift in the policy of not appearing overconfident, inspired by the need to shake loose the non-elected delegates. This was also the purpose of Johnson's announcing the goal: the campaign was telling the non-elected delegates and uncommitted leaders all over the country that it was time to get aboard. Announcing the goal also had the purpose of creating a sense of urgency within the Mondale organization—and of dispelling the idea, which was turning up in the press, that Mondale was anxious about whether he would receive the nomination.

NOW, at shortly before nine, Mondale and Hart are standing beside a platform in the sculpture garden of the home of Stanley and Betty Sheinbaum, in Brentwood. Sheinbaum, a liberal activist, is holding a fund-raiser to help George McGovern pay off his campaign debt. (Before Mondale came here, he went to a fund-raiser in the Pacific Palisades, forty-five minutes and many cultural miles from the union hall, attended by members of the gay community. Not many people were there, and, because of his fatigue, Mondale had wanted to skip the event, but was told that this could cost him support in the gay community. So Mondale went through with it, and reaffirmed his support of homosexuals' rights, but he seemed somewhat unhappy and ill at ease.) This event at the Sheinbaums' home was billed as a "unity" party, but it hasn't quite turned out that way. Jackson declined to come, saying in an angry letter to McGovern that it was "too premature a celebration of party unity," and that McGovern had been "unprincipled and unfair," and had forfeited the role as "the conscience of the Party," by having recently endorsed the idea of a Mondale-Hart ticket. Jackson once again protested the nomination rules, which have prevented him from getting the number of delegates commensurate with his popular vote. Moreover, none of the candidates—and especially not Hart or Jackson—are ready for unity just yet. The brief attempt to achieve unity made by the Mondale forces, with Strauss at the forefront, before the Ohio primary was aborted even before that contest was held.

Now Hart stands on the platform to make some remarks. "In pursuit of unity," he jokes, once again breaking into his gigglelike laugh, "which is a word we heard a lot more of before the Ohio primary, I am prepared to suggest to my friend Walter Mondale a deal, and that is that whoever turns out to be the winner offers the loser visitation rights on the weekend." Hart laughs, and the audience laughs politely. He says, "I know Fritz was pretty pleased when George, a couple of weeks ago, announced that he was in favor of a Mondale-Hart ticket. What Fritz probably didn't hear was George's statement that he was behind that ticket a thousand per cent." Again Hart giggles, but the audience seems uncomfortable; Hart is referring to McGovern's embarrassing mistake, in 1972, of saying that he was behind his Vice-Presidential choice, Thomas Eagleton, "a thousand per cent" when stories broke that Eagleton had suffered from mental illness, and then dropping Eagleton from the ticket. Now Hart jokes about how much he did for McGovern in 1972 ("I helped push the campaign uphill"). He laughs again. He concludes his remarks by praising McGovern as "the most honest and decent individual that I have ever met in American politics."

Mondale, in his remarks, makes a couple of light comments and goes on to criticize Reagan, saying, "Whatever may trouble us as Democrats—one against the other—we cannot permit the President to remain in office." He talks about the arms race, about human rights and civil rights and the environment. This is not Mondale's crowd; these are people who in another day would have supported McGovern, and, between Mondale and Hart, favor Hart. One liberal activist here tonight tells me that while he thinks it is desperately important that Reagan not be reëlected he can't get excited about any of the Democratic candidates. There seems to be a lot of that this year. The requirement that political candidates excite may not be new, but it seems to be more prevalent, and it is risky. Harry Truman was not exciting; Hitler was exciting.

Then McGovern makes a few remarks. He has had a good year, and seems to feel redeemed for the first time since 1972. His calm, lucid, and gentle candidacy won him a following anew, and his calling for peace among the candidates early in the campaign made him something of a hero. So now McGovern, despite the fact that he



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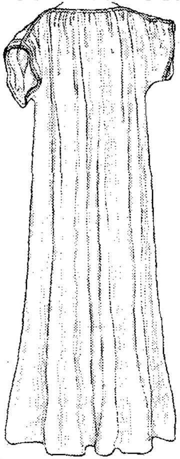

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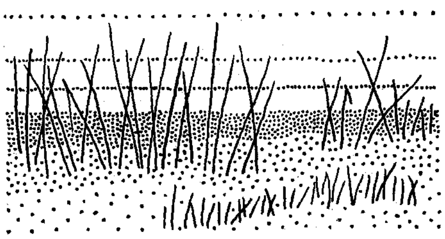
had to drop out of the race in March, is frequently interviewed on television and has somewhat mysteriously acquired the mantle of "the conscience of the Party"—which he clearly enjoys. Tonight, he jokes about his new position: "We lost to Nixon and for the next ten years I was known as the big loser in American politics. And then I came in third in Iowa and people said, 'Isn't George wonderful?' We have a tie for fourth in New Hampshire and they say, 'You know, he's really a great statesman, he's really performing brilliantly.' " And then, addressing himself to the two candidates present, McGovern says that the issues they have raised against each other—Mondale's delegate committees, Hart's support for the build-down—aren't the real issues; the real issues are Reagan's policies. "Go as gently as you can with each other," McGovern says. But the candidates don't seem particularly pleased by his message: they are using what issues they can against each other in a tough fight with high stakes. This is a very tense situation.

June 1

THIS morning, Mondale has talked to the editorial board of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* and toured a Hispanic market, and now, as he rides toward his next appointment, an appearance on the Michael Jackson show, a popular radio program (Hart appeared on it earlier this morning), I have an interview with him. Mondale is, by his own admission, exhausted, and tired of campaigning. "This has been an interminable process," he says. The pockets of fatigue under his eyes now seem as if they are permanent. He says that the other thing that bothers him about the campaign is that it doesn't have enough substance to it. "There's some substance to it, but not what it should be," he says, and he continues, "I don't know. Yesterday, I opened the issue on trade, which I think is a disaster—these new trade-deficit figures are a disaster, and the agreement that Reagan just made with the Japanese to increase the value of the yen against the dollar will actually reduce the value of the yen—and I might as well have spit in San Francisco Bay. And now we have this peculiar thing where we're tilting to Iraq."

This morning's Los Angeles *Times* headline is "REAGAN TILTS TOWARD IRAQ," and the story quotes from an interview Reagan gave in which he criticized Iran, Iraq's enemy in the three-and-a-half-year-old war, for attacking trading ships of neutral countries in the Persian Gulf. Reagan also said that Iraq (which started the war) was justified in hitting ships trading with Iran. Until the President's statement, the Administration had taken pains to appear neutral. The Administration has been in a quandary about the war since the firing on the ships by Iraq and Iran escalated three weeks ago. The President had vowed to keep open the Strait of Hormuz, through which ships pass from the Persian Gulf, and now there is some dispute within the Administration over whether this meant, or implied, that he would also protect shipping in the Gulf. Some members of the Administration—in particular Secretary of State George Shultz, who still thinks the United States pulled out of Lebanon precipitately—think that the United States should take a more active role in the Persian Gulf dispute; so far, the prevailing view is that it should not.

Referring to Reagan's comments, Mondale says, "What is that about? I can't see any justification; I see a lot of risks. Maybe they know something I don't know, but I try to make an issue about that—and see if that goes anywhere. Anyway, I'm tired." Mondale says that the difference between other long campaigns and this one is that the others "had an explanation, like the Vietnam War, or had enormous emotion, like the Kennedy-Carter fight." He adds, "This doesn't seem to have those elements." He continues, "As long as it's going to be this long, the one redeeming element could be that we'd have a good debate about issues; in the last three weeks or so, my impression is that there's little or nothing happening on the issue side. If when you're going through this you could see that it had a redeeming virtue to it that would enhance the process and make us better candidates, or something, I'd feel better about it; but I don't. You know, this international thing is terrible. These countries are going bankrupt; these democracies are being destabilized; the trade balances are horrible; we're sucking the capital out of those countries; they can't pay their bills. We've got the economic summit conference coming up where these things are supposed to be worked on and the President's in the morning papers saying it'll be mostly ceremony this time. Jesus, this ought to be an issue. But, alas."



I ask Mondale what he now thinks about the prospects, if he wins the nomination, of uniting the Party.

He sighs heavily, and says, "It's unknown at this point." Mondale clearly believes that the loss of Ohio was a real setback in terms of the time lost to unite the Party, the continued combat and growing bitterness, the compounding of the fatigue. He expects to win, but the delay has been costly. But, of course, he can't complain publicly; he just has to push on, summoning whatever reserves he has left, which don't appear to be very many. He was knocked on the mat once this year, got up and fought back, and, just when he thought the fight would be over, found that he had to continue fighting. Now, sounding a bit more hopeful about unity, he says, "My hope is that it will prove to be much more doable than you might believe from the rhetoric. And I think there's a real chance of that. There's a lot of virtue in two good nights' sleep, which no one has had. There's the fact that none of us want Reagan, and, whatever our differences, they are less than those that divide us from Reagan. I think the public feels that way and will press in that direction." Then he says, "But right now I would say that tensions are rising." Mondale is concerned not only about the nature of his debates with Hart but also about the tone of Jackson's letter to McGovern. Even if Mondale gets the requisite number of delegates soon, there will be little peace. He is planning to get some rest, but knows that he has his work cut out for him in unifying the Party; that he is facing challenges over the rules, credentials, and platform; that the Vice-Presidential selection must be carefully considered; that there will be hundreds of little decisions to make about the Convention—who gets to speak when, and so on.

I ask Mondale his reaction to Hart's saying to me that he is personally disappointed in Mondale, that Mondale is distorting his record.

"He has no right to say that," Mondale replies. "He keeps complaining that way, but he doesn't answer what I'm saying. I have not been personal once; I am talking about real issues. Why is he for the build-down? He keeps talking about how the build-down eliminates two weapons systems when it's two warheads. He can just say he's for it if he wants to, but he shouldn't distort it." He goes on to criticize Hart's position on the Diablo Canyon nuclear plant and his record on toxic waste. ("He's the one that raised the question of leadership over toxic waste.") He says, "I've been very careful to stay on the merits, and instead of answering the merits he goes off on this personal stuff. It's a matter of record, of course, that for a year he was saying every conceivable thing about me and I wasn't responding."

I point out to Mondale that it isn't just Hart who says that his campaigning has been too negative.

"Yes," he replies. "I don't know how to handle that. I'm talking about the issues that I think are right. I'm shaping the issues that I deem to be correct. I am challenging Gary Hart to speak out on those issues—that's what I'm doing."

The conversation turns to the prospect that even if Mondale wins the delegates needed for the nomination Hart will challenge the legitimacy of his candidacy. "There's nothing new about that," Mondale says. "They've been doing that for a hundred years. As I say, it goes something like this: 'I know I lost New York, but I'd rather have the delegates.' Won't sell."

I ask Mondale what happened to his effort to find a theme, or phrase—four or five words to sum up his candidacy—which he had said last year he needed to do.

"I'm still working on it," he replies. "You see, what I tried to do was to in effect campaign for the Democratic Party against Mr. Reagan. And I spent a year doing that and Hart spent that year campaigning against me. Nearly knocked me out. So I had to then back up and start debating Gary Hart, and that's what I've done, and every time I've debated him I've won and every time I haven't I've lost. So that's what we've had to do now."

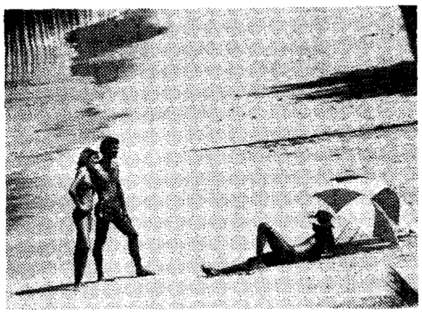
Mondale says that he is hopeful about the fall election. The widely held view at the moment is that there isn't much reason for him to be hopeful: his Party is divided; he is running behind Reagan in the polls (but not by as much as might be expected, given the months of open warfare among the Democrats and the President's picturesque trip to China and his victories in the Congress). Mondale says, "See, I think there's a perception that Reagan's flying high, with a Teflon coat around him, but the fact of it is that that campaign hasn't started yet." (Representative Patricia Schroeder, Democrat of Colorado, originated the phrase that Reagan's is a "Teflon-coated Presidency.") Mondale continues, "I haven't seen a single poll that says he's beyond striking range. Most of them show it's close. And, second, I've travelled this country and I know what's going on, and the American people do not agree fundamentally with what he's doing—for example, arms control, these deficits, unfairness, the environment, and so on—and when that issue is joined I think he's in for a big surprise."

JUNE 4

WASHINGTON. This afternoon, I spoke with one of the members of the House who have endorsed Mondale but whom the Hart forces hope to persuade to change their minds. The man is a young, modern politician. When I asked him what the possibility was that he would switch, as the Hart forces hope, he replied as follows: "They are pipe-dreaming. I would think the reason they think I might be switchable is that I came to Congress around the same time that Hart did, and have been among those in the House and Senate who have been staking out somewhat different positions from the traditional Democrats: huge amounts of government borrowing bothers me; protectionism bothers me; I feel strongly about research-and-development efforts through tax incentives as well as through government grants. So along comes Hart and probably thinks, That group is ripe for the picking. The trouble is, we're not choosing a bunch of position papers; we're choosing a candidate, and the one that we think is best prepared to lead the Party and the country. Jimmy Carter had a nice résumé but couldn't lead the country. Also, there is a factor about Hart that leaves a lot of us unsettled. Mondale is closer to Tip O'Neill and traditional politics than some of us are, so if he's elected we'll fight the good fight and be independent of him where necessary. We'd rather go with someone we know. I like Hart's position papers, but he's a mystery to me."

I asked him what he meant by that.

"I've watched Gary in meetings we've attended—in the White House during the Carter years, and on the Hill," he said. "He always seemed an aloof, remote person. I've never had a



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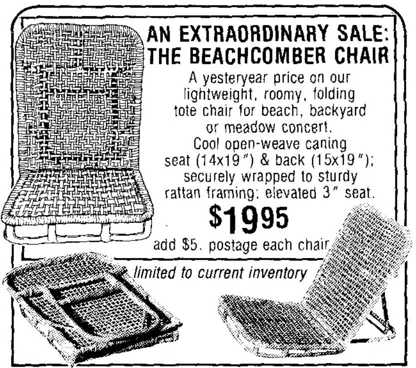

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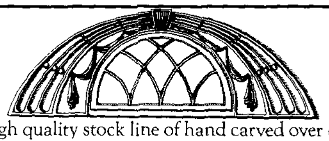

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feeling about where his passion was. And there's something about the whole Kennedyesque/'We need new ideas' thing without a lot of substance that leaves me uneasy. Third, his being unable to say how old he is or what his name is—those may seem to idle observers to be grains of sand, but they raise questions for those of us who are in the business: Who is this guy? Or, more to the point, who does *he* think he is?"

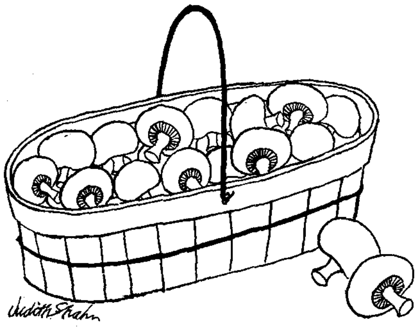
As for the possibility of trying to deny the nomination to Mondale, the congressman said, "There is not disaffection with Mondale to the point where people would be willing to get behind anybody else. People know what the problems are, but if we have problems now because of division within the Party those problems would be minute compared with taking the nomination away from someone who has the requisite number of delegates at the end of the nomination process. While Mondale doesn't command wild-eyed enthusiasm, there are people deeply committed to him and loyal to him who would be bitter at any attempt to take the nomination away from him. That would be a greater problem than the ones we have now."

EARLY this evening, I spoke with Tom Donilon, to see how the Mondale delegate hunt was coming. He said that the number of delegates obtained was now 1,762 "and still adding." Donilon said that shortly U.P.I. would say that Mondale has 1,732 delegates. He said, "We had a very good weekend and a very good day today." The Mondale camp added eighteen delegates from Pennsylvania over the weekend, and today got thirteen from Hawaii. Hawaii was polished off after a conversation over the weekend between Mondale, in Los Angeles, and Hawaii's Governor George Ariyoshi, who had initially turned Mondale down. Two congressmen and one senator came aboard today, and, also today, Bill Baxley, in Alabama, announced that four of the seven Glenn delegates in the state would be for Mondale. The Mondale camp picked up four uncommitted delegates in South Carolina today—giving it seven previously uncommitted delegates from there. Governor Graham of Florida still hasn't moved, but Johnson and Mondale will try to reach him within the next twenty-four hours. (Mondale flew all night from California to New Jersey last night and then, after a very brief rest, began campaigning in New Jersey at seven-thirty, then flew on to West Virginia, New Mexico, and back to California. After staying in San Francisco tonight, he will go to St. Paul, Minnesota, to await the returns tomorrow night. Hart flew to Washington for his son's graduation today and then went on to New Jersey, and he will return to Los Angeles tomorrow. Jackson campaigned in California today.) On Saturday night, Mondale also called Norman Fletcher, the only Glenn delegate from Georgia, whom the Mondale campaign tracked down in a hotel in Arizona. Fletcher is now a Mondale delegate. Governor Collins of Kentucky is still holding out, as are Donna Small, the nurse from Montana, and Jane Paxton, the teacher in Maine. As Donilon talked, a cheer went up in the background: a Hart supporter who had been elected uncommitted in South Carolina had been won over.

Today, the Field poll in California said that Mondale leads Hart by seven points.

June 5

TONIGHT, Mondale won New Jersey strongly, with forty-five per cent to Hart's thirty per cent and Jackson's twenty-three per cent, and he also carried West Virginia; Hart has won New Mexico and South Dakota. The word is that the exit polls in California indicate that the voting for Mondale and Hart is close, but the returns are incomplete, and no one knows how the voting will break out in terms of delegates. This morning, there was a story in the Washington *Post* saying that the Hart people are hoping that Representatives Gillis Long, of Louisiana, the chairman of the House Democratic Caucus, and Morris Udall, of Arizona, will lead a revolt of House members in Hart's direction. There appears to be more to the Long rumor than to the one about Udall; and in any event the panzer divisions went forth from the Mondale headquarters to Capitol Hill this morning. Calls and visits from the Mondale camp and its allies—in Congress, around Washington—ensued. In Minnesota, Mondale, joined by Donilon and Johnson, was making phone calls to line up still more delegates. In Washington, Richard Moe, an attorney and a longtime associate of Mondale's, who has been in charge of the effort to obtain the support of members of Congress, made a flurry of phone calls, and also saw Long and Udall. Moe told the people he called about the delegate count, saying that Mondale was in a position to "go over the top" as a result of today's voting. As of this morning, CBS gave Mondale 1,741 delegates, and U.P.I. gave him 1,732. The Mondale people have decided not to claim victory until the delegates from California are in hand—and to have Mondale make his announcement, as promised, at 11:59 A.M. tomorrow. Tonight, on television, Mondale, looking happy and relaxed, told his supporters in Minnesota, "Two months ago, I said this race would be a marathon." (Mondale had said this on the night of March 13th.) He continued, smiling broadly, "Now, marathons are long and hard. But every one of them has a finish line and a winner. Well, this is it, and here I am." But this was as far as he went in claiming victory. CBS now gives him 1,867 delegates. Jackson, on television, says that he will ask the Party for certain commitments. Jackson will now have to work out what he is going to ask for, and the Mondale people will have to work out what they are prepared to give. There is only so far that they can go without riling certain constituencies—particularly Southerners and Jews, but also blue-collar workers. It is also the case that Jackson cannot let himself be seen as the black who, through his actions from here out, helped bring about Reagan's reëlection. Hart appears on television telling his supporters that he has won in California—"the last, the largest, and, I believe, the most important state in the Democratic process"—and that the list of states he has won "reads like an honor roll for victory in 1984." He concludes with a rallying cry: "On to San Francisco and on to the White House."



June 6

THE Mondale campaign's long struggle encountered one last glitch. Though the number of people who voted for Hart and Mondale in California was close—Hart led by three points—Hart trounced Mondale in the delegate race, winning more than two hundred delegates, to about seventy for Mondale. The Mondale people went to sleep not knowing how badly things would go in California, but Donilon was told in the middle of the night, and the other campaign leaders learned early this morning and, joined by Mondale, went to work. Two out of the three networks gave Mondale enough delegates for the nomination this morning, but U.P.I. did not. (Also on the morning news programs was live coverage of Reagan arriving in Normandy for the commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of D Day. The beach where the Americans landed and the sheer cliffs they climbed were in the background. The timing was exquisite.) Now, at noon, after another furious round of calls, Mondale is on television claiming he has the delegates for the nomination. He says he has 2,008; U.P.I. gives him 1,969—two more than necessary. Had Johnson not taken his gamble after the Ohio defeat, Mondale could well be going into the Convention without enough delegates; at that, he had a narrow escape. Hart and Jackson are also holding press conferences, in which they decline to concede victory to Mondale. Jackson, of course, could never get the delegates for the nomination, and now his delegates aren't needed at the Convention by the front-runner—this was always a long shot—but he can still cause problems. Hart's chances of getting the nomination seem virtually nil now. He has about 1,200 delegates, roughly 700 fewer than Mondale. The earthquake that might have shaken the nomination loose from Mondale's grip has not occurred. Hart is to meet the Democratic leaders, including O'Neill, on Capitol Hill tomorrow, and will undoubtedly be told the realities. It is not uncommon for the losing candidate to take his campaign to the Convention, and sometimes this has been done benignly; the worry among many Democrats is that Hart will keep the fight going in one form or another, delay the healing, and diminish the Party's chances of winning in November. Reagan's Presidency has made Democrats feel a great deal of urgency about healing the Party, and this will put pressure on Hart. For the moment, though, he seems angry, and to be resisting the idea of giving up at all. But, for his own future, he, too, can't be seen as having helped to cause Reagan to win in November. He, too, will

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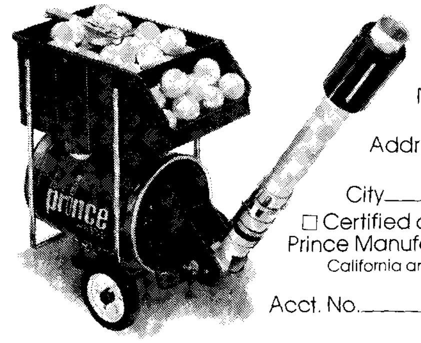

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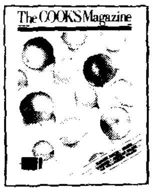

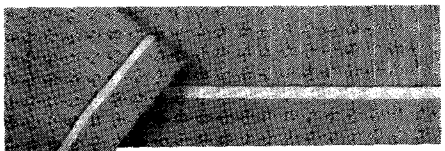

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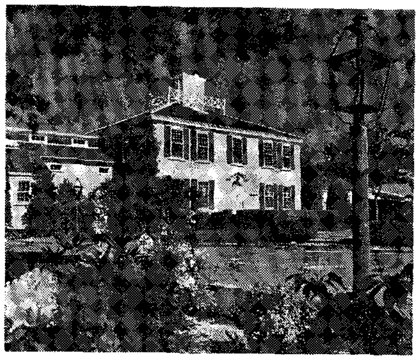

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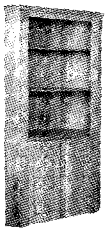

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have to calibrate his actions carefully in the coming weeks. Hart's people have been talking a lot about Hart's making another try for the Presidency in 1988, and a real question is whether, way in there, Hart wants Mondale to win in November.

On television, Mondale looks very happy and remarkably well; victory has at least temporarily brushed aside the signs of fatigue. This victory is something he has sought for a very long time, and though winning it took a bit longer than he expected it to, it seems no less sweet for being tardy. Perhaps sweeter, because in winning it this way Mondale has vindicated himself and proved something both to himself and to others. Now he congratulates Hart and Jackson, and says, "Today, I am pleased to claim victory, and I will be the nominee of the Democratic Party." He continues, "The time has now come to plan a unified Convention. Our Democratic Party is a family, and as families sometimes do, we squabble. But our bonds are stronger than our battles." He goes on, "We have a powerful case to make to our country." He points out that in an interview with Walter Cronkite in Normandy this morning Reagan, on being asked how he will deal with the Democrats, replied, "I'll pretend they're not there." Mondale says, "Well, he's done a lot of pretending," and goes on to say, "For nearly four years, he's pretended that the nuclear-arms race isn't there. He's pretended that unemployment and huge deficits and mounting trade imbalances and rising interest rates aren't there. He's pretended that pollution and toxic-waste dumps aren't there. He's pretended that women, seniors, and minorities aren't there." This is the case that Mondale will make against Reagan. He continues, "We Democrats see a different America and a better future. Next month, the Democratic Party will select me as its fortieth nominee. I will make the general election a contest between two visions of America, of our future." This would be a new theme. He adds, "Today, I'm the underdog in that race, but come November I predict victory for our Party, change for America, and hope for our future."

JUNE 13

A WEEK after Mondale declared he had the nomination, the reality seems to be settling in that he does have it—but neither Hart nor Jackson accepts this yet. Both are still contesting his nomination and talking about the fights they will make over the platform and the nomination rules. Hart was told the blunt truth about his chances when he made the rounds on Capitol Hill last Thursday, and members of Congress gratefully accepted Hart's assurances that he would be "positive" from then on. In fact, Hart had no choice, as his own advisers admit; the only good politics was for him to cease criticism of Mondale. But he couldn't quite do that. It is clear from talking to the people around Hart that he is motivated by the theory that lightning might still strike, by continuing anger at Mondale, and by the simple, and understandable, difficulty with ceasing activity. The Hart people tell each other, and Hart, that the polls might start showing Hart running better against Reagan than Mondale, that the F.E.C. might come down with a ruling damaging to Mondale, that the delegates might start changing their minds. They argue that Hart won more states and perhaps more of the popular vote (actually, Mondale appears to have won more of the popular vote)—a tactic New York Governor Mario Cuomo likens to saying "I won more innings than you did. I should have won the game." One of Hart's key advisers said to me earlier this week that the time between June 5th and the Convention is the equivalent of one third of the time between New Hampshire and the Convention: "A lot can happen in that time," he said. The plain truth is that a number of the people who are advising Hart do not care whether Mondale is elected or not—they say they assume he cannot be—and are themselves reluctant to give up the fight, which is probably more interesting than whatever they were doing before. They also want Hart to fight for changes in the rules so that he might be better served by them in 1988. Hart's newer advisers are urging a more aggressive approach than many of the people who have been with him longer, who think his interests are better served by being a "good Democrat" in the weeks ahead. (The newer advisers are also still preoccupied with ousting Henkel.) Almost no one is urging Hart to take his name out of the race so that he cannot be nominated at the Convention. One concern on the part of a number of Hart's advisers is that he improve his relations with labor—both for his Senate race in 1986 and for his next Presidential run. They think that the best way for him to do this, and also to improve his standing in the Party, is to accept the Vice-Presidential nomination. (Doing that would also keep another Democrat from preëmpting Hart for 1988.) Hart himself is said to be ambivalent on this point; among other things, he recognizes that being in a secondary position is not very compatible with his temperament. He has continued to portray himself as the candidate with the best vision of the future, and to draw the contrast between himself and Mondale, while not naming Mondale. In his testimony before the Platform Committee on Monday, he urged the Party to be "daring and bold once again, not cautious or calculating," to reject "the traditional approach of some in our Party who promise everything to everyone." In case reporters didn't get it, Hart aides pointed out that Hart was referring to Mondale. The Hart people are still threatening to challenge the "tainted" delegates—a threat one Hart adviser told me was being held out to give Hart leverage. Moreover, the Hart campaign's general counsel, Jack Quinn, argued before the Credentials Committee last Friday on Jackson's behalf that the Party should adopt a system of proportional representation of delegates, beginning with this year's contest. (This is probably what the Hart adviser was referring to when he said that Jackson was getting good legal help.) Jackson, like Hart, is said to be angry—the anger seemed to grow toward the end of the campaign, and surfaced in Jackson's letter to McGovern. Jackson, too, has around him some people who do not much care whether Mondale is elected, and who want to make last-ditch fights, regardless of the consequences. These people are reacting to a host of real and imagined grievances, and have fed Jackson's anger and resentment. Jackson talks often now of wanting "respect." Another group of Jackson's advisers is more concerned with getting some things in the platform that could be helpful to blacks—on, for example, jobs—and with defeating Reagan in November.

Mondale's aides have been busy on a number of fronts. They have been getting more delegates—they now claim 2,025, and, as of today, U.P.I. gives them 1,993. McGovern endorsed Mondale today, and the Mondale people hope that most of his twenty-three delegates will support Mondale, as McGovern urged. They also expect to win several uncommitted delegates in

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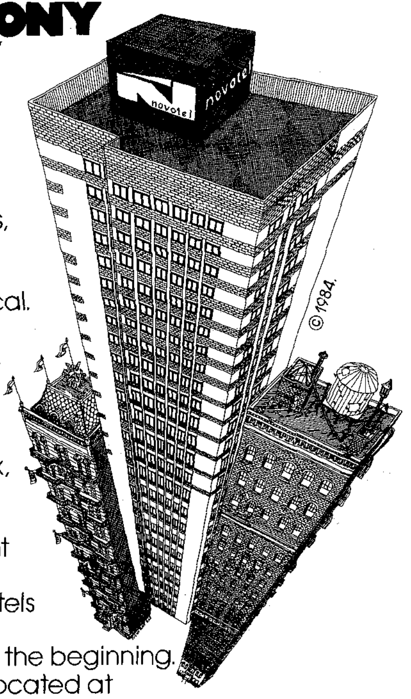

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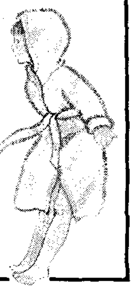

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Kentucky soon, and some from Virginia after a little longer. Governor Graham continues to resist, but Andrew Young and Gillis Long were among those who came through on the sixth. Senator James Sasser, of Tennessee, who had backed Glenn, was met at the Washington airport by a labor leader that morning, and phoned Mondale from the airport and signed on. Roland Burris came around later. The Vice-Presidential selection process has been set in motion: Mondale is reliably said to be of an open mind about the question now. Neither he nor his aides have had a lot of time to think about it before this. Mondale will spend much of the period leading up to the Convention in his home just outside St. Paul—away from the noise and demands of Washington—and the Vice-Presidential prospects will begin making visits there next week. (Not everyone who is being considered—Hart, for instance—will be required to go to Minnesota.) The Mondale people are also working on, and worrying about, the Convention. They are preparing for both a fractious Convention and a smooth one. Their operating theory now about Hart and Jackson is that both need more time to cool off and face the realities, and that though there are contacts with both camps, there is not much point in getting into serious dealing for a while. Mondale has called Hart and Jackson, but the Mondale people aren't keen on having Mondale meet them if they are going to use the opportunity to tell the waiting press that they are still challenging Mondale for the nomination or that they are making demands that can't be met. Mondale is winding up a vacation in Southampton, and this weekend will make some appearances in which he will develop further the case he will make against Reagan. A general election campaign is a very different thing from a campaign for the nomination—it is far less tactical and more national—and in the coming weeks it will be seen how well the Mondale campaign makes the transition. —ELIZABETH DREW

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Company She Keeps" (1942), by Mary McCarthy*]

Mr. Sheer's usual method of dealing with a creditor was simply to dispense with his services. This worked quite well with everyone but the telephone company, for, while there are many stationers, many photographers, many landlords, there is only one American Tel. & Tel.

THE THEATRE

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VICTOR ROZOV's "The Nest of the Wood Grouse," an in-and-out-satiric Russian comedy, at the Public, is about a fraudulent old Soviet politician and his family. It proceeds from small story to story, from crisis to crisis, until, near the end, Rosemary De Angelis, in the character of a corner fruit vender, tosses the play into the air and swings it by its tail, bringing down the house. A program note explains the title: "Because the male wood grouse experiences temporary deafness during its mating ritual, the name of the bird in Russia is also applied to a person who is hard of hearing." The grouse in this instance is the pompous bureaucrat, Sudakov, and bad hearing is the least of his defects; he is a study in obliviousness of the feelings of his family (and of the treachery of his son-in-law). The action is set in his luxurious Moscow apartment, in which, from time to time, he displays the life of "a typical Soviet family" to foreign visitors. His own family are his cozy, domestic wife; his daughter, Iskra, who is caught in a miserably unhappy marriage to a fawning hypocrite called Yegor, an assistant to her father at the ministry; and his fifteen-year-old son, Prov, who is disaffected and outraged by all the fakery and pretentiousness around him. Sudakov displays in his study a valuable collection of icons, but when unhappy Iskra sneaks in to kneel and try to pray before them he is so outraged by her betrayal of the family's official atheism that he removes them. The boy's only comfort is his very nice girlfriend—daughter of that fruit-stand proprietress—whom his mother likes but his father considers far beneath them socially, in this society of equals.

The first act, in which characters and circumstances are introduced and explored and small episodes are set up, is sluggish and seems to go on forever, and yet everything pays off in Act II, which moves swiftly along from one scene to the next, and in which villains are exposed and get their just deserts—the villain, rather, because two-faced Yegor is the only true villain of the piece. He has been sleeping with a pretty girl on the side, who thinks he will divorce Iskra and marry her, but he is robbed of her, when Iskra—in a strong, heartfelt performance by Mary Beth Hurt, almost unrecognizable in a drab makeup and with her blond hair pulled straight back—sets her straight about him and then moves him out of her own bed and the family apartment.

The play is the kind of domestic comedy we are used to here. In spite of some swatches of rather heavy irony, it never occurred to me to take it very seriously as social commentary, but I enjoyed it. The performance, under Joseph Papp's direction, goes well. Eli Wallach, as Sudakov—self-important grouse and dramatist's dupe—is ridiculous and suddenly pathetic when he finds out that his beastly son-in-law has obtained the promotion he expected for himself. Anne Jackson is Mrs. Sudakov, meek (until she comes to the defense of her daughter) and sympathetic in the moments when she is not dispensing little trays of food and tea or warming up fish pie. (That is one terrible-looking fish pie.) Dennis Boutsikaris is properly handsome and sinister as Yegor. As for Miss De Angelis' fruit-stand proprietress, in a very funny scene she returns young Prov, whom she has managed to spring from jail (he was nabbed for stealing a briefcase), to his agitated family in the most offhand, all-in-the-

"The cat is out late tonight, but don't worry about it. She'll come home pretty soon."

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day's-work way imaginable. The effective setting was designed by Loren Sherman and lighted by Arden Fingerhut; the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge.

THE chief pleasure that Donald Margulies' "Found a Peanut" affords is the chance to see good adult actors—among them Robert Joy, Peter MacNicol, Robin Bartlett, and Kevin Geer—as small children (Jewish children and a couple of menacing Gentile ringers) at play behind an apartment house in Brooklyn. The show, also at the Public, opens and closes with charming incidental music by Allen Shawn. As the kids chatter and draw a game on the sidewalk and toss a ball and discuss who's in and who's out, one little girl, searching for her lost keys in a plot of dirt, comes upon a dying bird. Screams and shrieks by all. They discuss, in highly realistic terms, the recent death of an old miser who lived alone in the apartment house and squirrelled away stacks of money, whereupon one of the kids finds a paper bag of money buried in the dirt. Real trouble starts, especially after the two Sassenachs discover what is up. Squabbles become a fight, and greed is rampant. With death and money as elements, the play is patently aiming at something consequential. Be that as it may, the performances are far more interesting than the script, although there are some shrewd and funny lines in it, and it is consistently entertaining. What I think I'll always remember is Mr. MacNicol as a beaming five-year-old saying "Shut up" to a bandage around his knee. The actors I haven't mentioned, who do as well as the ones I have, are Evan Handler, Greg Germann, Nealla Spano, and Jonathan Walker. Claudia Weill was the able director. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting are by Thomas Lynch, Jane Greenwood, and Beverly Emmons, respectively.

—EDITH OLIVER

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Bitter, author of *Computers in Today's World*, said his purpose in coming to Philadelphia was "to try to get math teachers to call for changes in curriculums."

"Let's say you have 4,375 divided by 23. You push the button and you get an answer" on a calculator, he said.

"You should be able to look at that and see if it's realistic," he noted. "But you can do that by knowing that 4,000 divided by 20 is 20, and so the computer answer is in that ballpark."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Way out in left field.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

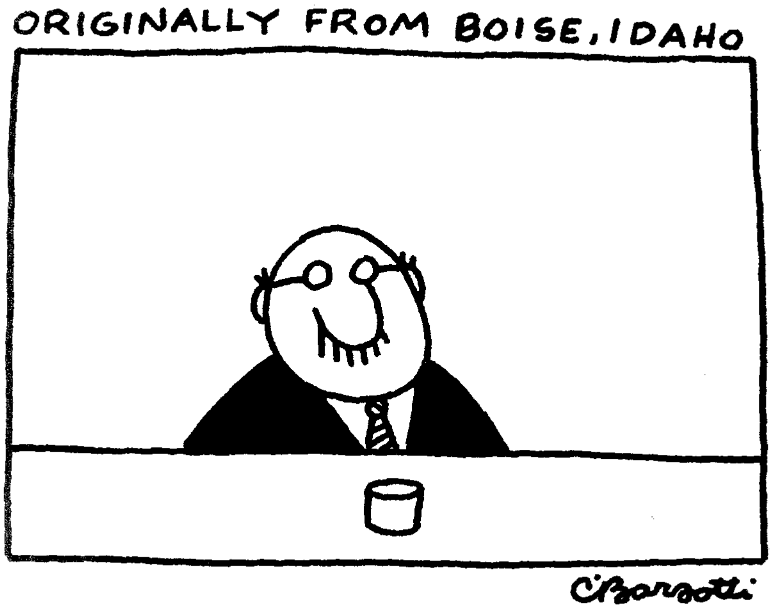
The Pop Junkpile

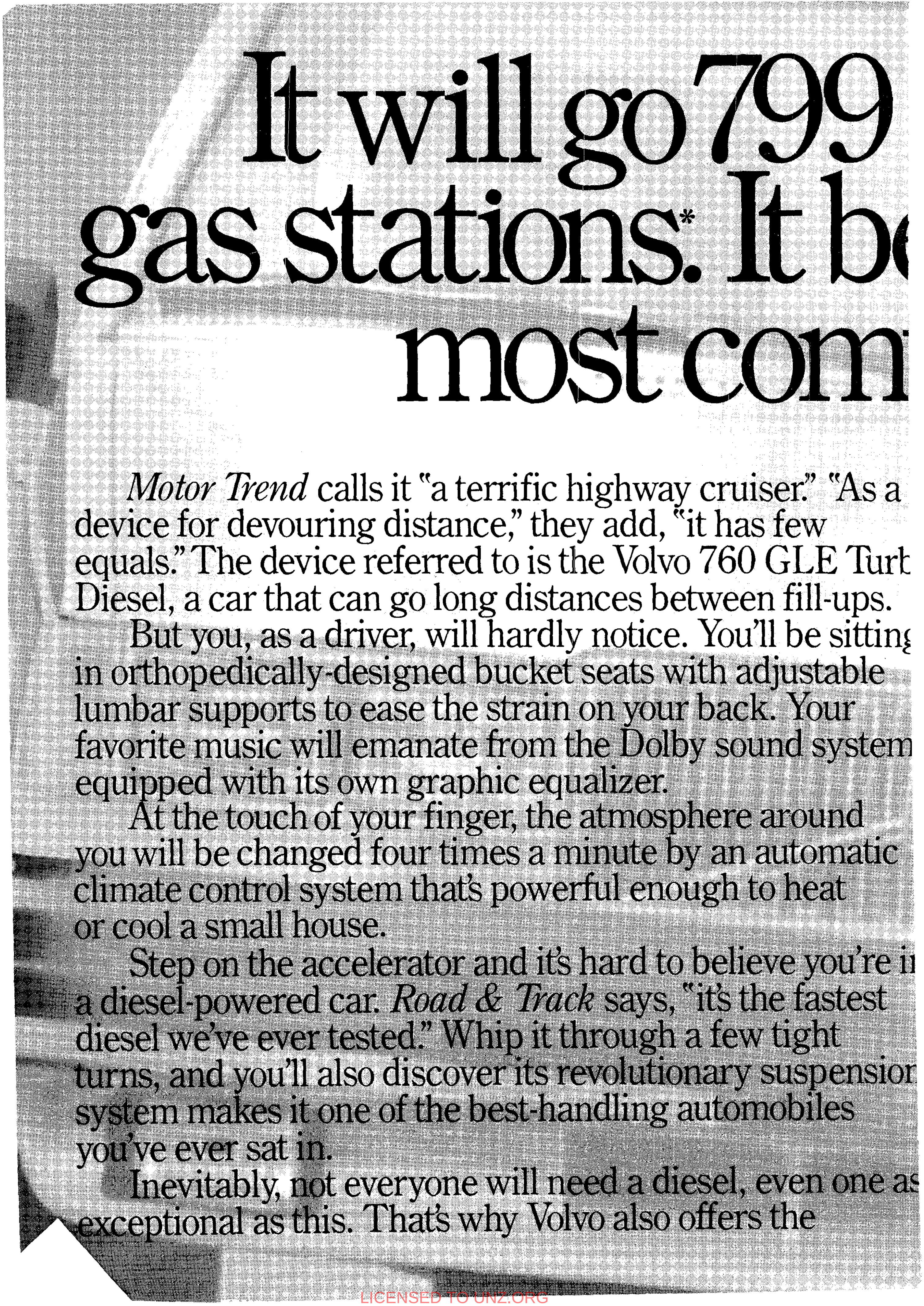
WHEN you look at the opening images of Joe Dante's "Gremlins," you almost hear the words "Once upon a time, in a small-town movie . . ." Dante sets us down in Kingston Falls, a vaguely Middle American community that's based on dozens of other movie-created nice, sleepy towns—especially the ones that are familiar to us from Frank Capra's 1946 "It's a Wonderful Life" and from the 1956 "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." The people who live in Kingston Falls have no more depth than comic-book characters; the town even has a meanie—a Wicked Witch-Scrooge, Mrs. Deagle (Polly Holliday), who gets a kick out of foreclosing mortgages, especially now, at Christmastime. She threatens to destroy the only creature in town who defies her—Barney, a little dog who yaps at her and tries to attack her. Barney is the pet of the hero, Billy (Zach Galligan); at twenty, Billy aspires to be a cartoonist and comic-strip artist but is stuck in his job as a bank teller, because he's supporting his parents. The only scenes that take place away from Kingston Falls are set in a Chinatown where Billy's father, Mr. Peltzer (Hoyt Axton), an impractical dreamer-inventor—he devises contraptions that backfire—wanders about, trying to obtain orders for his malfunctioning gizmos, and in a nameless city he goes to for an inventors' convention. It's in the Chinatown, in the basement curio shop of an ancient Chinese sage (Keye Luke, in a long gray beard and with a milk-white glass eye), that Mr. Peltzer hears the near-human sounds of a mogwai, a tiny creature with the big, round eyes of a Pekinese and four-digit paws, who nests in a box. Peltzer wants to buy the mogwai as a present for Billy and offers two hundred dollars (rather casually, I thought, considering that he's living off Billy's wages). The sage refuses, but his grandson—just a kid—follows Peltzer out, slips him the critter, takes the money, and gives him three instructions: don't get him wet, keep him away from bright light, and never, *never* feed him after midnight.

The movie is, of course, about what happens when these rules are inadvertently disobeyed. The mogwai—Billy calls it Giz, for Gizmo—multiplies, and those mogwai also multiply, and though Giz remains harmless its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles: dwarf dragons, with the jaws and teeth of crocodiles. About two feet high, they're like the little devils of Hieronymus Bosch, but with a spark of drollery. They torment Giz the way, in the cartoons, Sylvester the cat tormented Tweety Pie. At times—when they play cards and carouse—they're like race-track touts or underworld hipsters. And in one triumphantly insane sequence they invade the bar-and-grill where Billy's girlfriend, Kate (Phoebe Cates), works nights, and, as she tries to keep up with their orders, they gorge themselves like a gang of happy juvenile delinquents, gloating over the size of their appetites. One of them flashes her, another wears leg warmers and does some break dancing, while yet another woozily sings the blues. When they get completely out of hand, Kate (in a takeoff of "Rear Window") grabs her camera and shoots flashbulbs at them.

Good little Giz takes no part in their revels. Giz is an icky-sweet lapdog sort of creature that sits in a box all day waiting to be picked up and cuddled; it doesn't seem even to be ambulatory—all it does is make gentle cooing sounds and bat its eyelids. But the scuzzy, malicious peewee dragons are everywhere; one of them hides among a pile of stuffed animals as E.T. did, and now there's a stuffed E.T. right next to the demon. What Dante appears to be up to is a demonstration that something charming, like E.T., can get multiplied beyond a moviemaker's control. He's also doing his own, black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T."—a demonstration that the underside of E.T. is like the monster in Ridley Scott's "Alien." Or, to put it more baldly, he's showing that E.T.'s id is Alien. Gizmo is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. When one of them blows his snout on a drape, he's like Jean Renoir's Boudu expressing his contempt for bourgeois life by wiping his shoes on a bedspread. These demons are like bad pets making messes.

Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. In "Gremlins," even when he's at his weirdest the blandness is there underneath, and when he defiles his vision of the good American life it's Frank Capraland that he's defiling. Once again, as in his segment of "Twilight Zone" (the family terrorized by the ten-year-old TV addict), there are too many kinds of parody floating around, but this time there are also too many kinds of old-movie cloyingness. The incongruities are tantalizing, but they don't work to any larger effect, and the movie never turns into the malevolent fun it should be. For a good part of the time, Dante's tone is (perhaps deliberately) uncertain. Kate has told Billy that she doesn't like Christmas, and the explanation comes in a monologue she delivers about how she lost her father; it belongs to the theatre of the absurd, but Dante presents it in such an unresolved way that we don't know quite when to laugh. And what are we to make of the fact that the first casualty of the demons is the one black man in the movie, the high-school science teacher (Glynn Turman)? Is the movie using the old, standard ploy of disposing of black char-





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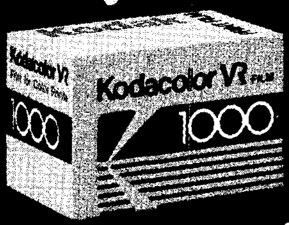
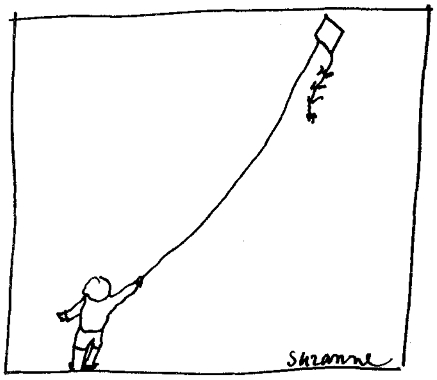


acters fast, or is this a parody of all those movies in which the good, kind black fellow is the first victim of whatever menace is at hand? The scene doesn't play like parody, but with Dante you often can't tell what's parody and what isn't.

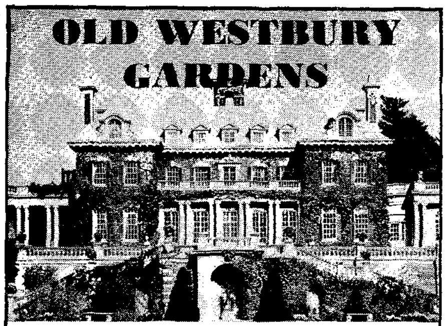
The director builds suspense by postponing the audience's first view of the mogwai: we aren't allowed to see it when Mr. Peltzer buys it, and when he brings it home it's in a box tied up with ribbon. We don't see it until Billy first sees it, but this revelation has no sock to it, because the creature is such a wet-eyed blob—a kitten painted by Walter Keane, adorableness incarnate. Billy might be more likable if he were appalled by his father's assumption that he'd want this itty-bitty furball, and had to struggle to conceal his feelings. Billy is an autobiographical hero: as a boy, Joe Dante wanted to be a cartoonist (which, in a sense, he is: he never gets past cartoon characters with cartoon emotions). But Billy has been made out to be a considerate and responsible fellow—a personable dishrag. We can't tell if we're meant to see him as a younger version of his dreamer father or as a young man with the practical good sense that his father lacks. We don't even know if Zach Galligan and Phoebe Cates, who look alike in this movie (they have matching sets of teeth), are meant to be a charming pair or a spoof of dopey wholesomeness. (Where are *their* ids?) "Gremlins" doesn't play by the rules or by the anti-rules, either. And Joe Dante seems to be trying to put together a jigsaw puzzle with too many pieces. The young actor Judge Reinhold looks as if he enjoyed playing smarminess, and he's fine as a bastardly junior vice-president of the bank who brags about how quickly he's rising (and leaving Billy at the bottom), but the picture introduces him, sets him up, and then seems to forget about him. Billy is provided with the dog Barney, who then has to be shunted aside while Billy becomes attached to Giz. Why didn't the writer, Chris Columbus (an N.Y.U. film-school graduate), or Dante simply combine the plots and have Mrs. Deagle vent her anger on Giz, using that as the mechanism for setting Giz's id in motion? (That might have given the picture a little more coherence.)

Movies are Joe Dante's only frame of reference, and he slips in and out of movie conventions; I'm not sure that he himself knows when he means to be funny, since he seems to find the whole idea of making movies funny. But "Gremlins" isn't dull; there's always something going on. In one scene, we discover that Giz can reproduce musical tones; nothing comes of it. The picture is an unholy mixture—a whimsical pop shocker—and finally nothing comes of any of it. Dante can't pull his ideas together, and the movie has so little emotional impact that it might be called affectless. Yet it's obvious that Joe Dante is a genuine eccentric talent with a flair for malice, and it's certainly clear why Spielberg, whose production company made the film (and who glides through a shot at the inventors' convention, riding a little motorized cart), believes in him. There are some crack sequences. Upstairs in Billy's house, the first batch of Giz's progeny are in some gooey metamorphosing state while downstairs Billy's mother—very well played by Frances Lee McCain—is in the kitchen baking gingerbread men. And although we may wonder whom they're for—her husband and her twenty-year-old son?—they're metaphorically perfect. McCain's big scene comes just a minute later. Mrs. Peltzer, hearing strange noises upstairs, goes up to investigate. But she isn't one of those dreary fools who inhabit the usual horror movie—the ones who go up to be slaughtered. She takes a very sharp knife, and from the set of her chin we know she means business. When she encounters the repugnant little dragons, she goes at them systematically, one after another, and when a couple of them make the mistake of invading her kitchen she traps one in the juicer (the only time her husband's gadgets come through for her) and the other in the microwave oven. Her efficiency is a thing of beauty. This tough and determined Mrs. Peltzer wouldn't be staying home playing housewife while her young son supported her (instead of having his own life); she'd be out making a living. But when a sequence is directed with the snap and freshness of this one, who cares?



The veteran horror-film actor Dick Miller (he looks like an older, more wizened Robin Williams) appears as Mr. Futterman, the town drunk, who accounts for his tractor's not starting by referring to the gremlins that were supposedly planted in machinery in the Second World War. Miller gets a chance to show what a likable low comic he is in the kind of part that Barry Fitzgerald used to play. When Mr. Futterman's TV goes on the fritz, he looks up at the antenna on his roof, which the demons have been using as a jungle gym; at that moment they come driving his tractor out of the garage and right through his living room. And Polly Holliday is a wonderfully astute and polished actress. She brings the Margaret Hamilton role a whiny, self-justifying undercurrent. You laugh at Mrs. Deagle because she's just so awful; she's someone you could love to hate. In her last moments on earth, Mrs. Deagle hears what she thinks are Christmas carollers, rushes to fill a pitcher of water so she can douse them, and opens the door to the fearless little devils (who should never be got wet).

For a movie that's a pop junkpile of movie references, "Gremlins" has a surprising number of good things in it. There's a marvellous effect when one of the mogwai falls into the swimming pool at the Y, and the whole body of water roils and smokes, like a Blakean vision of Hell, and from outside the building you can see the shadows of the demons who are taking shape. But the scenes that can make a claim to be inspired take place in the Kingston Falls movie theatre. It's an ingenious location, since the mogwai have to be in darkness, and they have multiplied so lavishly that they fill the seats. The theatre is packed with these lewd hipster dragons watching their gnomish counterparts on the screen in Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs;" they pad up and down the aisles, eating, laughing, commenting on the action, and tearing up the place. And when the Seven Dwarfs on the screen start to sing "Heigh-Ho," the mogwai join in the singing. In their enthusiasm, they spin around on the projectors, and rip the screen to shreds. It's a delirious, kitschy travesty—a kiddie matinée in Hell. In some ways, Joe Dante makes these antic demons as disgustingly adorable as Giz. They're Katzenjammer Kids, and the action is



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all kiddie pranks in a cluttered comic strip.

It's typical of Dante's paranoid-cartoon approach that after this sequence Billy and Kate, who battle the demons in the theatre, must rush to do battle again in the town department store. The moviemakers have so many ideas that they lose track of their own central metaphor. The mogwai can't stand bright light—it kills them. The movie—and this ties in with Kate's monologue—is a Christmas Eve dream of something fearful coming down the chimney. When we see the mogwai at their debauch in the theatre, we may reasonably expect the sun to come up on Christmas morning and take care of them. The whole picture seems to point to that ending, because when the sun comes up movies end and our dreams are over. "Gremlins" just keeps going from one cartoon idea to another. There's a lovely last shot of Keye Luke in a Christmas-card landscape, but the picture has already self-destructed.

"Gremlins" is leaving something behind, though. Is Giz meant to be as mawkish as I found it? A little boy who visits the Peltzer house fusses over how cute it is; Giz makes a face and says something on the order of "Oh, that again." Joe Dante is certainly conscious of the creature's ickiness; Giz is designed to make everyone say "Aw," and the whole idea of the demons is based on Giz's repression of everything that isn't pure and sweet. But if Dante and his moviemaking team are aware of what a soft bundle of anthropomorphic ick this creature is, how can they be party to launching stuffed Gizmos into the toy stores of the world for children to covet and caress? It's *one* thing for a movie to lead to the manufacture of toys that delight the public because they delighted the moviemakers. But selling Gizmos is a horrible joke.

PERIODICALLY, a new comedy is acclaimed for all the things it wants to be but isn't. Last summer, "Trading Places," with Eddie Murphy and Dan Aykroyd, was greeted as "an event" and "a film of real wit and imagination;" before that there were such pearls of wit and imagination as "Nine to Five" and "Foul Play." The bummer that's getting the tributes this summer is "Ghostbusters," which features Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists. Thrown out of their cushy university research jobs, these three doctors set up a business: they advertise themselves as experts in trapping any ectoplasmic manifestations that may be bothering people. That's actually not a bad premise for a scare comedy, and the producer-director, Ivan Reitman, has assembled a good backup cast. What goes wrong? Well, the script (by Aykroyd and Ramis) provides Murray with funky lines, and he delivers them stunningly; he can make even the simplest statement seem a gambit or a fraud—his pores ooze untrustworthiness. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. (Sometimes the niftier the line the bigger the thud.) Part of what goes wrong is in the script: Aykroyd and Ramis were too self-effacing—they didn't give themselves enough to do. A larger part, I think, is in Reitman's directing. He brought off the 1981 "Stripes," which was a big jump up from his earlier comedy, the 1979 "Meatballs," but this time his work is amateurish. He may have been overwhelmed by the scale of the production; at roughly thirty-two million, it's much more ambitious than anything he has attempted before. The sets and special effects include crowds watching as spirits come shooting out of the top of a Central Park West apartment building and the skies go purplish—it's big, all right, but it isn't very funny. When the ghostbusters—the three have been joined by a fourth, a black actor (Ernie Hudson), in what seems like an afterthought—rush to save the city from spooks, they're in the converted ambulance they call an ectomobile, at the head of a procession of police cars, with an escort of police motorcycles; the scene is uncomfortably like the big convergence of vehicles in "The Blues Brothers." I think Reitman also made a mistake in choosing Laszlo Kovacs as his cinematographer; the images have a heavy, over-deliberate look—they're too rigid for comedy. The actors look impaled in Kovacs' lighting.

The movie does have some things going for it: its logo, for one—a small, blobby ghost (like the Pillsbury doughboy or a member of the trio in "Casper, the Friendly Ghost") who pops out of the "o" in "Ghostbusters." (I came to associate this lump of dough with Aykroyd, who seemed rather unformed, and soft and sleepy.) Mainly, the movie has its performers. Playing opposite Bill Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger. She has a great set of bones and planes, and she's blazingly alive; she must be the least recessive beauty in movies. When she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him, and she looks indestructible. She throws herself into her role here, but her scenes don't go anywhere, and just when she's building up her "possessed" number, and seems ready to take off, the action cuts away. Annie Potts, who plays the ghostbusters' receptionist, uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality; she's wacked out in a petite, all-by-herself way. Rick Moranis, as a mild, nerdy accountant, takes the role so far that you can see the raging, bigger nerd at his core. And, of course, Bill Murray. His patent insincerity makes him the perfect emblematic hero for the stoned era. He has a genuine outré gift: he makes you feel that his characters are bums inside—unconcerned and indifferent—and he makes that seem like a kind of grace. (He's always an onlooker; he won't commit himself even to being in the movie.) What's surprising about him as a performer is the amount of alertness and energy he pours into being burned out and bleary and blasé. He turns burnout into a style. Murray does his damnedest in "Ghostbusters," but he can't set the rhythms of his performance the way he has sometimes been able to on television, and the way he did in "Stripes" and in "Tootsie;" he's left with joke on his face. It's possible that the director's sluggish, kids-movie pacing is the reason Murray is getting a terrific response from people who had queasy reactions to him before; maybe he's so slowed down that they finally get his humor (and their laughter helps to fill the dead spots). To be more charitable, maybe audiences are roaring at him because he acts in a more outward and endearing way than usual: waiting near the fountain at Lincoln Center, he does a happy little hop, and after the majestic Sigourney has appeared and agreed to go out on a date with him he lifts his arms toward heaven and twirls.

—PAULINE KAEL

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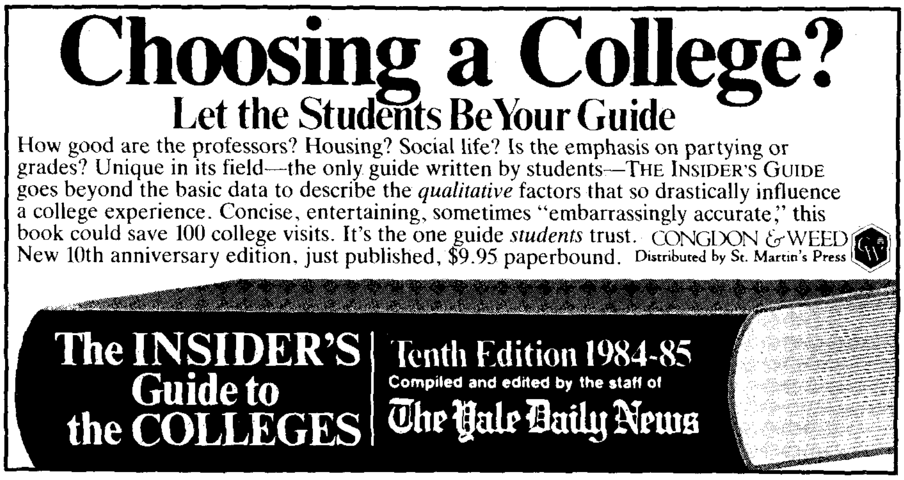

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BOOKS

Mr. James and Captain Worrell

CERTAIN autobiographical books—wayward, unclassifiable, even eccentric—seem to invent themselves. They are not so much books as indestructible occurrences. They are intensely personal, often revelatory, yet they never spill over into confession or self-aggrandizement. Their originality irradiates their form, their rhythms, their prose. Think of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" and Thoreau's "Walden," of Gertrude Stein's "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," James Baldwin's "The Fire Next Time," and J. R. Ackerley's "My Father and Myself." And now we have C. L. R. James' cool and brilliant "Beyond a Boundary" (Pantheon; $16.95 cloth, $8.95 paper). We almost didn't have it. First published in England twenty-one years ago and long considered classic, it has not appeared here before presumably because of the difficulty of its supposed subject matter—the lordly game of cricket. To be sure, the going is often opaque at first. ("Our nets were open and at practice the earnest Wallen would place his field and we would drive him through the covers and as soon as he pitched short hook him round. We would go out to him and hit him from the off-stump to square-leg.") Pantheon hasn't been much help. A dreamy "Note on Cricket" has an incomplete glossary and no explanation of how to read the various stats on players and matches. Some knowledge of baseball—that rowdy second or third cousin to cricket—helps, and so do osmosis and James' crystal prose. By the time we are three-quarters of the way through, we know, among a good many other cricket matters, that the batter, or batsman, is allowed to hit the ball in any direction, and we hum through this passage: "The batsman can shape to hit practically round the points of the compass. He can play a dead bat, pat for a single, drive along the ground; he can skim the infielders; he can lift over their heads; he can clear the boundary. He can cut square with all the force of his wrists, arms and shoulders, or cut late with a touch as delicate as a feather." But James' book isn't just about cricket. It's partly autobiographical and partly biographical. It's full of racial, political, and social news about black Trinidad, where he was born and raised. It has slivers of literary criticism, and it tussles with Bernard Berenson. And, most important, it tells us how the black people of the British West Indies, so loose and swinging, yet so down and hopeless for so long, learned to play James' beloved cricket as well as and often better than the white man and in so doing eventually became free and equal. (Slavery was abolished in the Indies in the eighteen-thirties, but self-government did not take hold until the early nineteen-sixties.)

James, now eighty-three, was born into an old black Trinidad family, stocked with teachers, readers, and tall, stern women. He was a singular child. At ten, he had become an intellectual and a voracious reader; he read Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" so many times he had most of it by heart, and he credits it, rather than Marx, with having shaped his political thinking. And he had become a cricket fanatic. He says of himself, "Two people lived in me: one, the rebel against all family and school discipline and order; the other, a Puritan who would have cut off a finger sooner than do anything contrary to the ethics of the game." He wrote prize-winning essays, and he became a first-class cricketer. He taught for a time, and in 1932 he moved to England, where he wrote about cricket for the Manchester *Guardian* and published a book about self-government in the British West Indies—endeavors that continue to be the engines of his life. He has always been at the ramparts. He worked for self-government in Africa, and between 1938 and 1953, when he lived in this country, he helped organize automobile workers and black and white tenant farmers in the South. Activists, by and large, are not good writers, just as good writers are rarely activists. James is an exception. Here he is on W. G. Grace, the great Victorian cricketer and the Louis Armstrong of the sport:

> He is credited with inducing a batsman to look up at the sun to see a fictitious flight of birds and then calling on the bowler to send down a fast one while the victim's eyes were still hazy. Yet I think there is evidence to show that his face would have become grave and he would have pulled at his beard if a wicket turned out to be prepared in a way that was unfair to his opponents. Everyone knows such men, whom you can trust with your life, your fortune and your sacred honour, but will peep at your cards when playing bridge at a penny a hundred. His humours, his combativeness, his unashamed wish to have it his own way on

FINALLY MARRIED

the field of play, his manoeuvres to encompass this, his delight when he did, his complaints when he didn't, are the rubs and knots of an oak that was sound through and through.

James is not a cricket apologist—he's an ennobler. He gives us a brief history (cricket was one of the earliest organized sports, and in the eighteen-sixties became the darling first of the new middle class, then of the upper class) and brief, resonant biographies of Grace and of such black West Indian players as Wilton St. Hill, Learie Constantine, and George Headley. In due course, he tells us that cricket is an art—not only dramatic but visual. He trucks in some heavy buttressing—Berenson, Michelangelo, Aeschylus, the Greek sculptors. He compares a cricket match to a three-day performance in ancient Greece of the Oresteia. But we don't think of art when we watch a shortstop hurtle through the air after a low line drive, his body three feet up and parallel to the ground, his mitt arm a bowsprit, his other arm a wing. We don't think at all—we vibrate with admiration at such explosive physical grace and beauty. Later, we might think of strength and courage and timing, and add, as topping, the improvisatory element in all team sports, the streak of jazz. (James has trouble with baseball. He doesn't mention it with much precision or confidence, and he more or less dismisses it as being neither as classy nor as adventuresome as cricket.) Anyway, what matters in "Beyond a Boundary" is not James' cricket aesthetics but his description at the end of the book of his return to Trinidad in 1958. He stayed four years, and he helped the great cricketer Frank Worrell become the first black captain of an international West Indies team. The team played in Australia in 1961, and Worrell was a wonder. James writes of him, "If I say he won the prize it is because the crowd gave it to him. They laughed and cheered him continuously. He expanded my conception of West Indian personality. Nor was I alone. I caught a glimpse of what brought a quarter of a million inhabitants of Melbourne into the streets to tell the West Indian cricketers good-bye, a gesture spontaneous and in cricket without precedent, one people speaking to another. Clearing their way with bat and ball, West Indians at that moment had made a public entry into the comity of nations."

James was one of the first members of the joyous and lyrical literary revolution that took place in Trinidad between the mid-fifties and the mid-sixties and that furnished a kind of background jubilation for the arrival of self-government. It was then that Derek Walcott, the kingly poet, began to be felt, that Samuel Selvon published his affecting dialect novel "The Lonely Londoners," that V. S. Naipaul, still a funny man, wrote "A House for Mr. Biswas," certainly one of the best novels of the past twenty years. We are told that James is writing his autobiography. "Beyond a Boundary" is a work of double reverence—for the resilient, elegant ritualism of cricket and for the black people of the world. It is also full of tantalizing autobiographical patches. To have them spread out properly in the landscape of his life is well worth waiting for. —Whitney Balliett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Witches of Eastwick, by John Updike (Knopf; $15.95). Playing tennis with an Eastwick witch can be risky, since the ball may turn into a toad or a bat or an egg. In this black comedy about marriage and black magic in a seedy, salty Rhode Island village around 1970, Mr. Updike pinpoints familiar phenomena with such easy exactitude—a toad is "a wobbly bubble on leathery long legs;" the morning after a snowstorm, a birdbath wears "a tilted big beret"—that his out-of-body excursions seem no less a matter of fact. He gives us two witches talking, and then two witches thinking (they read each other's thoughts), and then three witches bewitching, and in no time the reader is bewitched into believing that three Eastwick divorcées—a sculptor of pocket-sized female figurines, a professional gossip-monger, and an amateur cellist—fly at night to a hot tub exposed to the heavens, where their host, a hairy hustler with "almost monstrously small" feet, who has dropped into Eastwick out of the blue, bad-mouths gravity and plies the coven with red-hot Latin-American snacks. New territory for Mr. Updike? Yes and no. At the heart of the fantasy, with its Latin-American brand of baroque whimsy (the witches' victims spit feathers and bugs), is native New England sorcery and the seven deadly sins. It is an excess of one

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virtue—sympathy—that gets Eastwick's witches off the ground, if also into trouble. Mr. Updike's sympathy for them may be the closest some of us ever come to flying. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

AN EVENING OF BRAHMS, by Richard Sennett (Knopf; $13.95). Mr. Sennett's novel begins with four New York conservatory students practicing the Brahms Piano Quartet in C Minor—one of them, the cellist Alexander Hoffmann, is outstanding, already a rare musician—and it ends, some years later, with Hoffmann conducting a church choral group and an amateur orchestra in Brahms' "German Requiem." The story that links these episodes shows us Hoffmann first as a boy in Chicago discovering music, studying music, and then coming to New York, marrying (the pianist of the Brahms quartet), and working to perfect his art, to relate himself to his art. It is a newly envisioned portrait of the artist, a stirring examination of the nature of music—what music requires of the musician, what music can give the musician and what it cannot give—and it is a notable achievement.

THE CAMOMILE LAWN, by Mary Wesley (Summit; $15.95). A lawn fragrant with camomile is one of the glories of the Cornwall estate of Richard Cuthbertson and his rich and younger wife, Helena, and it is a favorite gathering place of a group of teen-age cousins—Oliver, Walter, Polly, Calypso, Sophy, and the twins David and Paul—in the late summer of 1939. We meet these people—attractive, conventional, and bright—and two Austrian-Jewish refugees, the violinist Max and his wife Monika, in that suspended moment just before the war. We follow them through the next six years, and come to know them well and see them changed—Walter by the Navy, Oliver by the Army, the twins by the Air Force, the girls by life in London under the bombs, Helena by Max, and Richard by Monika. We meet some of them again some forty years later, at a funeral, and they remember their war. Polly: "We all lived intensely. We did things we would never have done otherwise. It was a very happy time." Helena: "The war was very romantic." But, as Mrs. Wesley has enabled us to discover, it was and it wasn't. This is a mannered novel (there are curious echoes of I. Compton-Burnett), and perhaps a somewhat shallow one, but it can also move us.

GENERAL

THE POWER TO LEAD: THE CRISIS OF THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY, by James MacGregor Burns (Simon & Schuster; $16.95). The noted historian, biographer, and political scientist recognizes that the American Constitution was designed to deter a headstrong majority from ramming through great changes that might injure the legitimate interests of minorities or abridge the liberties of citizens. But he finds that in recent years the brake on unconsidered action has become a drag on all action, to the point where Presidents cannot execute legitimate policies they have been elected to carry out. He examines a variety of suggestions that aim to make the federal government more coherent and effective; one that might perhaps be enacted is the repeal of the Twenty-Second Amendment (which, by making a reëlected President a lame duck, assures that popularity guarantees powerlessness). Mr. Burns argues that we must reinvigorate the political parties. He points out that Progressive-era reforms not only weakened bossism but enfeebled parties and encouraged ambitious politicians to develop personal followings, and that the destruction of party hierarchies has by no means ended corruption, for, in the near-absence of party funding, candidates must raise their own money, from sources that are rarely disinterested. He suggests abandoning Presidential primaries and returning to the nominating convention to develop consistent programs and slates pledged to them. A feasible political reform is a rarity; Mr. Burns offers one. He also offers a lot of firsthand experiences of campaigns and campaigning to entertain as well as instruct the reader.

EDWINA, by Richard Hough (Morrow; $15.95). Edwina, Countess Mountbatten of Burma, was endowed with extraordinary beauty, enormous wealth, intelligence, drive, and position—from her marriage to Lord Louis Mountbatten, in 1922. For the next fifteen years, as Mr. Hough demonstrates in this painstaking but psychologically unsatisfying biography, she did exactly what she wanted, when she want-

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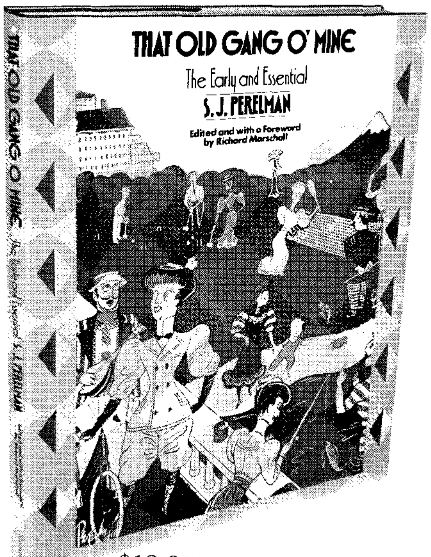
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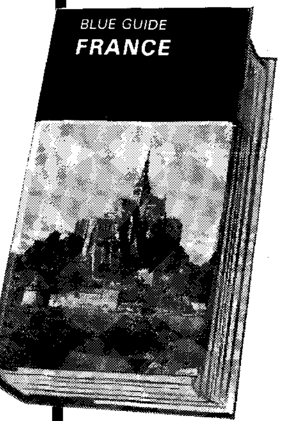

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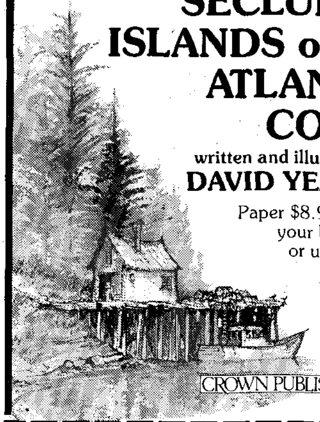

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ed, with whom she wanted. She preferred extremes: a chauffeured Rolls or a trek over the Andes in foul weather on horseback; the upper classes (who amused her) or the lower classes (whom she could be concerned about but didn't have to talk to). She and Mountbatten did not get on, but they admired each other. They were a pair—a privileged, golden couple, internationally dazzling. Then, in 1938, came a great change: with the onset of the Second World War, Edwina took up the corporal works of mercy with the intensity and dedication that she had formerly expended on warding off boredom. Her administrative talents were such that she invariably ended up head of whatever charity she took on. She traded on her rank, connections, and charm to get things done—fast—and was unsparing of herself. In 1946, on a tour of inspection in Singapore, she met Nehru, her great love, and began a relationship that lasted the rest of her life. She developed angina, and in 1957 was warned by her doctor, in a spectacular waste of breath, that if she did not slow down she would be dead in three years. She died in 1960, while on yet another gruelling tour of inspection, in North Borneo. In spite of all the fascinating details in this biography, we are on the outside. Two of Edwina's favorite phrases were "Rise above it!" and "How common!" but otherwise there is little evidence here—illuminating letters or snips of conversation—to indicate how this remarkable woman really felt about anything or how others really felt about her.

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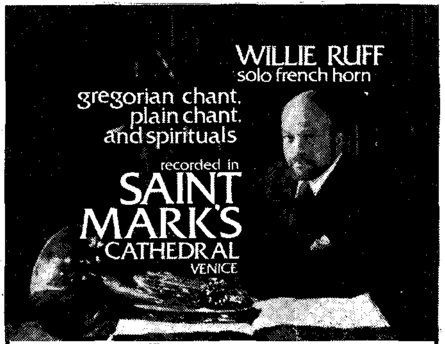

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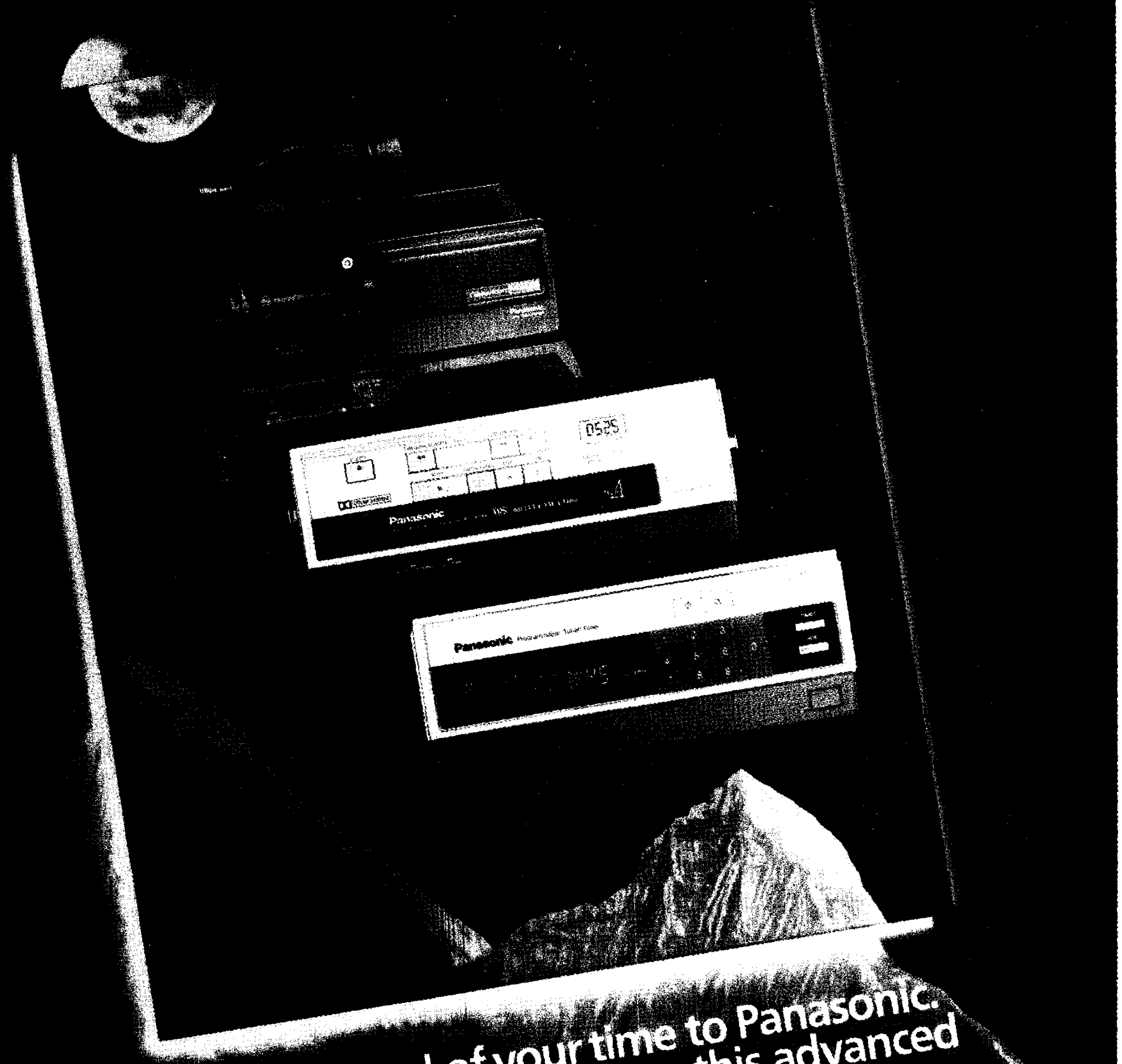

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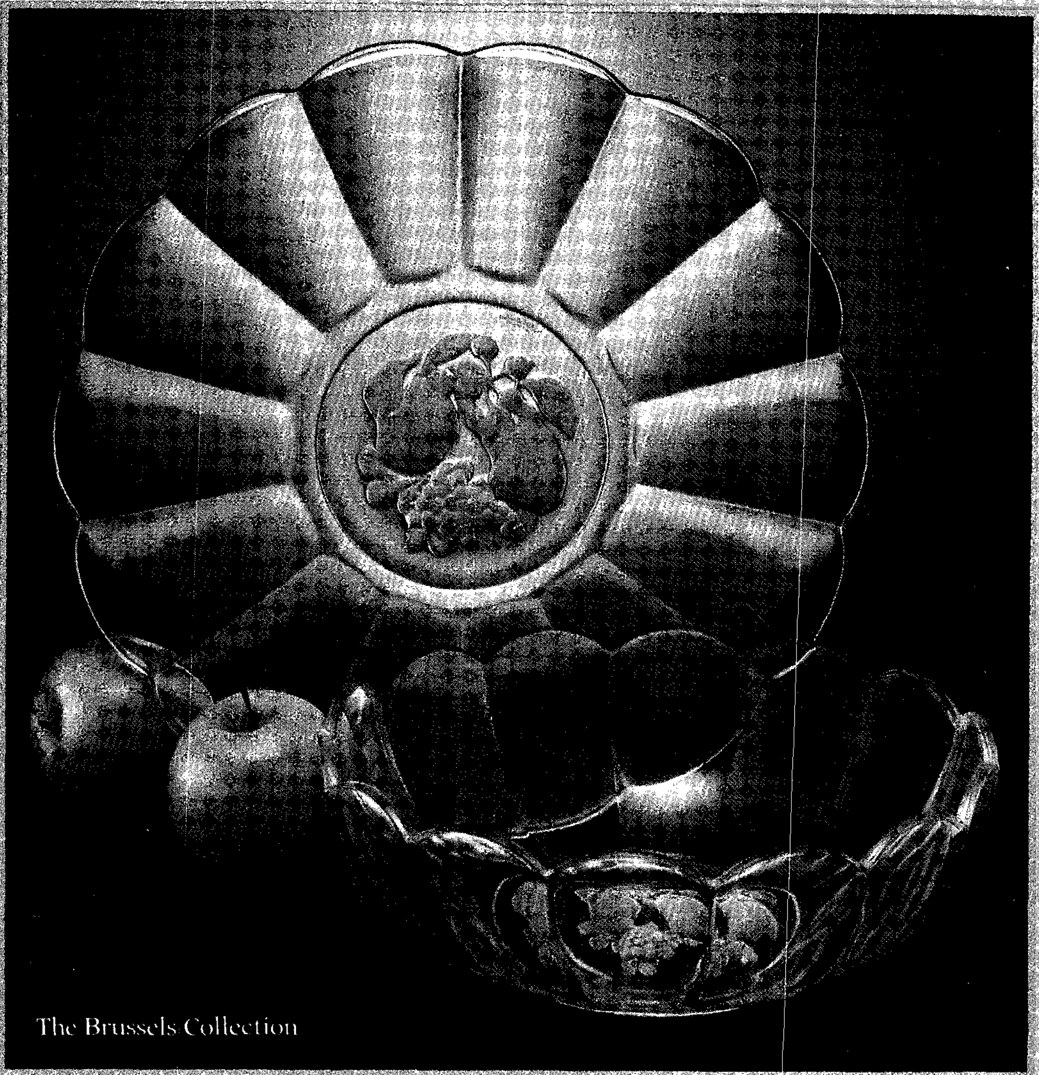

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